





REMAINS

OF

SAMUEL BARTLETT PARRIS, M. D.

COMPRISING

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND ESSAYS,

SELECTED

FROM HIS MANUSCRIPTS;

WITH

A Biographical Sketch

OF

SURGEON GENERAL'S

THE AUTHOR.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.....TO WIT:

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirteenth day
L. S. of December, A. D. 1828, in the fifty third year of the
Independence of the United States of America, Martin
Parris, of the said District, has deposited in this Office
the title of a book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor in the
words following, to wit:

"Remains of Samuel Bartlett Parris, M. D. comprising Miscellaneous Poems and Essays, selected from his Manuscripts; with a Biographical Sketch of The Author.

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is the production of a youth, who had scarce exceeded the age of minority, before death put a period to his labors. It is collected from the numerous manuscripts which he left at his death. These manuscripts were written at different periods of his life. The reader will not, therefore, expect to find, on every page, the productions of a matured mind. Some of them were composed at a very early age, and are published as specimens of his youthful acquirements. The most of them were written, as the reader will perceive by the dates, between the age of twelve and eighteen. During his short life the author wrote much; and the large collection of his manuscripts remains as a monument of his talents and industry. They were found after his death, concealed in his trunks—but few of them had ever been seen by even his nearest friends. They were written, probably, for his own pleasure and improvement, and without the most distant intention of publishing.

Copies of some of these compositions have been circulated among his friends since his death. They have uniformly expressed their approbation, and anxiously desired a publication of his writings, with some account of his life. They desire some memorial of a beloved associate. Some relick of a departed friend—some remembrancer to keep alive the recollections of his person and character—

is always dear, and cherished with a sacred regard by the survivors. What is better adapted to such a purpose, than a copy of his productions—a faithful record of his mind and heart—of his thoughts and feelings, written with his own hand? Such a record is furnished in the following pages. These are all that now remain of one of whom so much was justly expected, and of whom, if life had been spared, so much would doubtless have been realized. No better token, then, can be offered as a keep-sake.

The work has been published by subscription, to give those of his numerous friends, who desired, an opportunity of obtaining a copy. It was at first intended to furnish only the number of copies subscribed for; but the proposals were distributed so short a time before the commencement of the publication, that there are probably many whose names are not on the list of subscribers, that will wish to purchase the volume. An edition, exceeding the number of subscribers, has, therefore, been published, and distributed at various book-stores, to afford to all his friends an opportunity of procuring the work, and to others, who feel a curiosity to become acquainted with the productions of a youthful genius. Since the proposals were announced, not only his acquaintance, but the public in general have manifested an unexpected interest in the work, and given many consoling proofs of their regard for the lamented author.

This volume is similar to many of those which are published under the title of *Remains*—like them consisting of a collection from the manuscripts which were left by their authors in an unfinished state. It is published under all the difficulties and disadvantages which necessarily attend posthumous publications—the author is not present to ex-

plain, alter or amend. It must be expected, then, that there will unavoidably be some defects or errors, which the author himself might have prevented.

The different poems in this volume, as well as different parts of the same poem, possess different degrees of merit. Some passages, in particular, which could not be omitted without destroying the connexion, will be found of unequal merit. The subjects of some of these descriptions, however, do not admit of poetic embellishment—such as his description of the labors and duties of professional life. In such parts the style is plain and unadorned, as simple narration or historical description always should be.

In his poems will be found none of that mysticism, and that affected sentimentality, which has been the passion of the age. There is no attempt to excite the attention by extravagant opinions—to interest the feelings by shocking the understanding and the heart. In this volume his acquaintances will possess a faint but true image of the mind and heart of him whom they so highly respected and so warmly loved. His real character is here exhibited. The sentiments which are contained in these pages, are those which always guided his conduct in life. If the reader is not instructed by the deep lessons of wisdom, the inventions of philosophy, or the experience of age, he will not be in danger of being misled by vicious example, corrupted by impure sentiment, or allured by the light of false opinion. He will behold here an unsullied page—unstained by any indelicate image or indecent language; for his moral character was in conformity with his intellectual. The rays of knowledge which enlightened his mind, at the same time warmed his heart.

Such a selection has been made as would exhibit a fair

specimen of the author's compositions at different periods, and at the same time give a variety to the work. His two medical Dissertations have been included in this collection, which may not please the taste of all, though they are, by no means, without interest to the general reader. They will give an idea of his professional qualifications, to his medical friends, who have solicited their publication. These compositions display uncommon powers of mind for one of his age. A few pieces of a humorous kind are introduced. These are numerous, for he was naturally inclined to such composition. But many of them are necessarily excluded. The incidents on which they are founded, or the circumstances connected with them, prevent their publication at present. Several more had been selected for the work, but the limits prescribed would not admit their publication. One of these is an amusing Epistle in rhyme, written in a measure peculiar to Burns. To his friends, all his productions are interesting; but to strangers, many of them will possess a peculiar interest, from the circumstances of the author's age. There is a value attached to them, independent of their absolute merits. A peculiar interest is felt in the labors of a youth travelling in the path of learning. Many will dwell with delight upon the scenes of early exertion. There is a pleasure in viewing the bud and the flower, as well as in tasting the ripened fruit. The spring-time is the most interesting and important season in life; and the most abundant in example for the young. All that can afford encouragement to rising genius, should be exhibited for imitation. The young reader will find in the life and writings of the author motives and examples to encourage him in the pursuit of knowledge and the practice of virtue.

These pages, it must be remembered, are not the production of his matured mind. However excellent they are in comparison, they are but the youthful efforts—the unfinished performances of his rising genius—the bright promises of a rich and plentiful harvest. Though these may not compare with the more labored productions of elder poets, yet, considering the circumstances under which they were written—the early age of the author—that they were composed while he was occupied in acquiring his education—and amidst the engrossing pursuit and practice of a profession—and all this accomplished within the short space of his brief existence, they certainly exhibit evidences and specimens of a powerful and cultivated mind. It is not perhaps becoming the *editor* to say much in praise of the work, but thus much he can venture, that there is nothing in this volume, of which any, at the author's age, need be ashamed, and much of which they might be justly proud.

There are some pieces omitted, which display as much talent as those published; but their subjects are too local. The reader, unless intimately and personally acquainted with the circumstances with which they are closely interwoven, (and which often constitute so much of their interest,) could not perceive their merits. The elucidation would require too many explanations, and of that kind too, which it is extremely difficult to communicate by pen.

It has been remarked that the author did not intend these compositions for publication, at least till they had passed under the examination and correction of his riper years. But his friends are not willing to permit his memory and labors to perish with his body, and to with-

hold from the public the example of one so worthy of imitation. They wished something as a consolation for the disappointment they have felt in his loss. Not only his friends but even strangers will find much to admire and praise, much to amuse and instruct them. Without further comment, we commend this collection of his Remains to the hearts of those who remember his excellence, and to the favor of all who desire to encourage the efforts of youthful genius and virtue.

EDITOR.

PLYMOUTH, Dec. 18, 1828.

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**TRIBUTARY VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF
THE AUTHOR.**

Where has PARRIS fled ?

He's left this world of joy and woe—
His spirit soaring looks below,
And whispers mortals to bestow
A thought on him and heaven.

His body rests in the damp cold earth ;
His voice is hushed that wakened mirth ;
His eye, once sparkling with delight,
Is closed to sleep in endless night.

And where has PARRIS fled ?

He's winged his way to some strange land unknown ;
To other realms his wafted spirit's flown ;
Mortals can only know that he has gone
To that abode, whence none can e'er return.

The dark domain of earth has him received—
Fairest of flowers that bloomed in virtue's field.
While here his body slumbers with the dead,
His angel-spirit to his God has fled.

Though o'er his dust the heedless stranger tread,
Nought can disturb the slumbers of the dead,
Until the great Archangel from the skies
Sound the loud trumpet, and the dead arise—

Then will he burst the cerements of the tomb,
And sainted spirits hail him as he comes—
Then through the vault of heaven he'll soar and sing,
“O grave ! where is thy victory ? O death ! where is
thy sting ?”

*** *****

LINES ON THE DEATH OF S. B. PARRIS.

YE, who have wept o'er genius in its bloom,
That faded soon, and withered in the tomb—
Who love to linger where the mourner weeps,
Oh come, and drop a tear where *Parris* sleeps.

A mother bends in anguish o'er his bier—
Drops on his closing grave a bitter tear—
And o'er his perished hopes a father mourns—
With one sad look from that dark grave he turns.

Around that spot no *kindred* footsteps tread,
Yet there shall *friendship's* warmest tears be shed !
And though the tongue has bid its last farewell,
Yet o'er his name shall faithful Mem'ry dwell.

A mother's fondness o'er his mould'ring form
In fancy hears the winter's midnight storm—
In fancy sees the clayey load that's prest
So close around his cold, unconscious breast.

But faith is taught beyond the bounds of time
To view that bright, that heav'nly clime,
Where "virtue's faded flower" shall bloom anew,
In verdure clothed, and bathed in heav'nly dew.

J.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THE AUTHOR.

It is always a melancholy, but sometimes a pleasing task to record the life, and delineate the character of a departed friend—melancholy, as it renews our sorrow for the loss which death has occasioned; but pleasing, as it recalls to mind scenes of past intimacy and objects of past delight, and affords the opportunity of reviving his memory, recording his virtues, and dwelling on his worth. But doubly melancholy is the performance of the task, on the present occasion, since it reminds us of the greatness of the loss; but doubly pleasing, since the character to be delineated, and the virtues which come in review, are bright and excellent, and the scenes to be portrayed, and the events to be recorded, are interesting and innocent. To dwell on the memory and paint the character of a virtuous friend is a duty, and in the performance of this duty, in this instance, there is nothing to excite regret, but that final event which deprived his friends of his society, and the public, of his services.

On me, one of his intimate associates, devolves the duty of performing this task. The editor is conscious of his inability, in so short a sketch as this, to do justice, to the memory of one who possessed such varied excellen-

cies ; but let not the memory of the dead suffer by the inability or negligence of the living. He, who was so well qualified for the task, cannot now defend and guard his own reputation. To discharge the duty of surviving friendship, with that faithfulness due to the hallowed memory of the dead, is a delicate and difficult office.

The short but well-spent life of the author of these Remains affords but few incidents for the pen of the biographer. A life of domestic virtue and secluded study, however excellent it may be, is not usually marked by any events sufficiently novel or varied to attract the attention of the busy world. His scene of action was not in the theatre of active life ; it was the retired closet of the studious scholar. His operations were unseen by others, for they were conducted within the depths of his mind. There is nothing apparent in the habits of a scholar in general, to render detail interesting. But the life of this author, in particular, was diversified but by a very few striking or uncommon occurrences. His character was peculiarly that of a secluded student, devoted to the cultivation of his mental powers, and the acquisition of knowledge. His external conduct—the general habits of his life, from the days of childhood to its closing scene, were so exactly uniform, that the description exhibits no variety to interest those who read merely for amusement. The history of one week is the history of a year—and the history of one year is the history of his life. But what distinguished him more especially from others, were the operations of the mind. These were unrevealed to human eye. They cannot now be portrayed by the pen. His time was occupied in labours which will not admit of full description. Who will reveal to us the secret recess-

es of the human mind? The operations of his mind, then, can be known only from their results:—from his acquisitions—from his state of mental cultivation—and from his literary productions. But he had scarce commenced labour; for the most of his life had been occupied in disciplining and preparing his mental powers for action. And one, who died so young, it cannot be expected, would leave just specimens of the literary excellence which he really possessed.

Since the materials for composing a history of his life are so few and ordinary, the principal object of this sketch must be to delineate his moral and intellectual character. It was this in which his chief excellence and distinction consisted. This must be effected by a consideration of the sentiments and principles which influenced and guided his conduct; and since there are so few anecdotes and incidents to illustrate his manner of life, the best knowledge of his sentiments and principles may be obtained from a perusal of his writings. To them the reader is referred. From the opinions contained in them some idea of his character may be discovered.

The subject of this memoir, **SAMUEL BARTLETT PARRIS**, was the third son of Rev. Martin Parris of Marshfield, Mass. and of Julia his wife. He was born in Kingston, Mass. January 30th, 1806. His education was commenced in his native place. An account of his childhood, could particulars be ascertained, would afford subjects of interest, for we love to trace the developement of talents—the dawning of the human faculties.

The disposition of his mind was manifested early in life, even in infancy. His mental powers were early developed, and exercised in the acquisition of knowledge. In

this respect he followed the natural bent of his mind. By his own choice he learned the English alphabet, before any attempt was made to teach him. This he did by inquiring of some one in the family the name of each letter until he had thus fixed it in his memory. He acquired the art of penmanship, without any assistance or instruction from others. This he did by imitating the printed letters which he found in his picture books. From this circumstance his hand-writing varied materially in different periods, and never possessed a fixed character, as appears by the specimens of penmanship from his first attempt at writing, and during his life. Before he was eighteen months old he had learned all the Hebrew letters, out of an old Hebrew Bible in his father's possession, though at that age, he was scarcely able to articulate, or pronounce a letter distinctly. He also learned to read by his own choice, and from his voluntary exertions. The only assistance given him, was merely answering the questions which he asked. He used to take some little book, set down in his chair, and occupy himself, by the hour together, in spelling the words ; and after a few weeks had thus been employed, his parents were surprised to discover, that he could not only read, but, in some measure, comprehend what he read. This was the only attention which they bestowed on his instruction, until he had acquired the rudiments of his education ; and this must have been rather a pleasure than a task. He thus discovered a quick perception, and a wonderful facility of acquiring knowledge. This voluntary and successful application, and these acquirements obtained by almost unaided exertions, evince a disposition and power of mind uncommon at that early age, and form an eminent, and al-

most sole exception to the general character of children. The elements of education are usually taught a child by earnest persuasion, by patient and oft repeated attempts, and frequently by severe compulsion on the part of the instructor. The child generally manifests a strong aversion from giving close attention to mental exertion, at a period of life, when the whole scene of earth is new to him, and exhibits before his wondering eyes a thousand objects to attract his unsated curiosity, and to occupy his time.

The character of this child presented a direct contrast to this picture. He but seldom amused himself with the usual play-things of children. He never showed but little desire to engage in the ordinary sports of his equals; but whenever he did engage in play, his amusements were of a different kind from those of children in general. Even at this infantile age his mind seemed to be entirely devoted to learning. From the first dawn of reason, he was inquisitive and observing—nothing escaped his inquiry or observation. There was no need of resorting to the usual means of exciting his curiosity—his attention was already sufficiently alive. It was only necessary to guide his attention in a proper direction, and to answer the numerous questions which he was so readily disposed to ask. There are anecdotes preserved among his friends, affording numerous striking examples of quick perception, accurate observation, and premature understanding.

He early commenced the practice of composition. From this fortunate circumstance, specimens remain of his genius and learning at a very youthful age. He kept the most of these, however, concealed from all his friends, till after his death. Genius is always attended in youth

with this diffidence, and is followed by it, until its efforts have been tested, and its confidence assured by frequent experiment. It is an inconvenience to which all are at first subjected, who have the privilege of enjoying those exquisite powers of mind, which are the constituents of genius. It is a retired feeling, which is not manifested in flippancy of conversation, or pertness of behaviour. It is ignorance alone which is pert and forward. From the want of this knowledge of human nature, often arises that false estimate of the natural endowments of children ; and to the same cause must be attributed the circumstance, that the bright promises of childhood so often disappoint the expectations of their inconsiderate friends.

In order to illustrate his early character, it will be proper to introduce some extracts from these juvenile productions—not important in themselves, but valuable as being the best evidence of his character. To some these extracts may appear too childish ; but a virtuous mind delights to dwell on the scenes of childhood. Those too, who wish to study the native character of an individual, must recur to its first manifestations at a period, when he is free from that mask sometimes assumed in after life ; when he freely displays every feeling of the heart, with all the artless simplicity of childhood, and without those cold restraints which society imposes, and experience dictates. In after life you may be temporarily deceived by laboured attempts to conform his conduct and opinions to the standard of those whom he respects, or of those with whom he associates ; and his true natural character may be thus concealed for awhile from the view of the observer. But in childhood the conduct is the direct result of feeling, and not of habits acquired in the school of the world.

Untutored in the ways of man, unpractised in the arts of life, his manners are then the dictates of nature; and his language is the simple, unsophisticated expression of the heart, and not the studied phraseology of design.

After his death there was found among his papers a little Journal or Diary, which he began at a very early age*—in which he noted down the daily occurrences and the ordinary events of life, and, in particular, the domestic affairs of his father's family. It contains a daily account of his studies from his first attendance at school, until his admission into college. The writing of this Journal was a labour which he voluntarily undertook, and pursued for his own satisfaction. It serves to illustrate his character, to denote the progress of his studies, and the gradual unfolding of his mind. There is nothing peculiar or remarkable in this Journal, except that candour and openness of heart which adorned his whole life. Its pages exhibit a faithful transcript of his heart. In this he recorded all his conduct, and every motive of his heart; in this he confesses every fault and error, with as much impartiality, as if it were the judgment book of justice. It would be gratifying to his friends to peruse this little juvenile history of his life, as it contains rare examples of innate goodness of heart, honorable to human nature; and affords pleasing specimens of his early acquisitions, and a minute account of the progress of his studies. The object for which it was undertaken evinces the disposition of his mind—his strong desire for the attainment of excellence. As specimens of the Journal referred to, a few extracts will be made. One of these volumes is prefaced with the following title and remarks, explaining the design with which it was written: “Journal of Samuel B. Parris,

*The first volume of this Journal was begun when he was six.

aged 11 years and one month, begun at Kingston, March 24th, A. D. 1817—wherein I intend to record every thing material that happens near me, and also my faults, that by looking on this I may remember them and do so no more."

"Thursday, April 3rd. I got a letter from M—— to day, but did not open it. I thought I saw a certain name through the paper. She burnt the letter, and appeared to be offended. No wonder. *Undoubtedly I did very wrong.* I see my folly—fateor culpam esse mei. [I confess the fault to be mine.] I am very sorry. I was put out with her in the forenoon. Fateor me non facere recte." [I confess I do not act right.] .

"Friday, 4th. I was allowed to stay out of school this forenoon. I stayed and played ball some time. And the company went up to Blackwater. I, not wishing to go with them, came into school, and was marked for *late*. Non puto me facere non recte. [I do not think I did wrong.] Also this forenoon, I and the rest of the scholars were playing goal ball, and one of them stood before the goal. I told him several times to get out of the way, but he would not. I happened one time to get the ball, and threw it at the goal, and he standing before it, it hit him in his eye. Et in hoc non puto me facere non recte, nam præ-monebam." [And in this I do not think I did wrong, for I warned him of it.]

"Wednesday 9th. Yesterday when Pa was not at home, I went up stairs, and was playing with the electric machine. Pa says it will not go to-day. Fateor me facere non recte." [I confess I do not act right.] He had been told, he must not touch the machine without liberty from his father. There are many other examples of the same

kind scattered throughout the volume. All this is done without the least ostentation, or the most distant expectation that any human eye would see it but his own. In the same manner, the other volumes contain a record of his own feelings, opinions, and resolutions ; his little disappointments, and misfortunes ; and the errors and faults into which he was tempted. He records them with all the amiable ingenuousness, and amusing simplicity of childhood. They exhibit a faithful mirror of his heart. These extracts are exact transcripts from the original, with all those Latin phrases just as he had written them. At the close of each month, he sums up what he had accomplished during the past month.

“ Friday, September 6th, A. D. 1816. At the time that August was out, I had studied through the Oration Pro Rege Deiotaro, and begun the Oration Pro Lege Manilio, in Orationibus Ciceronis—none in the Minora—written no Latin—ciphered a little in Vulgar Fractions—studied a little Geography—done two or three Geometrical Problems—written composition on Drunkenness, on Riches, on Pride, and on War. Had studied a little in English Grammar, and a few lessons in the Hebrew Grammar, and spoken a few pieces and dialogues,” &c.

“ Wednesday, January 1st, 1817. When December was out, I had studied through the Manilian Law in Cicero—gone as far as de Cyri institutione, in Minora—written a little Latin—written some Composition—studied English Grammar—ended the Hebrew Grammar, the first two Books of Horace, and fifteen Odes—studied some Geography—written some—drawn three Maps, viz. of the Eastern, and Western Continents, and of the United States of America—besides many other trifling things, and perhaps others which I have forgot.”

In this manner he gives a minute and detailed account of his studies from month to month. It displays an interesting map to those who delight to trace the progress of the youthful mind from its first feeble infantile attempt at motion, till it attains its more rapid and majestic strides. From these accounts of himself it appears, that he began early to take notice of events which happened within his observation; and to exercise his own judgment in forming his opinions. By accustoming himself to write down the daily occurrences around him, with his remarks, and inferences drawn from them, he acquired the useful habit of observing and investigating whatever passed before him either in the moral or physical world. To this cause may be attributed in part his uncommon discretion in youth. As his early attention to writing was prompted by the natural impulse of his genius, so the early improvement of his mind was the consequence of the habit induced by this exercise. The sentiments and opinions dispersed in various parts of his juvenile productions afford clear proofs of uncommon discernment, and show that he soon estimated things according to a real, and not that imaginary value, which the youthful imagination is so apt to attach to objects.

He was prepared for college at Kingston, Mass. under the sole instruction of his father, who then resided at that place with the charge of a numerous school. He commenced the study of the languages at the age of six years. He showed great facility in the acquisition of language. Such was his application, and progress in study, that, before he had arrived at the age of ten, his father carried him to the University, and offered him for examination. Such an extraordinary instance of early genius, and successful exertion, combined with his diminutive stature,

and childish appearance, justly excited the curiosity and surprise of the college faculty. The professors held him in their arms during his examination, and in this manner examined him in the various branches necessary for admission, and heard him construe and translate Virgil, Cicero, the Greek Testament, and so forth. He was pronounced by them qualified for admission, and accordingly admitted a member of the college. But by their advice, on account of his extreme youth, and that he might not be exposed at that age to the numerous temptations which beset a college life, his father consented to take him home with him. After this he remained with his father at home about two years. At the end of this period, (during which he made rapid progress in the paths of learning,) he returned to college, and entered upon its duties. Such early development of talent, such premature acquisitions of learning, are certainly extraordinary ; they excite our admiration and astonishment, while they merit our warmest approbation.

The comprehension of his mind, and the amount of his early acquisitions were surprising. But he never laboured to display the treasured riches of his mind ; neither did the consciousness of such superior acquirements have the usual effect of rendering the possessor vain and indolent, for he was always remarkable for modesty, diligence, and activity.

The beauties of nature attracted and delighted his infant eye, and thus awakened his poetic imagination, and excited that poetic feeling which nature has implanted, in a greater or less degree, in the bosom of every human being, but which is often permitted to lie dormant, until the cold experience of life and its practical occupations, until

the lapse of time and the vicissitudes of the world have rendered the heart unsusceptible of those finer impressions, when this feeling is soon lost amid the busy and engrossing scenes of life. This was that bud of poesy which afterwards bloomed in fragrance and beauty beneath the dews and sunshine of heaven. In his childish occupations—in the objects which attracted his attention, he discovered this poetic spirit and that love of nature which are always mingled with great and generous souls. This spirit of poetry and this love of nature he ever after cherished amid all his pursuits.

The days of his childhood were spent, not in childish amusement, but in the constant acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of virtue. From the earliest period of his life, he showed the most scrupulous obedience to his parents. When their will was once ascertained, he made that the rule of his conduct. His friends can recollect no instance of his ever being corrected, or deserving correction, for disobedience. Whenever he was conscious of having committed a fault, he candidly confessed it, showed great anxiety to amend it, and, whenever in his power, made restitution to those who suffered on his account. His childhood displayed a scene of beauty and innocence which the memory of kindred fondness ever delights to recal—on which the eye of imagination ever delights to dwell. His life could not have been passed more to the satisfaction of those whose care or rather pleasure it was to govern and instruct him. Always inclined to do his duty, and eager in the pursuit of knowledge, the days of his childhood were passed beneath the paternal roof, affording his friends a bright promise of his future excellence in the paths of learning and virtue. Such an amiable dis-

position, such a practical virtue could not but gain the love and even respect of all who knew him. Such in fact was the truth. He was beloved and esteemed by all with whom he associated in school, in college, and in after life.

The school of childhood combines the circumstances which give character to the future man. The impress which is there stamped upon the youthful heart is durable as its existence. The characters there imprinted are legible during life. Particular characters may be changed, or partially defaced, but the general impression remains the same. The direction given in youth to the path of life is continued through the whole journey in the same line, unless the impulse of some uncommon force be applied, or some powerful obstacle be opposed, to change its course. The youthful mind is like that insect which assumes the colour of the plant on which it feeds. The outlines of the picture, it is true, are formed by nature—traced by the finger of the Creator, but the colouring and shades, which form the traits, are reflected from the surrounding scenery. Thus the circumstances in which one is placed have the most powerful influence on character. This was happily illustrated in the example before us. The mould of his childhood formed the image of his manhood. The blended but harmonious picture of his mental and moral character retained the same outlines and features, but these became more marked and distinct as he advanced in life, while the colouring grew brighter and brighter, till the darkness of the grave covered it from our sight. He continued his path of life in the same straight course till his progress was arrested by the hand of death.

His college life was in exact uniformity with his previous character. It was distinguished by a cheerful and

entire obedience to the regulations of the institution ; by a dutiful respect to his instructors ; by a constant and punctual attendance on the recitations and other stated exercises of the college ; and, in short, by the strict performance of the duties of a student. He here continued the same studious and industrious habits—possessed the same unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and the same integrity of character, which distinguished him in childhood. His collegiate life was distinguished not by a short-lived brilliancy of talents, appearing only to expire, nor by a studious display of his acquired abilities ; but by an industrious application to study, and by a preparation of his acquisitions for future use in the concerns of life. He was not desirous of a temporary reputation, and to waste more time in gaining it, than it was worth. He sought for knowledge that was valuable, rather than showy. His application was steady and noiseless, and directed to solid and substantial acquirements. He did not aim to acquire what would appear best for a moment, but what would be the most important for life.

By his studious habits as a scholar, by the affability of his deportment as a companion, by the suavity of his manners, and the sweetness and cheerfulness of his disposition, he gained not only the esteem, but the affectionate fondness of his fellow-students, and especially of his intimate associates. By his docility as a pupil, and by his cheerful and respectful obedience to superiors, he attracted the attention of the government. He was but a boy in age and appearance, and this circumstance, combined with his amiable disposition and unusual literary acquirements, made him the wonder and delight of the whole college. Though young in years, he obtained many

marked distinctions from his classmates and instructors. He was frequently appointed to deliver the poems, addresses, &c. which custom has established among the students. This circumstance, though unimportant in itself, is no little distinction for one so young, and shows the regard which they felt for him, and their opinion of his qualifications for such performances. These are still preserved among his college manuscripts, and exhibit much ingenuity in the composition, and a most playful and amusing humour. Notwithstanding his extreme youth, he preserved his purity of principles amidst the corruptions which surrounded him, and the utmost regularity of conduct amidst the disorders which too often prevail in such an institution. He continued his upright course of conduct, unseduced by the charms of indolence, uninfluenced by the temptations of pleasure. This conduct evinced an uncommon decision of character, and a mature discretion even at that early period of life. But his steady perseverance in the path of virtue happily disappointed the fears which his friends entertained, lest his strength should not be sufficient to resist the influence of vice. It is a rare instance, that a youth of his age, surrounded by such powerful temptations, entirely escapes the contaminating influence of vicious example, and the prevailing corruptions of the place. It was a decisive trial of his virtue. This same resolution of character he maintained amidst all temptations throughout the subsequent period of his life. No ridicule, or persuasion could ever seduce him from his duty. His principles and his obedience to them were fixed.

He obtained the honours of the University at the usual period, received an honourable appointment in the litera-

ry exercises of Commencement, and, though but a child in appearance, performed a part in the exhibition of the day. He acquitted himself, on this occasion, with satisfaction to his friends, and with credit to himself and the institution. The part assigned him was the Greek Oration, which then held a high rank among the appointments. He was ranked in the first grade, as appears by the custom, which then existed, of printing in capitals the names of those speakers who were entitled to that distinction.

Having thus completed the course of his collegiate education at the early and extraordinary age of fifteen, he left the University, with qualifications far superior to what many of an older age possess at the end of their course. Few, in fact, leave their Alma Mater, with a purer character, with more studious habits, or with a better disciplined and better stored mind. After this, he remained at home with his father about a year, that his mind might acquire greater strength and more maturity, in order to fit him for the still more severe and arduous labours of professional study. But this time was not spent in idleness or indolence, but in the continuance of his literary habits and pursuits, while every day brought addition to the stores of his knowledge.

Having determined the choice of his profession, he afterwards at the age of sixteen entered on the study of Medicine, under the tuition of Dr. Paul L. Nichols, of Kingston, Mass. with whom he remained one year. His instructor gives a most flattering account of his conduct, and the rapidity of his progress in study, during his residence with him. Study seemed to be his whole occupation—to this he devoted every moment of time and eve-

try energy of his soul, scarcely allowing himself sufficient leisure to unbend his mind, and exercise his body. He mentions several instances in which his pupil showed, on an emergency, a surprising sagacity in comprehension, a thorough knowledge of the principles and even skill in the practical part of his profession. During this one year he laid a solid and extensive foundation for professional eminence. He gave entire satisfaction to his instructor, and obtained from him his unqualified approbation of the course of conduct he pursued. Not only so, but he gained the esteem and attachment of all his acquaintances.

He then* removed to Boston, for the purpose of attending the Medical Lectures delivered in that place. He continued here the usual time, attended by the same ardent thirst for knowledge, by the same unremitting application in the pursuit. While in attendance on these Lectures, he gave the closest attention to the subjects of which they treated, as abundantly appears from the fact of his having taken down each lecture as delivered, in short hand, and afterwards copied in full. The branch of each professor occupies a separate volume of about two hundred pages. The manuscript volumes still remain among his papers—a monument of his industry and perseverance.

Though he was the youngest member of the school, in attendance at the time, and his competitors were numerous, he obtained the Boylston Medical Prize, by an Original Dissertation, which he read and presented to the

* I have been informed since this was written, that he attended three courses of Lectures, at this institution, one before he completed the first year of his medical studies.

committee appointed to award it.* This was a distinction which entitled him to notice, and excited the admiration and surprise of his fellow-students, who were before unacquainted with his mental excellence, and the extent of his acquirements. The theme which he selected for his Dissertation, was "Animal Heat."† The manner of treating the subject, the variety of proofs, the cogency and clearness and conclusiveness of the arguments adduced, evince uncommon strength of mind, accuracy and variety of information, extent of research, and a familiar acquaintance with the principles of chemical and natural science. He was next admitted into the family of Dr. Samuel Bugbee of Wrentham, Mass. for the further prosecution of his professional studies. Under the charge and instruction of this gentleman he finished his course of Medical reading, having continued with him the two remaining years required by the rules of the profession.

After attending his second course of Lectures at the Boston Medical Institution, and passing through the usual examination in a manner which did credit to his acquirements, and gave great satisfaction to his examiners, he received his Medical Degree, 31st August, 1825, on which occasion he read and defended, with his usual felicity of execution, a Dissertation "On Symptoms,"† which, though a common subject, is distinguished by originality of thought, by lucid order and arrangement of the parts, by purity and elegance of language. This dissertation, if the editor is not widely mistaken, will be found to embody a valuable collection of medical observation,

* The Prize awarded consisted of a neat elegant pocket case of Surgeon's Instruments, valued at Sixteen Dollars.

† This is published among his prose pieces.

clothed in a style, and treated in a manner, which might attract the regard of even those who are not immediately interested in the subject. If it does not convey any new ideas to experienced practitioners, it may suggest valuable hints to those, who, (as the author was at that time,) are about to commence practice.

Having thus at a very early age acquired his profession, and gained the esteem and regard of every one with whom he lived, by the most unexceptionable conduct in every situation ; and distinguished himself as a student by the strength of his mental powers, by unremitting application to study, and consequent thorough knowledge of medical science, he was eminently qualified for practice. We have the uniform testimony of all those with whom he pursued his medical studies, as evidence of his uncommon qualifications for a physician. He pursued his studies systematically ; sought for the principles of the science in the nature and constitution of man—he was not satisfied, as one of his tutors remarked, with a knowledge of effects, he traced them to their causes—he was not satisfied with beholding appearances, he must discover the reality. He made a science, and not a mere trade of his profession—he had a higher aim—a nobler object in view. His ideas of the profession, and of the qualifications necessary in its professors, were elevated and generous—he was above all the artful resorts often used to conceal an ignorance in theory, or a want of skill in practice. He disdained all pretensions—all appearances—all art—all quackery. He was fully sensible of the high charge entrusted to the Physician—the health and lives of his fellow-creatures—and of the fatal, irretrievable consequences which may arise from ignorance or negligence,

In his range of medical studies, he embraced not only the regions of knowledge on which his profession was immediately founded, but those indirectly connected with it,—moral and mental philosophy—those departments of science, which lead to a more intimate acquaintance with human nature. He deemed the science of medicine founded in a knowledge of the human system—in the moral and physical nature of man—not to be acquired by a few years of compounding drugs, and visiting patients—but by a life devoted to laborious study and careful observation. He has been often heard in conversation to lament the ignorance which has heretofore prevailed too much among many of his profession, but rejoiced at the superior qualifications now requisite—at the more elevated standard of education, and the encouraging prospects which it holds forth at the present age. It is, indeed, a profession at present sustaining a high rank for knowledge and philanthropy. It has afforded many benefactors to the human race, distinguished for their cultivation of science and general literature—has added many a rich discovery to the annals of science—inscribed many an illustrious name on the rolls of fame.*

To chemistry and botany, in particular, so intimately connected with his profession, he had given great attention. His partiality for these branches of study, is discovered in his Poem, entitled *Anticipations and Recollections*, in which he vividly and warmly describes the pleasures which the study of botany affords, and the scene of wonders which chemistry unfolds to the eyes of her votaries in the gorgeous temple of nature.

* In the first Poem published in this volume, the author has eulogized several eminent men of his profession, and paid a just tribute to their noble exertions in the cause of humanity.

October 14th, A. D. 1825, he commenced practice in Attleborough, at the residence of the late Dr. Thomas Stanley. In this situation he continued, in the performance of professional duty, and the further improvement of his mind by the most diligent application to study, and the unceasing exertion of the powerful energies of his soul, while he gradually acquired the confidence of the community, as his excellence became known. Notwithstanding he settled here with the disadvantage of his inexperience and his retiring habits, & though his practice was not extensive, as must naturally be expected, yet he had many cases intrusted to his care which required great caution and skill in the management, and in these he was successful.

Though he bestowed the most of his time on subjects connected with his profession, yet he did not confine his attention within these limits ; he cultivated general literature, and sought to adorn and improve his mind by the help of universal knowledge. He did not spend his time here in making acquaintances, and seeking the favour of the people by courting their society, but he spent it in the seclusion of his study, and wisely left it, with confidence, to the progress of time to make known his qualifications, and establish his reputation. Though he had acquired a liberal education, and had pursued the usual routine of professional studies, yet he did not, like many, consider his education finished. He had no such contracted views of human improvement. His standard of excellence was elevated far above such a level. His aspiring mind was not satisfied with the bounds to which he had already proceeded ; he longed to extend his researches still farther into the literally boundless fields of knowl-

edge—to enlarge still more the already extended horizon of his mental vision. There were bright regions which his eye had never beheld—there was delicious food which his lips had never touched. He had tasted the sweet fountains of knowledge, and thirsted to drink still deeper draughts—he had soared on the wings of imagination, and gazed on its beautiful prospects, and its scenes of enchantment, and longed to soar still higher, and gaze still longer on its beauties, and gather newer charms from its inexhaustible treasures.

He thus proceeded on, accumulating stores of knowledge for future use, and disciplining his mental powers for future contest, until his promising hopes were suddenly blasted, and his ardent pursuits arrested by the hand of death.

Poetic feeling is often so closely interwoven with the finest texture of the human heart, that the least violence will disorder it—like the delicate strings of a nice-tuned instrument, which tremble with every vibration—thrill with every touch—and whose chords are suddenly snapped, while breathing the sweetest music. Genius is often connected with such delicacy of constitution, that the human frame cannot long endure the powerful action to which this mysterious union subjects it. It often inhabits a mortal tenement too fragile in its construction to confine its ever-restless spirit—the searching fire of genius consumes while it glows, and the brittle mould of clay which contains the fiery element, crumbles away by the incessant influence of its action, till it bursts the prison of clay which confines it to earth, and soars to its native skies, to mingle with kindred spirits.

His health was evidently impaired several months pre-

vious to his last sickness, in consequence, it is thought, of too assiduous application to literary pursuits, and of too severe exertion of the mind. The form which embodied that noble spirit was about to decay.

“‘Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to fix the wound that laid thee low—
Unhappy friend ! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came.”

The last sad scene of time was now approaching, when he was destined to yield his immortal soul to the world of spirits.

About the first September, 1827, he complained of being unwell, but not seriously so—he remained, however, for several days in a lingering state. During this time he was his own physician—took some common medicines—and several times bled himself, or at least attempted it, but without succeeding to his wishes. But as he daily grew worse, with increasing symptoms of a dangerous disorder, he began to feel serious apprehensions, that some powerful disease had attacked him. Still he kept up courage, walked about the house, continued to take his own prescriptions, refused to take his bed, and endeavoured to amuse himself with his books. His disease, however, was growing upon him, hour after hour, accompanied with more aggravated pains, and alarming symptoms,—at last he reluctantly took to his bed, and consented to have a physician called. At this time he seemed, from a critical examination of his case, to be satisfied of the nature of his disease, and convinced of the fatal termination of it, though he did not then mention

his convictions to the family in which he lived. A short time previous to this, as one of his neighbours called in to see him while he was sitting in his study, and inquired of him, in the most encouraging and cheerful manner he could assume, the state of his health, and what he thought of his disease since he had examined it—he answered in a firm and decided tone, “I have been running it through the books, and am convinced, it is fatal.” His disorder had now assumed the form of a malignant typhus fever,—but little expectation was entertained of his recovery. He was unwilling for some time, that any intelligence of his sickness should be sent to his parents, for fear of causing them needless anxiety. But one day after an ineffectual attempt to bleed himself, and the unsuccessful application of all the remedies which he had tried, he said, “If things operate in this way, you had better send for them immediately.” During his sickness, he was occasionally delirious, as is usually the case in such diseases, but at no time entirely deprived of his senses; it was rather temporary absence of mind than continued delirium. He retained the use of his reason remarkably for one in his condition; he manifested much anxiety for fear that such would not be the case; and frequently inquired of those around him, if they had seen him when they thought he was deranged. His disorder every day becoming more alarming, and the apprehensions of his friends increasing, a message, agreeably to his wishes, was sent to his parents, who arrived at the residence of their son in Attleborough, Wednesday September 12th. On Tuesday morning, the day before their arrival, he called one of the family to his bed-side, and enjoined her to tell his parents, (as he knew this thought would be a

consolation to them in their afflictions) "I wish you to tell my parents, said he, if I should die before they come, that I am ready and willing to die; that I have no desire to live, but for their sakes—for myself, I think, the exchange will be a happy one."

The substance of the following account is obtained from the notes which his father took at the time, and from the recollections of others who were present during his sickness.

Wednesday September 12th. He appeared to be perfectly sensible, but said little. He was entirely resigned to the will of his heavenly Father, and, on his own account, had no choice either to live or die. He told his father, in relating his feelings, that he felt a hope in the Redeemer, but regretted his neglect of duty while in health.

Thursday 13th. In the morning he said, "I have an irrepressible desire to depart and be with Jesus." He was asked, what was the ground of his hope, that he should be with him, when he departed; he answered, "because I love him and trust in him."

Friday morning. His father asked him, if he felt any different from what he did the day before; he said his head was very much confused. This was nearly all he had said to him, since the morning before, except to ask for necessaries.

Saturday morning, 6 o'clock. He called his father to him, wished him to shut the door, and said, "I have had a comfortable night, but begin to be confused in my head. I cannot think much of my situation, but when I can think, my views are as they have been. I am entire-

ly willing to live or die. Whatever the dispensation of Heaven shall be, is also my will."

His symptoms having previous to this appeared more favourable, and his friends entertaining some expectations of his life, his father told him, that from Dr. B.'s statement, there was hope of his recovery, though he was not out of danger. He said, "The cause of my disorder is, in no sense, removed—the disorder in my head and the heavy load in my stomach yet remain, and other indications are against my recovery. I do not wish to alarm you, but I think the chance is against me." His parents had been too much encouraged by a temporary appearance in his favour, though the opinion of his physicians was not altered. Even one beam of hope amid the darkness of despair often deceives by its cheering contrast, and expands the spirits beyond a reasonable bound. Their hopes were raised only to be disappointed. He soon relapsed, after this short revival, and even hope was almost gone, though there is hope, while there is life. At this time he was reduced so low that he could not speak distinctly; and he said some things which were not perfectly understood. One night he requested them to retire early, but with the expectation of being called up in the night to see him die, as he thought he should not survive till morning. He did, however, survive, but still would not admit there was any hope of his recovery.

A short time before his death he called his parents to him to take leave of them, and bid them a last farewell—he gave some directions respecting his private affairs—mentioned to them his trunk of manuscripts, and what they would find in it, particularly a paper containing

some of his religious opinions and sentiments—expressed his sorrow that his death would leave them childless, and his hope that he should meet them in a happier world ; and then asked to kiss them, as the last token of earthly affection. But this was not their last meeting.

Monday P. M. They thought he was dying ; the neighbours were called in ; but in a short time he again revived. They were so much encouraged by this, that his physicians were immediately called in. After a consultation, they concluded to try the effects of some other prescriptions : but all in vain. He again appeared to be in a dying state. All that human power could do was done by his physicians. But his disease was fixed, and resisted every means of human art.

Tuesday morning. He was more than usually delirious—frequently appeared to be conversing with persons who were not present—and called on the names of many of his early friends—his mind seemed to be dwelling on the fading recollections of the past. This forenoon he said to one present, “ Ask my father and mother to come to me, for the scene will soon be closed.” He held out his hand to them, as they approached, but could not speak.

Wednesday morning. He asked his father, if he was willing to part with him ; when he remarked, “ but we shall not be parted long.” “ No,” said he, “ we shall not. The separation is but momentary. The narrow space of time between us will soon be passed.” In the afternoon, some of his symptoms appeared more encouraging ; and during the next day, there was a faint hope that his disease would take a more favourable turn.

But on Friday September 21st, between the hours of

two and three in the morning, he expired, at the age of 21 years, 7 months and 22 days. For several hours before his death he remained speechless, but having his senses; his strength gradually failed, until the last moment arrived, when he calmly sunk into the repose of death. During the whole period of his sickness, no complaint or murmur escaped his lips—but, on the contrary, he manifested a cheerful resignation to his fate. After his life was despaired of, he felt great anxiety in regard to the feelings of his parents. Knowing their attachment to him, he was sensible that his death would be to them the cause of the deepest affliction. On his own account he was willing to leave the world, but on theirs he desired to live. The feelings of his parents, while standing around the death-bed of their last son, on whom they had fixed their fondest hopes, may be imagined, but not expressed. He was the only stay and comfort of bereaved parents, who had placed on him their warmest affections, which were late torn from other objects, and who, in the decline of life, must pass the remainder of their days, without the consolations of an affectionate and dutiful son.

His dying hour was worthy the life he had lived—possessing a firm faith in the doctrines of the gospel, to which he was always attached, and animated by its sentiments, and encouraged by its consoling promises, he died in peace.

His closing scene was calm and composed—no enthusiasm mingled with his feelings—no dying raptures disturbed the solemn calmness and gentleness of death's approach. Angels of mercy ministered around his dying bed. He died in the full and blessed hopes of christianity. The agonies of death were supported by the con-

sciousness of a well-spent life, and the hopes of redeeming mercy. His path through the "valley of the shadow of death" was illumined by a beam of that eternal light which dawns on the closing eye of faith. He lived, as every man should live, in the performance of his duty; and died, as every man should die, in the hopes of everlasting life.

The funeral services were performed in the afternoon of the succeeding Sabbath. An unusually large concourse of people assembled on the occasion, to testify their respect for his character, and their sorrow for his death. When his death was known, a general gloom pervaded the town; they seemed fully sensible of the loss which they had sustained. Every one mourned that a star so bright should set so soon.

The Attleborough Society of which the deceased was an active member marched, as a body, in the procession. It was one of the longest ever known in the place. Hundreds of sincere mourners followed him to his last abode. His resting place is in a burying ground situated near his late residence. There kindred footsteps do not tread, but hundreds, who knew him but a short time, still retain an ardent, unfading affection for his memory. His mortal remains were there committed to their kindred dust, but his emancipated spirit ascended to the bosom of his God.

Thus has descended to the tomb one of the most promising youths—one in the flower of his age—in the prospect of eminence and public usefulness—and in the warm anticipation of happiness. We cannot but feel a deep and melancholy regret, when a youthful aspiring genius, like him, is arrested in the outset of his career.

It gives a pang to the heart, to behold the arrow of death piercing the bosom of the new-fledged bird, and laying it, while just rising on its eager wings, prostrate on the earth, with all its bright plumage around it. So we feel when the youthful bard expires. When the hoary head, like a ripened sheaf of corn, is gathered to the garner of the grave, we mourn for the dead, but we feel 'tis man's appointed time—that his services to the world have been rendered—that his work is finished—we expect no more—we are satisfied. But not so with the young man, when he is cut off in the full vigor and eager expectation of youth. Something is promised which is not fulfilled. The mind cannot rest with satisfaction on its disappointed hopes. We mourn not only for the dead, but for the living. He thus perished—

—————“ And all his promise fair,”
“ Has sought the grave to sleep forever there.”

All the treasured and precious stores of knowledge which he had been for years in collecting—all his lofty aspirations after excellence; all his favourite plans for future improvement and felicity; all his high-souled purposes for the benefit of his fellow-men; all his ardent and generous hopes have descended with him to the tomb. The triumphant hand of death has seized and destroyed them. His body is now resting in a lonely grave at a distance from the abodes of his parents and early friends.

Oh Death ! if 'tis thy glory to destroy
With sudden blast the opening buds of joy ;
If 'tis thy boast severely to display
And wide diffuse the terrors of thy sway,
High o'er this grave thy proudest trophy rear,
And tell with exultation *who lies here !**

* From a manuscript Poem on the Death of a Young Man.

The duration of the earthly existence of the subject of this sketch was short indeed ; but in that short period of life he was enabled to accomplish much. It is a matter of astonishment, that within the compass of so contracted a life, he could have accumulated so great and valuable a store of knowledge, and left in his numerous manuscripts such full evidence of his industry and ability. "That life is long which answers life's great end."

It is beyond the power of this pen to portray his character in all its amiable and excellent traits. Some things there are which cannot easily be described. That which possesses a character of uniformity, however appropriate that may be, does not admit those distinguishing peculiarities which afford objects of description. Unless the object of description be distinguished by some striking or irregular features, an attempt to convey a correct conception of it, will be found difficult. Who can describe to the imagination of a stranger the countenance of a perfect beauty ? That scenery admits of the most vivid and graphic description, which possesses a wild and irregular character—which contains some features out of keeping with the general picture. Thus the various traits which compose the character of the author, were so harmoniously blended and disposed, as to form a whole, uniform picture, without any of those irregular features which often disfigure the characters of individuals. That uniformity—that consistency—that harmony of his moral and intellectual features, which render his character amiable and excellent, render it also difficult of description.

The powers of his mind were not brilliant and glaring ; in this respect he was different from many others—some of whose mental faculties are superior in a high degree,

while the rest are equally inferior. His were generally and uniformly excellent. Particular faculties of some minds, from various inducements, are highly and carefully cultivated, while others are permitted to run to waste, uncultivated, and unregarded. This may answer particular purposes; but it is not the safest way to the attainment of excellence and happiness. The exclusive cultivation of a single faculty of the mind may enable the possessor to attain greater eminence in those branches with which that faculty is the most intimately connected. But each faculty derives aid and strength from the general and equal cultivation of all the mental powers. The benefit is mutual. They are all thus strengthened by the numerous links which connect them. Of this truth his mind afforded a convincing example.

The traits of his moral character were not, some of them brilliant and beautiful, and others dark and deformed. The traits composing the moral characters of some individuals are soiled and deformed by a connection with those of an opposite character. The most eminent virtues are sometimes linked with the most degraded vices. But his mental and moral character, without any thing dazzling or uncommon in the individual traits of either, formed a complete and harmonious whole, without apparent spot or blemish. He was a bright instance of the harmonious union of moral and intellectual excellence.

His mind did not, like Byron's, resemble a wild, uncultivated tract of earth, "where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;" where all objects are irregular and mixed in confusion; where you behold amidst barren wastes, occasional spots verdant and blooming in all the wild and rank luxuriance of nature; where one breeze is redolent

with the fragrance of sweetest flowers, and fresh with the coolness breathing from the purest founts, and the next is filled with the noxious breath exhaled from stagnant waters and decaying matter; where the melody of birds is mingled with the howls of beasts of prey; where bright spots are warmed and enlightened by the beams of a smiling sun, and others are enveloped in impenetrable darkness; where, in one part of the horizon, bright glimpses of a blue sky are seen serenely smiling, and in others, frequent flashes of lightning are gleaming athwart the awful gloom of impending clouds; where the mind is alternately delighted or cheered, and disgusted or terrified with the objects of the scene. But it resembled a uniformly improved landscape, where the vegetation is cultivated with care; where the noxious weeds are eradicated, and flowers are blooming in their place; where the soil is watered with perennial springs, and shaded with cool retreats, where the odour of flowers is wafted on the breath of every wind, unmixed with the effluvia of corruption; where the scene is enlivened by eternal sunshine; where the intensity of heat is delightfully tempered by the cooling breezes wafted from the surrounding groves and fountains; where the whole scene is agreeably diversified with the prospect of hill and valley, river and wood; where, in fine, every object is beauty to the eye, and every sound is music to the ear.

His was a mind uniformly cultivated. All its powers were brought into operation. Though he often indulged in the pleasures of a poetic imagination, yet his reasoning powers were strong and highly cultivated. This he evinced by the solidity of his acquirements, the originality of his conceptions, and the strength and clearness of his arguments.

There was one trait among his numerous excellencies, particularly worthy of imitation by all engaged in like pursuits—a trait, by the want of which the rich treasures and splendid talents of many a powerful mind have become useless to the world, and its energies been lost amid the multiplicity of its pursuits and the confusion of its acquirements. This was, the order and regularity of his studies. He had a system of his own—not an artificial, but natural system, adapted to his peculiar circumstances. The discipline of his mind was excellent. The chain of his thoughts was nicely linked through all their gradations. His conclusions were rapidly and correctly formed. His mind was not a universal store house where every species of knowledge was collected in confusion—a mingled mass of useless learning, useless because never found when wanted ; but every addition was arranged in its appropriate department, and ready whenever occasion required its use. The same attention to order was carried into all his pursuits. It may be particularly observed in the condition of his manuscripts. Every piece in them is neatly written ; every subject, arranged under its proper title. By following this method he became complete master of whatever he undertook.

He made study both the business and amusement of his life. Possessing in himself an inexhaustible fund of enjoyment, he had no inducement to seek any other amusement. He had a mind unceasingly at work. His life was one unvaried scene of exemplary industry—one continued series of effectual application. No enticements of pleasure—no charms of society—no bowers of indolence could seduce him from his duty as a scholar and professional man. He resisted every temptation, and

travelled on, with unabated ardour, in the pursuit of knowledge. He had no desire to turn aside from its paths. The acquisition of new ideas, and the perception of truth had charms enough to retain his affections—afforded pleasure enough to satisfy his desires. In whatever he engaged he manifested the most unyielding perseverance, the most unwearied industry. Though his learning was great, he made no intended display of it; neither was his manner tainted with that professional cant so frequent in the conversation of those who have never extended their observation beyond the limits which circumscribe a particular profession. His information was general and liberal. Though he had given particular attention to his profession, it was not exclusive. He delighted to range abroad over the extensive fields of science and literature, to gather thence materials to enrich his intellectual treasury, and to add strength and ornament to his professional acquirements. The strength of his intellectual powers has been proved by the nature of his acquisitions; the liveliness and beauty of his imagination have been displayed by his poetic productions; and the purity of his character, and the benevolence of his heart shone conspicuous throughout the period of his life. Such examples of industry, perseverance, regularity and success gave an earnest of the future eminence which he might have attained. But it is in vain to predict what might have been accomplished by those who are now dead, and to lament the unattained hopes of those who are beyond hope.

In his manners he was modest and unassuming. He always manifested an uncommonly gentle and placid temper. His passions were entirely under the control of his

reason. Unlike poets in general, he appeared not to have hours of rapture, succeeded by hours of dejection. Though he often indulged himself in the reveries and delights of poetic fancy and feeling, yet he did not discover his poetical talent by his conversation or manners. The feelings of his heart were not painted on his countenance. No one would, from his appearance, take him for an enthusiastic poet; yet when he was interested and animated in conversation, there shone in his clear eye that light, which, to an experienced observer, indicates deep thought & passionate feeling. He exhibited no pedantry in his manner, the want of which is often mistaken, by the inconsiderate, for a want of talents, but which is, in general, the strongest evidence of the contrary. He avoided even the appearance of it. He was not the trumpeter of his own fame. He was conscious of the possession of talent, he did not, therefore, endeavour to assume the appearance of it.

He was blessed with a most happy disposition for the enjoyment of simple and ordinary pleasures. When he desired to unbend his mind, no one could participate in innocent amusements, with more glee and heart-felt satisfaction. Plain, open, and unostentatious in his manners, he had no taste for the dissipation and extravagance of life. He preferred the elegant, the ennobling enjoyments of literature. Entirely free from all foppishness, he had that native politeness, prompted by kind and benevolent feelings, which creates respect, and wins the heart.

His talents and acquirements were not his only or best possessions. He had a heart endowed with all the amiable and generous affections which belong to human nature. The evidence of his mental endowments is partially preserved in his writings, and exhibited by his great

and varied acquisitions; but that which endeared him to his friends, which embalmed his image in the affections of all who knew him, and shed the sweetest fragrance around his memory, has perished with the once warm heart that is now mouldering coldly in the dampness of the grave.

No person ever lived a more morally upright and practically religious life. His conduct was always governed by a high and refined moral principle. To use the words of one of his intimate associates, "if ever there was a christian, he was one." This is the uniform, uncontradicted character given him wherever he lived. But to enumerate the traits of his moral excellence—to portray his moral character—would require to detail the whole circle of moral virtues. Those who were acquainted with him have no need of description, [and those who were not can never know his worth.

This character is drawn without the usual accompaniment of human faults; but it is drawn faithfully—as it appeared in living reality. He had faults, for he was human. But he was so happy either in the want, or concealment of them, that they were never discovered by the writer of this sketch.

A short time previous to his death, and with that amiable modesty and christian humility which always attended him, he expressed the hope, that, since he had had no opportunity of doing good to his fellow-creatures by his life, he might be the means of doing some good by his death. Mysterious indeed is that Providence which has deprived the world of the services of a youth so promising, and cut short a life so well fitted to benefit himself and his fellow-beings. But if, by the bright example of

his character, he can reclaim one youthful votary of pleasure from the paths of dissipation, and allure him to the love of literature and the practice of virtue, his life, though short indeed, will not have been in vain.

The character of this lamented youth, and the recollections of his life have often reminded me of that unfortunate scholar Henry Kirke White. There were striking points of resemblance in their character and fate. Both were remarkable for early developement of talent; both were endued with uncommon genius; both were studious and indefatigable scholars; both were early and productive poets; both were distinguished for a strict and conscientious observance of the laws of morality and religion; both were in possession of ardent and benevolent feelings; both were esteemed for their virtues, and loved for their amiable characters; both injured their health by an intense pursuit after excellence; and both, in fine, found an early grave. I cannot conclude this unworthy sketch of an amiable and learned scholar better than with the words which he himself applies to his brother poet: "His feelings appear to have been occasionally subjected to higher degrees of excitement, than human nature could endure with impunity. He lived much in a short time, and hence perhaps one reason, why the resources of life were so soon exhausted. In him were united genius and application. Both contributed to give him an early niche in the temple of fame—both contributed to give him an early shroud in the mansions of the tomb."

J. D.

ATTBLEBOROUGH, OCTOBER 6TH, 1827.

A few extracts from letters received by his father since the death of his son are here added, as further evidence of what has been said of him in the preceding pages. It is deemed proper by the editor that the testimony of others should be produced, that the public may not rely wholly on the representation of an individual—not that there is the least fear that any who were ever acquainted with the author, will doubt the truth of the character here given him ; but, should the volume fall into the hands of strangers, they might impute the tints of the picture to the partial favour of friendship. But the writer is conscious of no other partiality for the amiable author than that respect and affection which his talents and virtues justly inspired in every one who was intimately acquainted with him. It has been said that “ he was esteemed and beloved wherever he was known.” As evidence of this we have here the testimony of persons, who were acquainted with him at different periods of his life—of persons unknown to each other, and ignorant of each other’s testimony. The highly commendatory obituary notices which appeared in the public prints are too numerous and full to be introduced here.

So consistent and uniform is the character given him in these letters, that it was remarked of them, if the name were not mentioned, it would be known from a perusal of them, that the character described belonged to the same individual. They constitute separate sections in the direct line of his earthly course. They are warm tributes of affection to the memory of a departed associate.

The first extract is from a letter of Dr. S. Bugbee of Wrentham, under whose professional instruction and in

whose family Dr. Parris resided the last two years before he commenced practice.

WRENTHAM, 20TH JANUARY, 1828.

" His character, while he resided with us, was so uniform, and void of incidents to give it any diversity, that it furnished (if you can conceive of such a thing) a picture without a shade.

" During the whole time he was in our family, an entire devotion to his professional duties sequestered him, in a measure, from the circles of society in which the youth of this place generally move—of course he was very little personally acquainted throughout the town, except from the opportunities afforded by professional visits, which when made in company with me, his native modesty forbade him to improve by way of conversation, as his whole soul was employed in attention to clinical observations.

" I have, however, heard it remarked by close observers, that when he visited their families professionally in my absence, his deportment was characterized by a prompt decision in his medical prescriptions, & a free, unembarrassed and lucid conversation on the passing topics which were presented for discussion.

" In our family he was profoundly beloved by all. His unremitting application to study excited an apprehension that his health would be injured ; if this was not a fault in his character, he surely had none. An equanimity—a temper at all times dispassionate and calm, irradiated by an intellectual acumen brightened by philosophical research, resembled him not unfitly to the placid surface of the ocean, when the rising sun diffuses the still brightness of his beam over its unruffled expanse. The immense stores of intellectual treasure, which he had accumulated and assort'd for use, distanced him in my estimation, from all his equals in age, with whom I have ever had the fortune to be acquainted. A genuine politeness, which rendered him neither inaccessible nor obtrusive, maintained invariably that straight and narrow path which so few are able to find and pursue. No gentleman, in fine, acquainted with his reputation, but would consider himself highly complimented by the ascription of any quality whereby the observer should remark a resemblance to Doctor Samuel B. Parris.

" His name, like precious ointment of Arabian spices, sheds a rich perfume of the most exquisite fragrance sufficient to embalm it, *in perpetuo*, among the most sacred reminiscences of all his associates. "*Aere perennius monumentum erigit,*" may in truth be predicted of his short but useful course. Be assured, Dear Sir, that we shall all cherish amid our latest recollections the consecrated image of so dear a friend, encircled with a halo of the most benignant and exalted virtues. More I am unable—less it were injustice to have said."

From the Rev. R. Babcock, one of his room-mates in college, and, subsequently, one of his correspondents.

SALEM, 21ST NOVEMBER, 1827.

" The letter of yours, announcing the death of your son, I have read with mingled emotions indeed, but, on the whole, with unspeakable satisfaction—for, since all must die, and the most endeared relatives and friends have the sure prospect of separation, what can afford the surviving such satisfaction, as the assurance of the ineffable peace and blessedness of those who have preceded them to the world of spirits? A few more changes of this changing world, and we too who now live to weep and mourn over what we have lost, shall verify in our own experience what is now the subject of our grief. I know indeed that life is rendered far less desirable to those who feel the chilling loneliness of scenes that were recently gladdened with the companionship of those they most loved; but I cannot doubt, that in this renewal of your sorrows, the religion you have so long taught has furnished you its soothing and consoling influence. It is no small solace, that this is not the blind decree of fate, nor the malice of a potent enemy, but is all to be attributed to the wisdom and kindness of our best and most steadfast Friend.

" The recollection of the happy years I spent with him will ever be very dear to me. He came to the University, where our connexion was formed, at so early an age, that I wonder often, on reviewing those scenes, that he persevered so pure—so stedfast—so worthily—amid the temptations and follies which too frequently allure and debase those of riper years. What he was, when at your own fire side, he ever was, in all the lovely attributes of moral excellence. In

his friendship he was sincere, ardent, and unchanging. He had no enemies—no altercations—nor did he ever to my knowledge fail of doing to others as he would they should do to him.

" His mind, naturally of the first order, and early trained to habits of careful discrimination, was constantly, during our intercourse, gaining fresh acquisitions, and developing its capacities and attainments. He was passionately fond of the studies of nature—Botany and Chemistry were his constant delight. His *Herbarium* was probably the best formed in our class ; and the outlines of lectures which he preserved were more full and perfect than any others I saw. He had a fine taste, and, considering his age, was a handsome proficient in poetry and elegant literature. But all these are fading flowers, and as such I know he always regarded them.

" More than six years have passed away since I saw him ; but we have had a free rather than a frequent communication by letter. In all those which I have received from him, the same traits of mind and of heart, which used to delight me, have been obviously exhibited. A sportiveness of humour always made his letters exhilarating ; and Mrs. B. from an interest which she early felt for him, ever claimed the privilege of perusing his communications, and joined with me in awarding to him the highest praise of a correspondent.

" It is indeed a chilling reflection as I now look back over these letters, that the hand which penned, and the heart which dictated them, are cold in death. But the better, the immortal part still survives ; and under happier auspices, and in a higher sphere, is, I trust, performing the duties and tasting the enjoyments of the world of Glory.

" To you he was dear, as a son--to me, as a brother ; and never have I felt the influence of bereavement—even in our own family—more sensibly than now. The order of nature is now reversed, and those, who, you had hoped, would live to sustain and soothe your declining years, and at last close your eyes, have gone before you. With you and your afflicted companion, as the parents of one of the best of sons, the best of friends, and the most hopeful of the rising age, now suddenly cut down, I deeply and sincerely sympathize."

The following account of his residence in Attleborough is extracted from a letter communicated to his father by the editor, which could be better introduced here in the form of a letter than in the Biography.

ATTELBOROUGH, 4TH MARCH, 1828.

During his residence in Attleborough nothing occurred peculiarly to diversify the uniform aspect of his settled and peaceful life, for his habits were, emphatically, the habits of a student. Reading, study, and writing were his occupation and his delight.

He usually rose early and breakfasted light; and then retired to his study, and remained constantly employed till about fifteen minutes before dinner, when he amused himself with his flute. After dining he returned to his books, and continued engaged till dark, when he again had recourse to his flute, to soothe his agitated feelings, and restore the tone of his wearied mind; or, by awakening, under the calm and soothing influence of evening, the delicious feelings of the poet, to amuse the few moments which could not be otherwise employed. The only variations from these rules were the interruptions occasioned by professional duties, (as to the strict performance of which he was very particular,) and the small portions of time allotted to exercise and society. During the summer season he had a favourite walk in a retired situation; from this solitary excursion so well fitted to harmonize with a pensive imagination, to excite reflection, to nourish poetic feeling, and attract to the admiration of Nature, he seldom returned home, without bringing a bunch of flowers, or some other Botanical specimens. So regular were his habits, that his neighbours, whose situation commanded a view of a small portion of his path, expected him at his appointed hour, with as much certainty as they did the arrival of the hour itself. So much are all under the influence of habit, that, long after his remains had been committed to the dust, they could not forbear expecting his usual appearance in his accustomed retreat.

As to your particular inquiries in regard to his manner of spending the Sabbath, I am informed by the family with whom he resided, that it was in every respect agreeable to the practice of the purest christian. He attended meeting in one of the neighboring churches,

whenever his professional duties or other circumstances did not necessarily require his absence. The rest of the day he employed in reading the scriptures, in which he seemed to take delight. He was intimately acquainted with the history and principles of the Bible, which he evinced by frequent and appropriate quotations, to prove and illustrate his sentiments in conversation. He restrained from reading other books than those connected with the religious duties of the day, and generally confined himself to the Bible—in fine, he passed the Sabbath, not with a cold and rigid observance of exterior ceremonies, but as a moral man and practical christian would do. His was a religion not confined to his robes and books; it was that calm and unpretending religion of the heart, “which vaunteth not itself.” He was opposed to all superstition, and all extravagant pretensions to holiness—to all mere show of piety or morality. He was rather inclined, on the contrary, to conceal his goodness in his own bosom, than display it to others. He was opposed to those religious parties, which arise from disputes about forms and ceremonies, and to that religious intolerance which excludes every thing but its own creed; but, on the contrary, he was disposed to indulge that “charity which hopeth all things.” He never meddled with politics as a subject of party dispute, but only as a science, calculated to improve the happiness of nations, in whose political welfare he always expressed a deep interest.

In regard to his literary pursuits: they are probably better known by you than me, from the possession of his manuscripts, which afford the best evidence of his mental character, exhibiting a chart by which you may follow the track of his mind in its pursuit after knowledge.

His taste was pure and correct. His reading and conversation usually formed a contrast with the soft and brilliant effusions of the Muse, which delighted his hours of leisure. To the world he exhibited a cold indifference to the charms of poetry, which had secretly fascinated his heart. His intercourse with the Muses was stolen.

He was devoted to severe mental discipline, and highly recommended closeness and connection of thought, and method in reading. To moral and mental philosophy he was much attached; upon these subjects he delighted to converse, and had evidently read much and

thought more. Of the histories he read, he usually made an abstract; and on other works he often made elaborate criticisms.*

But amidst these severer pursuits he could occasionally relax his mind from its rigid discipline, to wander in the flowery fields of poesy --could delight his imagination with the visions of the poet's heaven--and permit his heart to revel in the delightful feelings inspired by draughts from the Castalian fount--and thus charm his solitude with the brighter scenes and lovelier beings of his own world of fancy. He made his poetry not the business, but the elegant amusement of his leisure hours. It was the overflowing of a full heart, and the occasional wanderings of a lively, but restrained imagination.

He had read most of the modern English poets. He was delighted with the touching elegance of Campbell; he loved the sweet and simple melody of Burns; he admired the tenderness and sublimity of Byron, but his admiration was always mingled with regret, that he had united so much moral deformity with so much poetic beauty.

I hear he has left a large collection of poetry, the most of which he carefully concealed from the knowledge of even his friends. I have seen a few specimens, which are truly beautiful. He was endued with the true genius of poetry, and with this possession was united the peculiar sensitiveness of poetic genius--he seemed to shrink back with the most painful sensations from an investigation of his poetic productions. He blushed at even merited praise. If the pieces which he has left were only the effusions of his leisure hours, what would he have produced, had he devoted himself to poetry!

The evidence of his talents is written in his productions; but the evidence of his moral worth is written in the hearts of his acquaintances. If he did not interest at the first interview, he always improved by acquaintance. It required more than a momentary acquaintance to discover his worth. He had the happiness of gaining the esteem of all with whom he lived. The longer and more intimate their habits of intercourse, the greater was their esteem for him. He not only possessed the disposition of benevolence, but performed the part of beneficence. Of this he has left numerous living testimonies among his neighbours. A more amiable and virtuous disposition

* Specimens of which may be seen among his prose pieces.

was never implanted in a human bosom. I cannot omit to mention the deep sorrow which the community manifested for his untimely death, and the frequency and respect with which he is still mentioned. I fear, Sir, you will be disappointed in the paucity of the details here given. There are indeed many anecdotes which, connected with the circumstances that suggested them, are interesting, for he was cheerful in his disposition, and frequently enlivened conversation with sallies of humour and flashes of wit, which, combined with his fund of information, rendered his company amusing and instructive; but these it is difficult to commit to paper. While pursuing the "peaceful tenor of his way," there was nothing to diversify his life. This was owing to the nature of his employment. The history of a scholar's life is the history of thoughts and feelings unexpressed--of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, all buried deep in his own bosom. His mental powers, however intensely and nobly and successfully employed, display no outward signs by which to arrest the attention, and denote his progress in the path of improvement. The aspect which the studious scholar presents to the world is often far less attractive at first view, than that of the more brilliant but trifling votary of fashion and pleasure. In the scholar's life there is a long period of preparation--the enjoyment of the fruit of his labours must be long postponed. The occurrence of Dr. Parris' death under such circumstances awakens the most melancholy reflections, that he was arrested in the commencement of his career of usefulness, and in the hour of his warmest expectations. We must mourn over blooming hopes early blasted--over extended plans defeated--over long labours unrewarded. By patient industry he had collected a rich and extensive store of various knowledge, and by unremitting exertion, had disciplined the powers of his mind for new and more glorious acquisitions. The seed he had sown, the soil he had cultivated, the plant was in bloom--but the harvest he had not gathered.

ANTICIPATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

A POEM IN TWO PARTS.

But first and foremost I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo jingle fell,
Though rude and rough ;
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does well enough.

BURNS.

PART FIRST.

My rude and untaught harp ! Thy soothing power
Has often wakened in the idle hour
The rapt'rous flame, which Poesy alone
Can kindle with her soul-inspiring tone.
Still might the music of thy faithful strings
Preside o'er many airy wanderings,
Or on the senses of the soul impress
Fair Nature's charms in all their loveliness ;
But stern Necessity forbids—and I
Must yield submission to her potency. 10
Severer studies now demand my care,
And call me from these reveries, to prepare—
Not for poetic flights amid the skies,
But for life's sober, cold realities,
Beneath whose influence, deadening and damp,
Dim burns the flick'ring blaze of fancy's lamp.

Though some stol'n hours in this fatiguing round,
To strike anew these chords, perchance were found,
Still they, unwonted, and untuned so long,
Could only give a harsh, discordant song ; 20
Yet let them vibrate one faint, parting lay,
Which o'er the gloom of many an anxious day
Some cheering brightness may extend, to quell
The inward storm, and all its clouds dispel.

The poet's sensibility is blest
With transports foreign to the rustic's breast ;
But dear the price he pays ; for keener far
The pain and anguish, he is doomed to bear.

Through the same channel, pleasure softly glides,
And tribulation pours its whelming tides. 30
Although some brighter sun-beams light his path,
He oft'ner cowers beneath the tempest's wrath.

Those keen susceptibilities of mind
In this rude world, more pangs than pleasures find ;
Yet when subdued to reason's calm control,
They form the noblest pleasures of the soul ;
They teach us, not alone to sympathize
With fancied or romantic miseries,
But seek and succour poverty's distress
Amid the haunts of squalid wretchedness. 40
They teach, in Nature's universal frame
To read her mighty Artificer's name.
And who, but in life's busiest tumult sees
Unnumbered objects kindling thoughts like these ?
And who so cumbered with unceasing care,
That doth not many an idle moment spare,
To muse in rapture on the skill Divine,
Whose glories from the face of Nature shine ?

Then welcome to the labours and the cares
 Which wait on him whose ev'ry thought prepares 50
 To go, where pallid sickness holds its sway,
 And drive the ghastly monster from his prey—
 To bid the rose of health to bloom anew,
 Where chill disease had shed its with'ring dew.

Observe the man whose feelings are so keen
 He cannot look on misery's haggard mien ;
 He hears the agonizing shriek of pain,
 And shiv'ring horror thrills through ev'ry vein ;
 Far from the scene he flies in haste, dismay'd,
 Nor to the helpless suff'rer gives his aid ; 60
 Regardless, what may be the wretch's lot,
 So he may but escape the dreaded spot.
 But let such mis'ries daily meet his eyes,
 No more in horror from the sight he flies,
 But from his inmost soul, to ev'ry groan
 Responsive Pity wakes her melting tone.

She bids him go—his kind assistance lend—
 She bids him go and stand the mourner's friend,
 And taste the matchless luxuries that flow
 From deeds of pity to the sons of woe. 70

There's not a moment flies but on its wings
 To hapless man some new affliction brings.
 Where man is found, woe, want and fell despair
 Will ever fix their hideous mansion there.
 He who would hide him from the plaintive cry
 Of suff'ring, sorrowing humanity,
 Must seek some distant spot, where human sound
 Has never broke the solitude profound ;
 In some wide, desert plain, or deep recess
 Far in the drear and pathless wildernes. 80

But who, with social sympathies endued,
 Could bear this misanthropic solitude ?
 Far better with a fearless front to face
 The sight of fellow-beings in distress,
 And with unshrinking soul our proper share
 Of toil, anxiety and grief to bear.

Where shall we find a more instructive school,
 To teach us those nice sympathies to rule,
 Than when our daily, hourly walks we bend,
 Where all the horrors of disease attend ; 90
 Where, paralyzed by their appalling frown,
 The rich and powerful sink in anguish down ;
 Or where they smite with unrelenting rod
 The wretch in cheerless Poverty's abode ?
 They do not make us with unpitying eye
 Look on a being racked with agony,
 But merge keen sensibility's excess
 In efforts to promote his happiness.
 And when those efforts with success are blest,
 What lively transports kindle in the breast ? 100

Go to the sick man's bedside—mark how dim
 The eye, once bright with meaning ; and the limb
 Once strung with nature's firmest energies,
 See how unnerved and impotent it lies !
 Where are the kindlings of the mighty soul,
 Whose daring independence scorn'd control ?
 Where are the quick sensations, once alive
 To all the rapture, life can ever give ?
 Dead to delight, he loathing turns aside
 From ev'ry luxury, kindness can provide ; 110
 His aching temples throb with furious beat,
 Flushed is his burning cheek with fev'rish heat ;

To his parch'd mouth, his tongue, unmoisten'd, cleaves,
Refreshing sleep his wakeful eyelids leaves ;
Or if a moment they may chance to close,
'Tis not to slumber in a calm repose,
But in distempered and delirious dreams,
Beset with foes and fears and death, he seems,
Till waked with horror, he affrighted springs,
Glad to escape those dark imaginings. 120

To him more painful is the sun's glad light
Than all the horrors of the deepest night.

Mark, how the friends with timid, silent tread,
And fearful to disturb, approach his bed ;
They catch your ev'ry look, your ev'ry word,
To learn, what good is hoped, what danger feared.
But let the well-directed means succeed,

And note the glad reverse. With how much speed
Doth health her smiles upon his count'nance spread,
And breathe again her influence round his head; 130
Roused by her touch, he wakes to life once more,
With pleasures which he never felt before.

(For who, that has not felt the loss of health,
Can measure its inestimable wealth ?)

He hastens from his nursery prison, where
He rather gasped than breathed the noisome air.
Again he greets the sun, again inhales

The cheering odours of the health-winged gales.
See ! How, as on his pallid cheek they blow,

It brightens with a fresher, ruddier glow. 140
It seems, as if, wide-spreading through his frame,

A renovating, thrilling influence came.

But 'tis by you that he is raised again
From listless stupor, or from torturing pain,

And to the world, his friends, himself restored ;
 A richer pleasure, earth cannot afford,
 Than when it is your lot, a friend to save
 From sinking down to his untimely grave.

He, who would learn, with skilful hand, to force
 The vital motions from their errant course, 150
 And from their deviations call them back,
 Smoothly to flow along their wonted track—
 Must know the various laws of Nature's plan,
 That form and guide the living frame of man.
 He too must study being's various forms,
 With which the vast domain of Nature swarms ;
 For, through the whole of her dominion wide,
 Nature by wond'rous sympathies has tied
 Her creatures, all in one design embraced,
 And man is firmly link'd to all the rest. 160
 Hence all our pains, and all our maladies,
 Are caused, diminished, or removed by these.
 What theme more fit than this, to light the flame,
 Whose ardour consecrates the Poet's name ?

When jaded with the turmoil that awaits
 On those who crowd at fame's or fortune's gates,
 How pleasing to unbend the mind, and cast
 Th' astonished gaze o'er that area vast,
 Where Nature o'er her triple realm* presides,
 And, as the grand machinery she guides, 170
 Points the amazed spectator from the earth
 To Him who gave its countless myriads birth.
 His works proclaim His goodness and His power—
 'The zephyr's whisper, and the whirlwind's roar,

*Triple realm—the Animal, Mineral, and Vegetable kingdoms.

The rose's blushes, and the lightning's blaze
Alike are suited to express His praise.

In lifeless matter, see, what wond'rous things
Th' inquiring Chemist to our knowledge brings ;
See Volta's engine* rend the cords, which held
The elements together, till compelled 180
They yield, and bring new forms of things to light,
That long escaped the nice inquirer's sight.
See ! What Protean changes passing through,
Matter appears in aspects, strange and new.
The subtle fluid,† on whose full supply
We ev'ry moment for our life rely,
Flies on the breezes to maintain our breath,
And in the pois'nous drug is fraught with death—
Dispenses from the flame its burning rays,
Or pouring in the flood, o'erwhelms its blaze— 190
Borne by its power, on fatal errand speeds
The death-winged bullet, and the victim bleeds.
From vernal blossoms now it breathes delight,
And now it nerves the warrior's arm with might.
With him it merges with its parent earth,
In some new form to have another birth.

These changes of material things are made
The useful purposes of life to aid.
Earth, air and ocean, with their secret stores,
The eager industry of man explores, 200
And tortures ev'ry substance they contain,
Some end of pleasure, or of use, to gain.

* The Voltaic or Galvanic Battery.

† Oxygen—an essential ingredient in the atmosphere, necessary to the support of animal life.--*Ed.*

Hence o'er the waters with majestic sweep
 The wind-defying traveller* of the deep,
 ('That lasting monument of Fulton's fame)
 Keeps its unwav'ring course, with steady aim,
 Regardless how the winds above may blow,
 Or how the ocean's currents move below.

Hence too the æronaut with eagle flight
 Mounts on the winds, till almost lost from sight, 210
 And trembles, as he sees beneath his car,
 The gath'ring clouds extend their curtains far,
 And hide the earth, till from his airy race,
 Nought can be seen, save the immense of space.

The Botanist beholds the opening spring,
 To please his taste, her various foliage bring.
 Who needs in measured numbers to be taught,
 What countless beauties Flora's hand hath wrought,
 From the pale violet's unassuming hue,
 Bending beneath the gentlest drop of dew, 220
 To the far-spreading monarch of the wood,
 That reckless of the change of times has stood,
 On whose scathed trunk the tempest's searing blast
 Has registered the lapse of ages past ?

The forest, with its vernal verdure crown'd,
 Or else with Autumn's riper tints embrown'd—
 The meadow, whose soft green supports the eyes
 Against the splendour of its thousand dyes—
 The lake, upon whose calm and mirrored breast
 The lilies, spread in gay profusion, rest, 230
 Emblems of their own nymphs, whose fos'tring care
 Preserves their blossoms ever pure and fair—

* The Steam Boat, invented by Robert Fulton.

And other scenes, which smiling Nature shows,
Lull the tumultuous thoughts to calm repose.
They too may call those feelings into play,
Whose ardour consecrates the poet's lay.

The landscape at the morning's hour of birth
Joins in the burst of universal mirth,
And smiles responsive to the cheerful glow,
The sun-beanis wide o'er all the scen'ry throw. 240
The morning winds, waked from their late repose
Upon the lily's breast or blushing rose,
Fragrant with health and pleasure, float along,
To bid the woodland choir awake their song.

The midway sun another scene displays,
When shrinking from its fierce and withering blaze,
We hasten to the forest, to recline
Beneath the refuge of the shadowy pine.
Its scattered blossoms there the Cornel* shows,
As covered with a shroud of wintry snows ; 250
In ranker verdure is the Rose-bay drest,
And fairer blooms ; and tow'ring o'er the rest,
The tall Magnolia's beauties there expand
In all the pride of their luxuriance grand. [steals
While through the thick and sombrous grove there
A breath of balmy sweetness, that reveals
The spot, where May's fair favouritet appears,
Half buried in the wrecks of former years.
While the monotonous and drowsy tone
Of murmuring tree-tops on the wind is thrown, 260
Till pressed with listless languor, every sense
Reposes in voluptuous indolence.

* Dogwood Tree.

† May Flower.

With still another and more sacred thought,
 The parting moments of the day are fraught.
 Tinged by the sun's more soft and chastened ray,
 The hill, the forest, and the vale display,
 Far as the eye can reach, their teeming store,
 And smile with sweeter aspect than before—
 Yet there's a sadness in the smile. It seems,
 As if the flowers before the sun's last beams 270
 Were spread, to meet in his embrace of light,
 Before he leaves them to the gloom of night,
 When they shall shut their ev'ry charm from view,
 And droop, and shed their tears of fragrant dew,
 Till in the East again the sun's glad ray
 Appears, as if to kiss those tears away,
 When they again their wonted smile shall wear,
 And fling their grateful odours on the air.
 Who, that has heard, at such an hour as this,
 The lonely wailings of the Wekolis,* 280
 So sweetly mingling with the plaintiveness,
 Which all things else with one accord express—
 Who has not felt the musings of the time
 Work by degrees to extacy sublime,
 When he has soared on contemplation's wings
 In her untired and lofty wanderings,
 Until the Sun, with its attendant train,
 Seemed but a speck upon the distant plain ;
 When reaching to creation's utmost verge,
 He backward shrunk, as if about to merge 290
 In that unknown and fathomless profound,
 Far, far extending from creation's bound ?

* The Indian name for Whip-poor-will.

Such are the views, and such the trains of thought,
 Which to his senses and his mind are brought,
 Who rambles in the flowery, smiling fields,
 To cull the choicest beauties Nature yields.

But there's another work of heav'nly skill,
 A theme for greater admiration still.

'Tis this machine, whose living organs bind
 To earth th' immortal principle of mind.

300

Who, when he first this mighty work surveyed,
 " So fearfully and wonderfully made,"

Was not compelled to give his feeling vent
 In one deep burst of rapt astonishment ?

Driv'n from its central fount, the vital tide
 Is poured throughout the system, far and wide ;
 To ev'ry point and ev'ry pore it flows,
 Dispensing genial warmth, where'er it goes.
 Each part, with an unerring skill endued,

From this unfailing fund selects its food.

310

There it receives, changed by an unknown power,
 Forms far diverse from those, it had before.

With those effete materials charged again,
 Which can their vital power no more retain,
 Backward the darkened current turns its course,
 And hastens on to reach its former source ;
 But first it feels the breath of life dispense
 Its own re-animating influence.

Each part, exactly fitted to its use,
 Joins with the rest in concert, to produce
 Life's complicated, but harmonious train
 Of movements linked in one continuous chain.
 There's not an organ in our frame but tells
 Of that great Power throughout all space that dwells.

320

The heart's unceasing throb, the eye's bright glance,
 Beaming with life, are these the work of chance ?
 Has chance alone thy limbs with vigour crowned,
 Or giv'n to them their light, elastic bound ?
 No ! But the Being, whence these wonders came,
 Upon our very selves has writ his name ; 330
 His "word is nigh thee, even in thy heart,"
 To give the lie to all the sceptic's art.
 But o'er the habitation of the soul,
 Th' imperious clouds of deeper mystery roll ;
 There's none its hidden energies can trace,
 Working unseen within that dwelling-place.
 Yet when upon that place we look, and see
 Its parts arranged in faultless symmetry,
 We seem to see the diff'rent powers of mind,
 (Each to its own appropriate place assigned) 340
 Throughout the body various powers dispense,
 Or gather in the numerous gifts of sense.
 Perception, here, collects the copious store,
 Which different senses through their inlets pour ;
 Here, it receives, transmitted from the eye,
 The bright impress of Nature's imagery ;
 Or from the ear receives the charms which float
 On music's soft and spirit-melting note ;
 Or to quick anguish roused, it feels the smart
 Of poignant suffering with a wounded part. 350
 Here too we see, (by airy fancy led,
 Where cold philosophy dares not to tread,)
 The ample store-house, where in order lie
 The treasures gathered in by Memory.
 These, like choice food, by Reason's power refined,
 Are destined for the nourishment of mind.

Here careful Reason holds his seat and draws
 From Memory's fund materials for the laws,
 By which, in philosophic order joined,
 It holds its empire o'er the realm of mind.

360

The Passions here, impatient of the sway,
 Are forced calm Reason's mandates to obey ;
 Yet oft rebelling, they usurp the throne,
 And make his laws submissive to their own.

Imagination on its pictured walls,
 Its images to Memory's look recals,
 Which first upon the senses were impressed,
 Here in their fresh and glowing brightness dressed.
 But yet its art is not entirely spent,
 These strict resemblances to represent.

370

Its skill is often called in play to choose
 From every picture its most lovely hues,
 And, like the Grecian Sculptor,* to combine
 Their mingled lustre in one grand design,
 And some new image to existence call,
 Whose matchless beauty may surpass them all—
 Or else perhaps to distant worlds it flies,
 (Tired of the earth and its realities)

Back from its lone and trackless voyage to bring
 Some forms of more romantic colouring,
 And from them its fantastic figures weave,
 In dreams the slumbering mortal to deceive.
 See, where the Will forever active stands,
 Calmly to put in force just Reason's plans,
 Or rashly else, to execute the word
 Of kindling passions into fury stirred.

380

* See note A at the end of the volume.

Its power through every part pervades, and all
Awake at once responsive to the call.

The limbs obedient in the task engage,
Bounding with joy, or strung with fiery rage; 390
The voice pours forth its notes of softness mild,
Or rings with bold defiance loud and wild;
The countenance with gen'rous ardour burns,
Or else with fear to death-like paleness turns ;
The eyes are bright with winning smiles, or glare,
Strained with the haggard wildness of despair.
Such are the wonders fancy can create ;
For slow philosophy with step sedate,
By reason's light in surer paths is led,
Nor ventures in such devious ways to tread. 400

Guided by fact alone, she but descries
The part which the immortal mind supplies
With powers so various—nor presumes to tell,
Where are the diff'rent seats in which they dwell.

How pleasing to employ in thoughts like these
The mind which wrangling contests fail to please—
To join with those, who in one cause unite,
To study Nature's laws by Reason's light !
No wrangling discords here the mind confuse,
To draw it from the objects, it pursues,
But in each other's aid they all unite,
Each glad to learning's store to add his mite. 410

How diff'rent, where Religion's theme is made
The heat of controversial rage to aid;
Or where, unchecked by cautious Reason's curb,
Conflicting parties would the peace disturb
Of nations, to exalt to honour's height,
Or clothe with power some factious favourite.

No mild forbearance these disputes admit,
But trait'rous knave or cursed hypocrite
Must ev'ry one be called, who dares to feel
Or think adverse to their infuriate zeal.

420

But other chances he may meet, who strives
To keep the watch o'er human healths and lives.
Not always can his utmost skill withhold
His drooping friend, from death's dominion cold.
His is no life of ease, nor e'en a round
Of daily toil, like his, who tills the ground.
Whene'er the wayward fits of chance may call,

He's made the servant and the slave of all. 430

He may not choose for his more active hours
The season, when the earth is drest in flowers ;
When sunbeams smile, or cooler breezes blow,
Whisp'ring voluptuous sweetness as they flow ;
Nor may lie hide him from the storm that pours
Its loudly rushing torrent round his doors ;
But winter's keenest blast he's doomed to meet,
And summer's ardent glow of swelt'ring heat.
Evening her dark and shadowy tissue weaves
Around his path—his eye of light bereaves. 440

But through the window oft with light serene
The feeble glimmerings of the lamp are seen,
Showing, within, the bright and happy ring
Of friends around the fire-side gathering,
While mirth convivial and untarnished glee
Sit on each mien in pleasing harmony.

While these he views, how strongly he contrasts
Himself exposed to bleak and freezing blasts
And smoth'ring storms—with that contented crowd,
All reckless of the night-wind whistling loud 450

Around their dwellings, save that as they hear
Its fitful wailings, hollow, deep and drear,
Still closer round the cheering blaze they press,
And smile upon the comforts they possess.

E'en when fatigued, exhausted and depressed
By toil and anxious thought, he sinks to rest,
Soon as his wandering thoughts begin to lose
Their consciousness of pain in calm repose,
Forth from his dreams of fancied bliss he's torn,
To be anew with irksome labours worn.

460

Then, when the biting winds of night assail,
And chill the spirit with their dismal wail,
When the cold moon, throned in the midnight sky,
Looks down in calm and silent majesty,
And when he sees the peaceful dwellings where
All others are allowed the sweets to share
Of welcome sleep—where all is hushed and calm
As peace itself secure from thought of harm—
When e'en the quiet lamp has ceased to throw
Athwart the traveller's path its gentle glow—
Ah ! then how enviable seems the rest,
That dwells securely in the slumberer's breast !
But though all still and peaceful they may seem,
As the chaste lustre of the moon's own beam,
The smarting wounds of grief may rankle there,
And writhing conscience howl with fell despair ;
Sleep may but close their eyes, that she may raise
Her fearful phantoms to their frightened gaze ;
Yea, they may long their fortunes to exchange
With him, who's doomed in lonesome paths to range,
For happier far is he, if through his heart
No pangs of keen remorse or anguish dart,

470

Than those, to whom their luxuries can give
No joy in life, nor e'en the wish to live.

When the fell pestilence asserts the power,
Its hecatombs of victims to devour,
Then mark the man, who hastes to rescue such
As fall beneath its paralyzing touch.

Where'er he moves, where'er he turns his eyes,
On every side a thousand dangers rise—

490

When with protracted labour sunk and faint,
He must inhale contagion's foulest taint,
Must breathe the noxious vapours, that are bred
In loathsome steams around the sick man's bed.

Nor can he fail of calumny to bear
And ill-deserved reproach a double share.

Though every nerve were strained, and all his mind
In study deep and thought intense confined,
Though all his powers were on his duty bent,
Still envy's keenest shafts at him are sent, 500
With venom winged, by bitter malice sped,
To strike his dearest reputation dead.

Not always can his feeble power avail
To combat with success the monarch pale,
Not always may his heart with gladness burn,
To see the sick again to health return.
The shafts of destiny know not to spare
The great and mighty, or the young and fair.

When first the signs of danger he descries,
Revealed before his ever watchful eyes, 510
With what intentness does he watch, to learn,
Which way the wav'ring scale of fate may turn !
But when he sees, despatched by Heaven's behest,
The arrow quivering in the victim's breast—

When hope's last glimmering flies before despair,
Then what an hour of woe awaits him there!

Pale—mute in consternation, when they hear,
The last, the parting gasp is now so near,
The weeping friends are gath'ring round the bed,
To watch life's fading lustre ere 'tis fled, 520
And fled forever. They,* who fondly thought
A few short moments since (alas! how short!)
That he, ere long restored to health, should bless
Their little band with love and happiness,
Now find their ardent expectations gone,
And changed for grief's realities alone.
They come not forth with gratulations now,
To hail new brightness beaming from his brow,
But with their tender aid to smooth the road,
Which leads him to his long and last abode. 530
O'er their departing child the parents bend—
From the full heart the deep-drawn sigh they send,
While from their eyes the gushing torrents flow,
Urged forward by unutterable woe.
That form, which once, with graceful elegance,
Moved in the nimble bound or airy dance,
Strangely distorted with convulsive throes,
Now writhes in anguish ere its struggles close.
That sunken cheek, how ghastly now and pale,
Whose blooming fairness they were wont to hail. 540

* When his friends looked over these pages after his death, this description recalled vividly to the minds of those who were present with him at his last hour, the circumstances which attended his own death. He here, unconsciously, describes, with minute and prophetic accuracy, the affecting scene which his friends were destined soon to witness—a scene in which he himself was the sufferer.—*Ed.*

The brother, sister or the consort too
 Approach to bid their long and last adieu,
 With cautious tenderness his hand they press,
 Hoping to see some mark of consciousness ;
 They speak his name, and beg in trembling tone
 For one last token if their voice is known ;
 And if his hand, with faint and doubtful clasp,
 Compresses theirs within its feeble grasp,
 Even in that uncertain sign they find
 Some consolation for the sorrowing mind. 550

The stroke, that now impends, must quickly leave
 The orphan for a parent's loss to grieve.
 Then childhood's playful sports no more delight,
 And youth forsakes ambition's ardent flight ;
 Beauty forgets her fascinating charms,
 And all are tortured with the same alarms,
 And cling half frantic to the last embrace
 Of one, whose eye watched o'er their youthful days,
 Who taught their feet in virtue's paths to tread,
 And o'er their woes the tear of pity shed. 560

'Tis hard for hope to dark despair to yield—
 To be before its freezing touch congealed.
 Till life's last motions shall have ceased to play,
 Till quenched its flame, extinct its latest ray,
 They cannot cease to cherish some vain hope,
 That human skill with Death's dread arm can cope ;
 They turn th' expectant eye on one to whom
 No power is giv'n to ransom from the tomb ;
 His skill, which checked disease's milder course,
 Is now o'erpowered by its resistless force ; 570
 He sees the falter'ring powers of life decay,
 And death, with slow incursions, seize the prey.

The sunken countenance more bloodless grows ;
Back from the cheek the crimson current flows ;
The limbs, no more obedient to the will,
Have ceased to move ; and o'er them comes a chill,
An icy chill, which its still progress keeps,
And onward to the vital centre creeps.

The wand'ring thoughts on various subjects range,
Perplexed with phantasies uncouth and strange, 580
As if his spirit felt the bonds were rent,
That bound it to this earthly tenement,
And longed and panted from this clay to fly
To realms more worthy of its destiny.

That eye, once bright with life's and reason's rays,
Is growing dim with death's unconscious glaze ;
The breath is drawn with gasping, struggling sound,
Almost the only trace of life that's found ;
The heart now moves, with rapid, flutt'ring beat,
While toward it fast the vital streams retreat, 590
Till thus oppressed and weak, no more it strives,
No more its feeble stroke the current drives ;
It feels death's chilling influence still more near—
It stops—no more to move in life's career—
With one expiring, agonizing groan,
The contest ends—the fatal struggle's done !

These are fears, anxieties and cares
Which ev'ry one must know, who boldly dares
Attempt the noble task to blunt the fangs
Of fell disease, and soothe the sufferer's pangs. 600
Yet shrink not from the frightful image yet,
Nor all those venerable names forget,
Who followed where the sense of duty called,
By all these fearful pictures unappalled.

Such was “the Coan Sage.”* By schools untaught,
 On Nature’s page he for her precepts sought ;
 With eye observant marked each wayward change
 In maladies of frightful shapes, and strange,
 And gave to ages of succeeding date
 His labours to admire and imitate, 610
 Nor less his *patriotic* virtues shine ;
 In vain might honour, wealth and power combine,
 To tempt his footsteps to a foreign land—
 He all their bright allurements could withstand,
 For far surpassing wealth and power he viewed
 The noble consciousness of rectitude.

By his example led in later years,
 The great, th’ immortal Sydenham† appears ;
 His genius, bright with reason’s piercing ray,
 Dispelled those mists of ignorance away, 620
 Which in the gloom of intellectual night,
 Had veiled fair science long from human sight.
 Though his imagination half obeyed
 The idle speculations that assayed
 His feet from reason’s paths to draw aside,
 Yet stubborn fact was his unerring guide,
 To whose decisions all these fickle schemes
 Were, in his eye, like unsubstantial dreams.

Among the worthies on that list enrolled,
 The name of Rush‡ a noble rank must hold. 630

* Hippocrates, a native of the island Coos, and a celebrated physician among the ancients. His writings procured him the appellation of *divine*, and the moderns have conferred on him the title of “father of medicine.” He died in his 99th year, B. C. 361.—Ed.

† See note B. ‡ See note C.

His was the feeling heart, the pitying eye,
The ear that ever heard misfortune's cry,
When the devouring pestilence was sent,
And all its awful rage around him spent ;
Its terrors could not drive him from his stand,
Where numbers daily sunk on ev'ry hand,
Lamenting, but undaunted he remained,
Rejoicing often in the conquests gained
O'er his tremendous foe. But feeble still
His power against that arm so strong to kill— 640
Smitten at once before the monster's blight,
His friends around him vanish from his sight ;
Now nearer still the cruel arrow flies,
It comes to sunder love's endearing ties.
Even himself begins its force to feel,
Threatening upon his doom to fix the seal.
While Death in every grim and ghastly shape
His eye averted vainly would escape,
On every side it meets his waking glance,
And his disturbed and restless slumber haunts. 650
He seems to see the fatal sword on high,
Charged with the errand of mortality—
While each succeeding stroke, with wider sweep,
Adds its new victims to the slaughtered heap.
Surviving friends, o'ercome with wild affright,
Leave unperformed the sad funereal rite—
They hurry to the tomb the last remains
Of those they mourn for.*—Sable-costumed trains
Of weeping friends to follow, there were none—
The hearse moved on its weary way alone, 660
The deep and solemn tollings of the bell
Had ceased the fearful tale of death to tell.

* See Note D.

But in that sullen stillness, there was more
 Of deep solemnity than e'er before
 'The funeral knell, or funeral train expressed,
 Attending the departed to their rest—
 As when the eye is fastened in the glance
 Of mute despair, too deep for utterance.

The deafening din of business had ceased ;
 No mirth nor music graced the social feast.
 In halls that late resounded with the tread
 Of airy footsteps,—now the sick and dead
 Were mixed in horrible confusion there,
 And foul effluvia poisoned all the air.

Few were the human faces, you could meet,
 Scattered along the still and vacant street,
 Save those whose task compelled them to convey
 To the insatiate grave its copious prey.

It seemed as if the city had become
 A charnel-house or vast mausoleum,
 Where every object wakens with its gloom
 The awful contemplations of the tomb ;
 Where, at the echo of his footsteps light,
 Th' astonished trav'ller trembles with affright,
 As if 'twere daring for the foot of man
 'T intrude where death's unnumbered trophies stand—
 Or, save the crumbled arch, and reeling spire,
 (The monuments of Time's relentless ire)
 Akin to that mysterious spot* it seemed,
 Where Tadmor's temple in the desert gleamed. 690
 Where men were seen, they seemed like men no more;
 No change of cheerful glances, as before,

* The ruins of Palmyra, supposed to be Tadmor in the wilderness, which was built by Solomon.

The recognition showed of human kind,
But vacant looks betrayed the absent mind,
And told in unison with all things round,
That nought but desolation there was found.

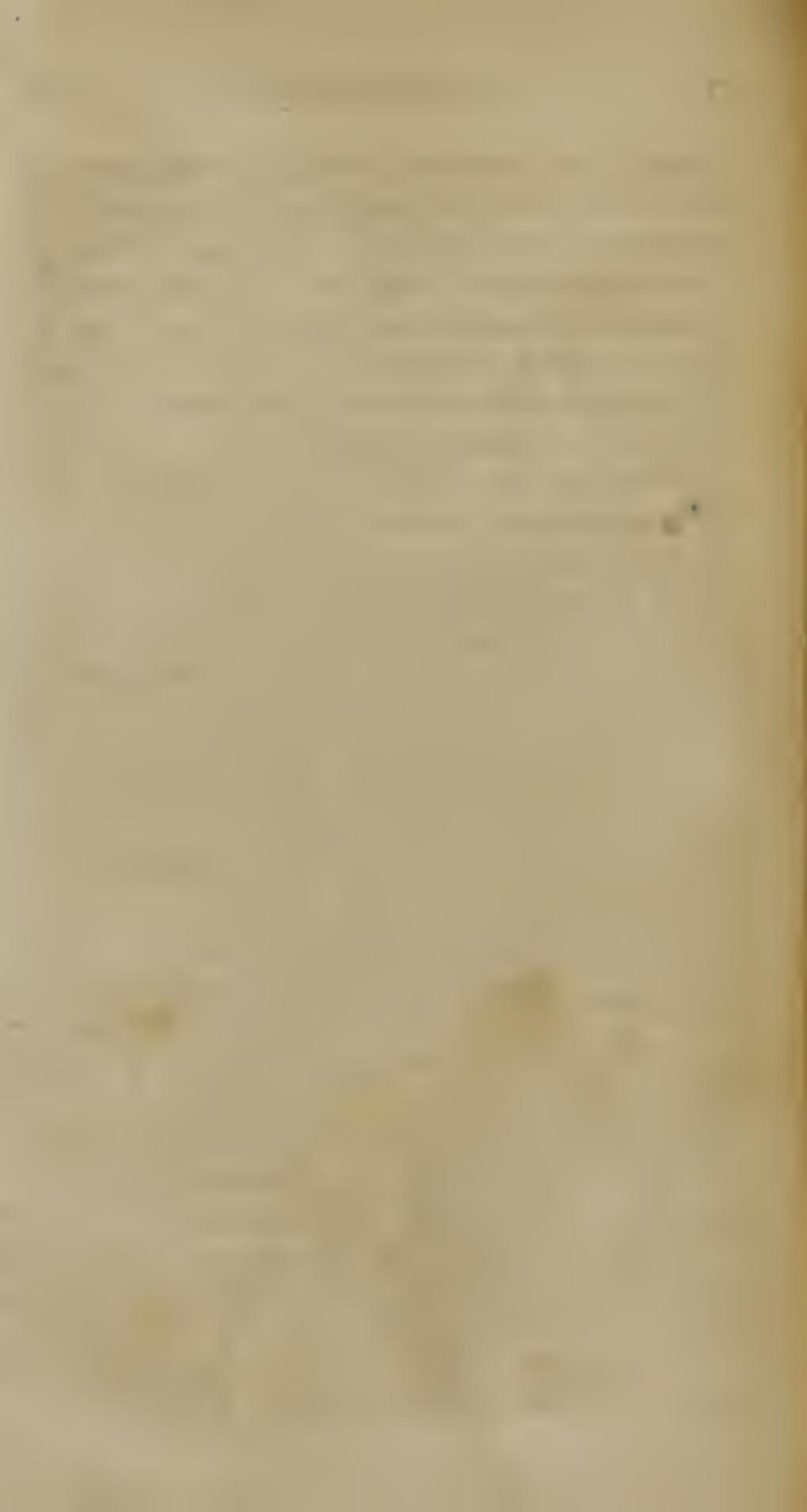
Oh ! for some genius, Jenner,* great as thine,
To quench the venom of that power malign.
Thine was the glorious work, and thine the skill,
To stop one mighty flood of human ill. 700
Ages had rolled on ages, while the scourge
From mourning friends had called the frequent dirge ;
Empires had trembled, when they saw with dread
The dreadful weapon brandished o'er their head ;
Thousands before its path made haste to fly,
Only to spread its sure mortality.
Its touch dissevered every sacred bond
That binds the spirit in attachments fond ;
The objects of its wrath were shunned with fear,
E'en those, to whom their welfare was most dear, 710
Avoided their approach with horror wild,
As though by fiend-like crimes they were defiled.
If by no care for her own life restrained,
The mother with her sickening child remained,
She bought the privilege with life alone—
To save her child's she sacrificed her own ;
And even that price in vain was often paid,
And child and mother in one grave were laid.

Oh ! fearful and heart-rending was the cry
Of nations whelmed with this calamity, 720
When Heaven in pity looked upon their woes—
It gave the mighty word, and Jenner rose ;
The demon of the pestilence beheld,
And by his heaven-directed power compelled,

* See note E.

Dropped from her hand the vengeance-whetted blade
And fled his presence, trembling and dismayed.
Now she has ceased the shrinking throng to force
To death's dark vale, along their downward course.
Closed are those gaping portals of the tomb, [doom.
Through which she drove the thousands to their
None but her rash and willing slaves expire,
Self immolated to her vengeful ire.

Immortal Jenner ! Were thy name enrolled
On every heart in characters of gold,
'T were but the homage justly due thy deeds,
Whose worth all calculation far exceeds.
Hadst thou upraised the desolating sword,
And o'er the earth thy slaught'ring legions poured,
Until thy thirst for conquest sacrificed
As many as thy genius has devised 740
To rescue from the grave—thy name had shone
With those of Cæsar and Napoleon,
High on the list of those, whose deeds sublime
Of glorious murder and heroic crime
Have given them acknowledged right to claim
The death-earned glory of the victor's name.
But no such brightness now is round thee thrown ;
Even thy name to those alone is known,
Whom studies of the healing art engage,
While plodding o'er the weary midnight page ; 750
Yet, who would not exchange the blood-bought crown,
And all the conq'ror's ill-deserved renown,
To purchase thy proud consciousness of worth,
Richer than all the diadems on earth ?



ANTICIPATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

PART SECOND.

WITH such examples to direct and cheer,
To tread the thorny path I will not fear ;
I'll cull the scattered flowers that round it grow,
And gladly taste the sweets which they bestow ;
But those delights shall be relinquished all,
Which interfere with duty's pow'rful call.
Though to these claims severe I must resign
The pleasures which in former years were mine,
Yet 'tis no crime to pass in sad review
Before my eyes the joys which once I knew ; 10
They are no Sodom—as I swiftly flee
From them, and they as fast escape from me,
There's no stern interdiction on them lies,
That back to them I may not turn my eyes.

Whence is the strange enchantment, that displays,
In such bewitching charms, our former days—
That gives their pleasures an unsullied hue
Of heav'nly purity, more bright than true,
When all the hours, which memory paints so fair,
Were pressed with anguish, or were dark with care ?
Thus when on high the gath'ring storm impends,
And when its voice of wrath the concave rends,

The deluge rushes, and the lightnings blaze—
In mute astonishment and awe we gaze ;
But when the storm is past, we see alone
The arch of promise round its blackness thrown,
And captivated with its heav'nly charms,
Forget the tempest and its dread alarms.

There is a spot, which, with extatic dreams
And images of bliss celestial, teems— 30
'Tis Home. There is a magic in the sound,
That makes the heart with very rapture bound.
There is a soft and gentle picture there,
That rests the eyes, strained by the tiresome glare
Of tints more brilliant, but less pure, which blend,
To life's more busy scenes their light to lend.
When the tired soul, to seek a resting-place,
Has held in vain its long and weary chase
Along the turbulent, tumultuous deep,
Whose waters of affliction round us sweep, 40
And when to some support it fain would cling,
Like Noah's dove upon her flagging wing,
Home, like the precious olive, makes it blest,
With shelter and support, with peace and rest.

Though far remote from home, I may retrace
The pleasures of that consecrated place.
Both distant time and distant place shall lend
Their mystic lustre to the scene, and blend
Upon those visions all their radiance,
Unseen, except by mem'ry's backward glance. 50

The painless flow of childhood's early years
Drest in the most alluring form appears.
Its wanton gambols and its trivial plays
Seem like the happiness of golden days,

And from us draw the sigh of deep regret
For all those scenes, we never can forget.
In the first workings of the mind we see
The consciousness of its high destiny.
In its first efforts on some trifling theme,
We see the rays of dawning reason gleam.
With imitative art it strives to rise,
And wear the sage's or the poet's guise.

60

The child attempts to emulate the man,
And mocks in miniature his every plan.
Upon its breast the riv'let bears his ships;

His palaces, with pigmy art, eclipse
Whatever fancy in its flights conceived,
That Lilliputian genius has achieved.

He apes the bustle of commercial life,
And all the pomp and show of martial strife.

70

He joins in fierce, but safe and bloodless frays,
As if ambitious of the warrior's praise.

With eye discriminating he selects
All that is bright and noble, and rejects
The enterprise, with pain and danger fraught,
The vexing care, and miser's sordid thought.

When favoured with a calm and prosp'rous gale,
His navies on the stream securely sail ;

But when with storms the sky is overcast,
They're wisely sheltered from the ruthless blast.

80

The music and parade of war are his,
Without its desolating ravages.

He joins his comrades with a friendly heart,
To fight a social battle and depart.

The school-boy's prize excites his youthful zeal ;
Not more ambition can his elders feel

For learning's highest need, than he to stand
Foremost in rank among the little band.
This ardour gives his look a livelier glow,
When on his check the winds of winter blow, 90
As to his morning task, with quickened pace,
He hastes, with pleasure smiling in his face.
His cold and scanty morsel then he tastes
With keener relish than the rich repasts
(Though filled with ev'ry dainty and delight)
Can yield the glutton's pampered appetite.
But envy's loathsome taint doth not disgrace
The emulation of his youthful race.
Although his little heart with gladness swells,
When in that friendly contest he excels, 100
Yet let another* win the wished for prize,
And he with gratulations to him flies.
Such trivial themes, as these, may seem too small,
From the world's busy stage our thoughts to call.
But in such rev'ries who has never mused,
Till o'er his soul a sadness was diffused,
That made him almost weep to think how fast
Those times of spotless innocence had past ?
Th' oblivious touch of time cannot efface
From our remembrance ev'ry hallowed place, 110
O'er which the thoughts of home diffuse a charm,
Its sacred recollections to embalm.
But most we love to think on those retreats,
Where we have tasted contemplation's sweets,
Where from the rude and restless world removed,
In solitary rambles we have roved.
For no untoward chance of life has there
Given them one feature less sublime or fair,

* See note F.

But all the bold and glorious reveries,
 Which we indulged in calm retreats, like these, 120
 Make them appear like some enchanted spot,
 With dazzling and unearthly radiance fraught.

Along the sheltered, solitary grove,*
 How often was it my delight to rove,
 While the faint whispers of the winds, that sung,
 As to their breath the pine's dark branches swung,
 Lent all their pensiveness to thoughts, that stole
 In contemplative musings o'er the soul.

Those thoughts, how well adapted to prepare
 The mind to fix its close reflections there, 130
 Upon that scene, to which the footsteps led,
 The solemn habitation of the dead !

No splendid monuments are there to keep
 The memories of those who 'neath them sleep.
 For there the simple, rudely-sculptured stone,
 And scarcely prouder tomb appear alone ;
 The glittering show of wealth was not their lot,
 Who slumber in this consecrated spot.
 But, mid the dark and fearful waste they chose
 This safe retreat, and here their temple rose, 140
 Where they might see the azure wave, that bore
 Their fragile bark far from their native shore.
 Within its humble walls their thanks they gave
 To Him, who brought them o'er the stormy wave,
 And on this favoured land had placed their feet,
 Destined as Liberty's peculiar seat.

They prayed, that here they might in safety dwell,
 And fearless of the red man's murderous yell.
 They knew no empty show and vain parade;
 With fervent heart and pious zeal they prayed: 150

For they had ventured o'er the roaring deep,
Their own religion undefiled to keep;
And when they closed the labours of the week,
Hither they flocked, their holy rest to seek

Did they not with the power of prophecy
Turn toward future times the raptured eye ?
Did they not see the frowning desert bloom
And blossom like the rose around their tomb—
Its giant oaks to their descendants bend,
And stately cities in their stead ascend ?

160

Saw they not from themselves a nation born,
To laugh the potency of kings to scorn,
Towering as its own mountains in their height,
Resistless, like its torrent floods, in might ?

Yes, with the eye of faith 'twas theirs to see
The blessings waiting for their progeny.
Upon this hope they rested, while they found
Nought but of hardships one unceasing round,
For turn them where they would, the tawny foe
Was lurking there, to deal the fatal blow.

170

They dreaded in the solitary walk
To meet the terrors of the tomahawk.

When on this spot they raised their prayers to Him,
Whose presence dwells between the cherubim,
As through the grove the whistling breezes rushed,
Those pure effusions of the heart were hushed;
Listening with fear, they trembling looked around,
To learn if 'twere the war-note's startling sound.

Short were their sufferings in this vale of tears ;
And as they fell before the lapse of years, 180
Here 'twas their will to sleep beneath the clod,
Which, when alive, they had so often trod,

To bend the grateful knee and tune the lays
Of pure devotion to their Maker's praise.

Here let us tread with awe, nor vainly mock
The faithful pastor and his pious flock,*
Whose frail mementoes crumble o'er their graves
With every blast, that from the ocean raves.
But those time-shattered fragments let us find,
On which alone their names are left behind, 190
And seize the only chance, we shall possess,
That may redeem them from forgetfulness,
For when another storm has o'er them gone,
They're swept forever to oblivion.

Oh ! How it elevates the soul to tread
Among the silent dwellings of the dead !
Here have I wandered, when the noise of day
Was hushed as death—when the moon's silver ray
Was flickering on the bosom of the deep,
Or where the riv'let's gentler waters creep, 200
And flung a ghostly and mysterious light
Upon the shady grove and mountain height—
Until there was a feeling o'er me thrown,
As if I stood upon the world alone,
And all, who once had lived, were now at rest
Beneath the turf, on which my footsteps pressed.
The measured pealings of the distant wave
The signal of each passing moment gave,
And seemed to say, as ever an anon
The crash was heard—"Another moment's gone."
Then with the mists that from the meadows crept,
Methought I saw the forms of those that slept,
Towards their holy sanctuary come,
Wrapt in the shrouded costume of the tomb,

* See note II.

Yet clothed in that mysterious sublime,
That veils the men and scenes of distant time.
Amid the sheeted spectres there methought
My eye the honoured form of Winslow caught,
Leaning upon the tomb, which still retains,
In undisturbed repose, his last remains. 220

He seemed to point me to the well-known strand,
Which first received their Heaven-devoted band,
And to the sea-worn rock, where first they stepped,
Which sacred to their names their sons have kept.
He bade me think with what a freezing power,
They saw the wintry tempests round them lower,
And what sublime, celestial fortitude [ed]
Then manned their souls, when they, undaunted, view-
The rugged, bleak and barren cliffs that rose,
Dressed in a shroud of unrelenting snows— 230
When for the shelt'ring roof and social blaze,
Nothing but one inextricable maze
Of pathless forests met the eye alone,
Resounding with the tempest's hollow moan.

If 'mid the tombs, where the remains are laid
Of those we venerate, 'tis sweet to tread,
With equal pleasure is our journey bent
To where their pure, eventful lives were spent.
Such is the place,* which from the honoured name
Of Winslow wears a patriarchal fame— 240
From those, whose counsels led our fathers, when
Small were the numbers of those pious men—
And him,† who with a noble fervor rose,
To draw his conquering blade on Britain's foes.
But they are here no longer—they, for whom
The locust once put forth it's fragrant bloom,

* Winslow place,—See note I. † Gen. John Winslow,

And strewn along the green walk, scattered there
 Inviting odours on the vernal air.
 But yet some relics* are remaining still,
 Th' unwieldy workmanship of ancient skill, 250
 Which sire to son hath in succession taught,
 O'er the untried and dangerous deep were brought,
 When Winslow joined the few, who crossed the sea,
 From persecuting bigotry to flee.
 The portraits too of that illustrious race
 Remain as yet, those silent walls to grace.
 As I among them stood, the eyes of all
 Seemed, as with one accord, on me to fall,
 And in that look, so stedfast and intense,
 There was a mute, expressive eloquence. 260
 That gaze was fraught with so much meaning then,
 I almost thought they were alive again.
 But 'twas illusion all—The hoary sage
 Has long since withered at the touch of age;
 Death has unnerved that arm that once could wield
 The sword upon the reeking battle-field;
 That arm has mouldered in unconscious dust;
 That sword is in its scabbard left to rust,
 But though the master's gone, the faithful blade
 Upon the hero's portrait still is laid. 270

These all are vanished, and we only see
 The scattered few of their posterity.
 Alas! what cruel, sad reverse of fate
 Upon that scattered few has fallen of late!
 Sickness, Distress, and Death itself are linked
 In one dread league, as if to make extinct
 Their very name, and here to leave no trace,
 To keep the mem'ry of that honoured race.

* See note J.

Where ocean pours his ever-restless flood
 Upon the sounding beach*—there I have trod, 280
 To watch the ceaseless rolling of the waves,
 Rushing along their rugged, rocky caves.
 Who is there, can survey the vast extent
 Of that immeasurable element,
 And not shrink back, astonished, from the glance,
 To think of his own insignificance ?
 Yet, who is there, that dwells not with delight
 Upon the awful grandeur of the sight—
 To see the surface of that mighty world
 In gentle swells of wavy waters curled ? 290
 Above, the screaming sea-bird wheels on high,
 Uttering aloud her shrill and plaintive cry ;
 Surmounted with their white and snowy wreath,
 The waters ring their endless peal beneath.
 The wave afar is seen to raise its head
 Above the surface of its azure bed ;
 It gathers force and speed upon its way,
 Till from its curly top the dashing spray
 Roars at your feet—while far on either side
 Along the sandy shore it pours its tide, 300
 Until among the distant rocks it sweeps,
 And rings resonant on their darkling steeps.
 Waves following waves successively prolong
 For ages that unvaried, sullen song.

What numerous and unheard-of prodigies
 Are hidden in that fathomless abyss ?
 Are hill and vale alternate there commixed ?
 In that damp soil are coral forests fixed ?
 Say, do not those untravelled regions swarm
 With monsters of uncouth, unwieldy form ? 310

* See note K.

Doth nature there in sportive mood describe
 Fantastic figures in each various tribe,
 More strange than all that man has e'er descried
 Upon the surface of the ocean-tide ?
 In those vast caverns doth the Kraken* sleep,
 Or teem they with the serpents of the deep ?
 Doth an eternal spring with verdure grace
 The unexplored recesses of the place ?
 That wide domain, say, does it bloom with flowers
 Of hues as fair, and fragrance sweet, as ours ? 320

All is unknown. Those realms have ever been
 By man's inquiring, curious eye unseen.
 In vague conjecture, all, we know, consists,
 Of ev'ry form of life, that there exists.

Man only ploughs the surface of the tide—
 'Tis there alone his gallant navies ride.
 The standards there of diff'rent nations float,
 Together brought from realms the most remote.
 Columbia's eagle towers in arduous flight—
 The ramping lion dares the hottest fight. 330
 Upon that boundless field the hero leads
 His faithful followers to eventful deeds.
 Witness the names, Columbia has enrolled
 On fame's bright arch in characters of gold.
 These met the cannon's tempest and the shower
 Of swift destruction from th' oppressing power.
 But in return, with aim unerring sent,
 Back to the foe the bolts of vengeance went,
 Until his riven and shattered ship no more
 Could stem the fierceness of the cannon's roar ; 340
 Down from their height his dancing streamers came,
 Hid in the clouds of mingled smoke and flame—

* An *imaginary* sea animal of enormous size. See note L.

While still the star-decked banner, fixed on high,
Floated upon the breeze triumphantly.
Such too be your success, on whom the Turk,
Frenzied with rage, drives on his deathful work.
By great Canaris led, on to the fight,
Until the cowering Paynim owns your might,
And doffs his turban to your war-like race,
The brave descendants of Leonidas.

350

Across the ocean, Commerce on her wings
The various wealth of foreign nations brings;
Earth's wide extremes are by her influence joined,
And closer ties connect all human kind.
Yon bark upon its dang'rous way she speeds,
Which from the shore with rapid flight recedes.
See, how the rippling wave it bravely cleaves,
And in its wake the foam behind it leaves—
While all their sails the gallant seamen crowd,
And on she sweeps with course sublime and proud.
What anxious wishes with that ship are sent !
What straining eyes upon that ship are bent !
Watching her as she moves with quick'ning flight,
To bear away the seaman from their sight.
May all those wishes not be sent in vain—
And may his presence bless those eyes again
That have so often watched and wept for him,
Till weak with gazing, and with sorrow dim.

Heaven speed thee, seaman, on thy way, and guard
Thy life against the dangers, thou hast dared; 370
Hushed may the clamours of the tempest be,
While thou art tossing on th' unsteady sea.
May not the corsair and his ruffian crew
Along the tropic main thy bark pursue,

With his heav'n-daring, murd'rous deeds to stain
 The azure waters of the indignant main.
 Mild be the vapours of the dewy night,
 And soft the radiance of the solar light,
 E'en when the sun upon his lofty march
 Burns from the zenith of his heavenly arch. 380
 And when success thy enterprize has crowned,
 Then hasten back to tread thy native ground.
 Haste homeward then. Thou knowest, that for thee
 Fond hearts are beating with expectancy.
 Whene'er the stormy winds their dirges tell
 Around the walls, where those, who love thee, dwell,
 What terrors are excited for thy fate,
 And for the dangers that around thee wait!
 The eyes that else in quiet sleep had closed,
 E'en by the ravings of the storm composed, 390
 In tiresome watchfulness are now awake,
 While the loud gusts the cracking timbers shake;
 Or if they sleep, 'tis but to start again
 From dreams of shipwreck on the stormy main.
 Alas! alas! thy face again to see
 Is not permitted by our destiny.*
 Take now thy latest look of this fair shore,
 For thou may'st look upon its hills no more.
 From Western India's sultry, pois'nous gale
 Ere long the seeds of death thou shalt inhale; 400
 And on thy homeward way thy limbs reclined,
 Beneath the briny wave their tomb shall find.
 When to thy friends those tidings are revealed,
 Their anxious fears to poignant grief shall yield.
 For the still, cautious breathing of suspense,
 The full heart's groan shall burst with violence.

When nature's ties are torn, the bleeding heart
Cannot but writhe beneath the tort'ring smart ;
But when calm reason once her sway resumes,
Hope with her light the darksome scene illumes. 410
She points to where, on the horizon's verge,
The blue sky mingles with the heaving surge,
So that the eye discerns not from the sky
The wave, that's lost in its immensity,
As from the deep 'twere but a short advance
To reach the clear, cerulean expanse—
E'en so the eye of faith is taught to see
The spirit from the ocean wave set free,
And with a short, but glorious remove,
High mounting to the peaceful world above. 420

What numbers, ling'ring far from friends and home,
Have sunk into that vast and briny tomb !
But slow the ravages that sickness makes,
For when the billow in its fury wakes,
Its speedier work is done without delay,
And wide it yawns to close upon its prey.
When the embattled powers of wave and wind
Have been in fierce and wrathful conflict joined,
And when the tumult of their ire
Begins to slacken, as the storms retire, 430
How terribly sublime the scene, to stand,
Where the mad waters vent upon the land
Their last remains of rage ! The clouds on high
Frown on the noisy discord angrily ;
The sun behind his misty curtain hides
His cheering smiles from the conflicting tides ;
And they, no more in placid azure drest,
Heave the dark, gloomy surges from their breast.

Far as the eye can reach, there's nought descried,
 But one commotion, spreading far and wide. 440
 The ocean's blackness, through its vast extent,
 Is with the foam's unsullied whiteness blent.
 Along the shore a foamy column shews
 How far the waves above their bound'ries rose ;
 The winds are uttering their hollow moan,
 As if they wailed the mischief they had done.
 It makes the gazer's cheek turn pale with fear,
 To see the waves upon their high career.
 Aloft in air their curling summits hang,
 Or break upon the rocks with deaf'ning clang. 450
 Now for a moment, as about to rest,
 They raise less high their proud and tow'ring crest,
 Then with the rushing of the fitsful gust,
 The waters in a heavier thunder burst.

Drifting upon the floods, a wreck* is borne,
 By furions winds and driving tempests torn,
 Before whose might its racking timbers groaned,
 And wide disparting, their frail structure owned.
 The riches, it contained, are all dispersed ;
 Some, far beneath the sounding floods immersed, 460
 Have plunged at once, to seek below the waves
 Their owners in the ocean's gloomy caves ;
 Some in the air, before the winds are blown,
 Or, as in sport, upon the waves are thrown,
 That roar and revel in tumultuous glee,
 As if triumphant in their victory.

Among those treasures, shall the sea-nymphis find
 Proud India's silks of sumptuous dye, to bind
 Upon their graceful limbs ; and they shall wear
 Across their shoulders, too, those mantles fair, 470

* See note N.

Thomas Ho Shoemaker

100

ANTICIPATIONS

Whose fleecy texture clothed the flocks, which feed
In Cashmere's fertile vale and flowery mead.

Along the shore, among the ruins thrown,
The costly works of art are thickly strewn,
Or, deeply buried, mid the sands are cast,
Rent and disfigured by th' unpitying blast.

But where are they—the hapless men, who stood
Upon the wreck, when first the angry flood
Made its mad onset, and the tall masts bowed
Before the winds that filled the gath'ring cloud ? 480

There as they clung, it made their blood congeal,
When the red lightning-blaze and thunder-peal
And frowning waters with terrific sound,
Were flashing, crashing, dashing madly round.
Often they looked, affrighted and amazed,
When their frail bark, upon the waters raised,
Heng tot'ring on the billow's utmost top,
High in the air, as if about to drop.

Awhile it danced upon the dizzy verge,
Poised in the feath'ry foaming of the surge, 490
Suspended far betwixt the sea and sky,
Twirled by the winds in wanton mockery—
A moment, and a fearful plunge was made,
Deep in the briny wave engulfed they laid.
The waters gathered into towering heaps—
Far o'er their heads uprose the lofty steeps,
To which so near the lightning's meteor strained,
That like volcanoes of the deep they seemed.
Bending before the storm, th' aspiring mast
Into the wide and wasteful flood was cast. 500
The mighty and o'erpowering waters crush
The groaning, gaping planks, and through them rush.

Vainly the seaman with a desperate grasp
 Clings to the wreck, till breathed his final gasp.
 Sinking at last before his conquering foe,
 He's swept and swallowed in the gulf below.

'Thou all Rapacious Deep ! awhile forbear,
 Once let thy mitigated fury spare.

Enough of human blood dost thou not get,
 To glut and satiate thy cravings yet ?

Is't not enough, that the bold seaman braves
 Upon the main the terror of the waves,

And climbs on high upon the rattling shrouds,
 When storms are driving from impending clouds ?

Is't not enough, that far from home he flies,
 To face the stormy seas and frowning skies ?

Pressed by the burden of incessant toil,
 E'en then he's fated to become thy spoil.

Shudd'ring—unable to escape, he draws
 Within the reach of thy rapacious jaws,

That, yawning to receive him, wide outspread,
 And as he falls, again close o'er his head.

He sinks to join th' innumerable host,
 That crowd thy damp, and dark, and dreary coast.

Thy huge, mis-shapen monsters round him twine
 Their horrid shapes, and on his limbs recline ;

And the rank foliage of thy plants shall spring
 Around his head, and to his bones shall cling !

Think'st thou, Rapacious Deep, thou canst retain
 Thy prey forever in thy vast domain ?

Can all thy waters quench the heavenly light
 Of life and consciousness in endless night ?

Oh ! No. Remember well the times of old,
 When o'er the earth th' Eternal's chariot rolled.

510

520

530

Thy voice of tempests the ethereal rent ;
 Thy hands were lifted in astonishment ;
 From Israel's path thy frightened waves retired,
 And like a wall on either side aspired,
 Know, that His presence shall again appear ;
 Know, that His voice, thou shalt in terror hear. 540
 He comes with power resistless and supreme,
 His children from thy bondage to redeem.
 When marble tombs are crushed and crumbled down
 In scattered fragments, at His awful frown ;
 When His omnipotent command shall bid
 His thunders rive the shattered pyramid,
 And call its tenants from their resting place,
 To rise and stand before their Maker's face—
 Then shalt thou, by His powerful call compelled,
 Disgorge the victims, thou so long hast held. 550
 Then the retreating waters of thy tide,
 Hither and thither parting, shall divide,
 And raised in heaps, affrighted and aghast,
 Shall shew the depths of thy dominion vast,
 Far deeper than the Erythraean* wave
 A path to Israel's favoured armies gave.
 By beams of heav'nly brightness then disclosed,
 Thy utmost caverns all shall lie exposed;
 To each remote recess His eye of flame
 Shall pierce, and thence the slumb'rers shall reclaim;
 Then all, whom thou entomb'st, shall rise again,
 No more to tremble at thy stormy main.

Go, Rav'ning Monster, then—Go and devour
 All that are brought within thy tyrant power ;
 'Tis but a sacred charge, consigned to thee,
 Till raised and clothed with immortality,

* Erythraean wave—the Red Sea.

Why should my song its errant course pursue
Through ev'ry place, where once the moments flew
With speed unmeasured—Ah ! and with them bore
Sweets of enjoyments, I can taste no more. 570
Like brilliant, fairy fictions now they seem,
Or the dim traces of a pleasing dream,
From whose fair visions waking with surprise,
We weep, to find them no realities.

Scene of life's early pleasures ! years may pass
In life's united tragedy and farce,
But with oblivious besom ne'er shall they
Sweep thy remembrance from my thoughts away.
What though my wayward and unruly muse
Once ventured satire's lash on thee to use, 580
And at thy rudeness smiled, as upstart beaux
Deride their sires' unfashionable clothes—
Yet, spite of every trivial defect,
I cease not to regard thee with respect ;
For the intrinsic worth, as well I know,
May not be measured by external show.
The toil-worn hand's rude grasp doth oft express
The glow of hearts that beat in faithfulness ;
The tongue, in courtly slippancy untaught,
May speak the bolder eloquence of thought. 590
The fop's unmeaning mummeries and show,
The smirking smile and all obsequious bow,
The strained extravagance of flattery's speech,
And all the forms that fashion's school can teach—
Say, what are these ? They give, it is confessed,
To the convivial throng a higher zest ;
They add new charms to ev'ry sportive play,
With which mirth's children pass their hours away.

But yet how often with the fair outside
 The fickle, sordid spirit is allied ! 600

How many with the costume and the name
 Of friendship are content, without the flame !
 More noble far the man who ploughs the soil,
 Contented in his unambitious toil.

Rude in expression, but in heart sincere,
 O'er others' woes he sheds the pitying tear.
 He lacks for words, but not for deeds t' express
 The wish he feels for others' happiness.

While the conceited cit with words o'erflows,
 But nought his spirit of their meaning knows.

In after life should c'er the lot be mine
 To offer up before the muse's shrine,
 At distant intervals, the humble lay,
 My thoughts the same attraction will obey—
 Land of the Pilgrims ! thou wilt be the theme
 Of Poesy's beatifying dream.

But hurried and abrupt the strain must be,
 For duty's voice imperious calls on me.

Why then regret, that it is not my fate
 Vainly the Poet's fame to emulate, 620
 If the inspired effusions, I could boast,
 In such discordant tones as these were lost ? [free,

Where would my song have turned ? Land of the
 Home of the brave, and seat of liberty,
 Thy pathless forests and luxuriant plains
 Might have awakened more poetic strains.

My thoughts had turned towards the days of old
 That into dark oblivion have rolled,
 When first the red man's shaft, with useless aim,
 Was levelled at the mammoth's giant frame— 630

When first uprose the rampart* that defies
 The antiquary's vain and vague surmise,
 To calculate in what forgotten age,
 It met unshaken the assailant's rage.

On times more recent might my thoughts have run,
 And on the glorious deeds by Freedom done,
 When truths, which her convincing logic taught,
 Flashed home upon the bold invader's thought ;
 When in the powerful plea the thund'ring drum
 Rolled forth its wakening exordium,

640

And with unwav'ring zeal in our defence
 The cannon poured its mighty eloquence.

I might have sung of that heroic host,
 Our country's safeguard, and our country's boast,
 Whose names shall ever live to animate
 The patriot threatened by the frowns of fate.

Tossed on the deluge, should fair Freedom's ark
 Be threatened by oppression's tempest dark,
 Those gallant men around it shall appear,
 Its drooping inmates to revive and cheer.

650

The pale and languid form they shall descry
 Of dying Lawrence, in the stormy sky,
 While from his bloodless yet unfaltering lip
 Breaks the stern mandate—"Don't give up the Ship."

On themes more hateful might my muse perchance
 Have cast a transient and astonished glance,
 Her bitterest anathemas to speak
 Against th' ignoble wretch who dares to seek
 To fill his coffers by the cursed crime
 Of plund'ring Africa's unhappy clime.

660

* Remains of ancient fortifications still existing in various parts of the country.—*Ed.*

My muse might turn from such a theme as this,
 To old Chaldea's famed metropolis,
 And sing the night, when Babel's impious king,
 Starting abruptly from his revelling,
 Saw the mysterious writing on his wall
 Predict his sudden and tremendous fall.

But though I may not join the tuneful throng
 That charm us with the melodies of song,
 With their harmonious rhapsodies I may
 With pleasure pass a leisure hour away. 670

Majestic Maro's* lays I may peruse,
 And the bold visions of the Chian's muse;†
 Or Milton's daring song, whose ardent flight
 With dazzling glories had o'erpowered his sight,
 But that his rayless, darkly-rolling orb
 Could nothing of their brilliancy absorb,
 As the dim veil protect's the eagle's gaze
 Against the brightness of the solar blaze.
 Fair Avon's bard,‡ the glory of the stage,
 My closely-fixed attention shall engage. 680

Pope too shall claim my thought, whose beauties glow
 Like sunbeams scattered in the varied bow ;
 And Young, who utters volumes in a line,
 As concentrated rays more brightly shine.
 The Ayr-shire plough-boy,§ Caledonia's child,
 Shall lend his measures simple, strong and wild :
 And Cowper's gentle muse shall lull to rest
 The angry passions in the troubled breast.

Nor quite forgot be Moore's voluptuous strain,
 And the terrific births of Byron's brain, 690

* Maro, Virgil. † The Chian's muse, Homer. ‡ Avon's bard, Shakespeare. § The Ayr-shire Plough-boy, Burns.

Whose genius, like the tempest-blaze of night,
Seems more tremendous, as it shines more bright.
How low degraded such a mind as his,
When wit unchaste calls forth its faculties,
As when Alcides stooped in labours vain
Th' Augean stable of its filth to drain.
More gladly would I listen to his lyre,
Whom Hope's anticipating charms inspire,*
Or to the exiled wanderer,† who bewails
His native Alps and desolated vales.

700

My untaught Harp ! should e'er my hand again
Sweep o'er thy chords—say, shall it be in vain ?
Can I from thine untuned, neglected string
The sweet, responsive note of music bring ?
If so, perhaps from slumbers deep and long
Thou shalt be called, to breathe a hasty song—
But now thy music may no longer swell—
Hushed be thy voice, my Harp—Farewell—Farewell.

ATTBLEBOROUGH, MARCH 1826.

* Whom Hope's anticipating charms inspire.—Campbell.

† The exiled wanderer.—Montgomery's *Wanderer in Switzerland*.

THE DUEL.*

- 1 ATTEND, all ye of high degree,
And eke of lower station,
—And hear me sing a wond'rous thing,
That happened in our nation.

- 2 Some time ago, I'd have you know,
John Randolph got to spouting,
With dirty stuff, he sure enough,
Friend Henry Clay was flouting.

- 3 With gibes and jokes, these honest folks,
As fast as they were able,
Kicked up a *row*, I know not how,
But, mark ye, 'tis no fable.

- 4 "H. Clay," Esquire, rose up in ire,
He did not mean to budge on,
Nor would submit to suffer it,
But took it in high dudgeon.

- 5 He sent that night a note polite,
(In hope to wash his stains out)
And wrote thereon, requesting John
To come and blow his brains out !

- 6 John stretched his limbs, and called for "Tims,"
Or for some other servant;
He scarce could speak—his heart was weak—
Till *porter* put some nerve in't.

* In imitation of Cowper's *John Gilpin*.

7 He quickly quaffed a three pint draught,
 Which to his spunk was fuel—
 Then did he write, that he would fight
 A duel—"Yes Sir,"—duel.

8 I'll tell you why Clay got so high—
 When he before got stuffy,
 Kremer, he found, would stand his ground
 Much better than *M'Duffie*.

9 Clay threatened that he'd have a *spat*,
 But seeing Kremer's huge eye—
 He dared not do, Cæsar, like you,
 But "*veni, vidi, fugi.*"*

10 This brought ill fame on his great name,
 And now; (would you believe it?)
 He swore he'd try—survive or die—
 Some method to retrieve it.

11 Randolph and Clay went out next day,
 And on the ground paraded,—
 Oh! had the tongue of Homer sung
 What mighty wonders they did!

12 They paced the ground, then both turned round;
 Their seconds, they were whist all;
 And they laid hold with fingers cold
 Each one upon his pistol.

* *Fugi, fled*--In imitation of the sentence--"*Veni, vidi, vi-ci,*" (I came, I saw, I conquered) words which Cæsar used in his famous letter to the Roman Senate, announcing a victory which he had just gained.—*Ed.*

13 When thus prepared, they were some scared—
 Yet stood they in their places;
Well might they be afraid to see
 Each other's pale “dough-faces.”

14 But Clay ere long waxed brave and strong;
 His heart felt rather bigger—
At once he put his fingers to't,
 And boldly pulled the trigger.

15 Whizz ! went the ball—it scared them all,
 But no man tumbled down, Sir;
And safe and sound, the ball was found,
 Well lodged in Johnny's gown, Sir.

16 Then Johnny soon fired at the moon,
 Because, (if right I scan it)
He then 'gan see, with grief, that he
 Was governed by that planet.

17 And in good troth, he was much wroth,
 And meant revenge to take, Sir,
To think she should, in wanton mood,
 For him such trouble make, Sir.

18 Now up came Clay, as light as day,
 With count'nance bright and shining,
(For whizzing lead about one's head
 Is mighty reconciling.)

19 “ We've made amends, and let's be friends,
 “ For it were most unlucky,

“ If I had died, the flow’r and pride
“ Of my own dear Kentucky.

20 “ And, my brave lad, I’m very glad,
“ For honest old Virginia,
“ Which, I believe, would sorely grieve,
“ At losing such a—*ninny*.

21 If you told fibs, this firing squibs
Makes ample recantation ;
If you spoke true—I’ve fired at you,
So pray respect my station.

22 “ Your Northern fools, (poor silly tools)
“ Wont fight, when in a passion,
“ But we’ll maintain, with might and main,
“ Our good old Southern fashion.

23 “ Then here’s a hand, my trusty friend,
“ And give’s a hand of thine, Sir,
“ And we’ll take a right good fid to-night,
“ For days of auld lang syne, Sir.”

24 Said John, “ Content,”—so off they went—
Each one to his own quarter—
Clay, as ’tis guessed, to play at whist,
And John to get some *porter*.

25 Now let us say—Long live friend Clay,
And Johnny—long live he, Sir.
And when they next get thus perplexed,
May we be there to see, Sir.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

PROUD Son of Earth ! Will Glory's brightest wreath
Luxuriant spread along the caves of Death ?
Will wealth and power protect thee from the blow,
That's destined, with the vile to lay thee low ?
Ask of the mouldered bones of ancient kings,
That long ere this, upon the whirlwind's wings
Have scattered with the dust. The lowliest slave,
With them has found in Earth a common grave.
What though above the ashes of the great
The marble stands in monumental state ?
Say—will corruption and the filthy worm
Before they seize upon the wasting form
Pause ere they pierce the storied monument,
And pass along on humbler victims bent ?
All, all must moulder, and the proudest tomb
Will not preserve, for ages yet to come,
The memory of the dead, save those whose life
Has been with good, or glorious actions rife.
But these, although the mouldering form may rot,
Shall leave a fame that never is forgot.
The conqueror's power, the wisdom of the sage
Will chronicle the name on history's page.
Yet, wouldest thou leave a memory dear to all,
Join not in murder's horrid carnival ;
Nor write thy name in blood amidst the graves
Where the poor soldier's lonely widow raves.
Seek more to cultivate the peaceful arts,
Seek more to write thy name upon the hearts
Of all mankind by every generous deed,
And in their praise receive th' expected meed.

Then tremble not before the shaft of Death,
But when he comes to take thy fleeting breath,
When thou art called to endless happiness,
Look down on those thy memory that bless,
(For thou hast wiped the tear-drop from their eyes)
And read the joyful story from the skies.

LINES

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE DOWNFALL OF MY WOODPILE,

Written in December, 1826.*

I was piling a great heap of wood,
And I nearly had finished my labours,
And it stood up, all handsome and good,
A source of surprise to the neighbours.

* These lines may require some explanation. They are founded on a very common occurrence--the falling of a woodpile! The author had been piling up a load of wood near the door of his study, under a couple of beautiful elms which overshadowed it--he had almost finished his labour, when he discovered (as many do in affairs of greater moment) that the foundation was not sufficient for the superstructure---and the whole pile suddenly tumbled down at his feet. He stood and gazed for a moment upon the ruins of his work--and dropping his armful of wood, went into his room in the most pleasant humour, and wrote these lines. To render so indifferent a subject interesting is a surer test of poetic ability, than is afforded by a theme, in itself, of greater interest. An ordinary event often suggested to him a train of poetic thought; and some of his best pieces are founded on such themes. From so slight an incident as this, the author had the ingenuity to draw a very good moral lesson.--Ed.

2 With joy I looked on it—(poor dunce !)
When but a few armfuls were lacking,
When, alas ! the whole pile all at once
Came down with a terrible cracking.

3 My armful I dropped on the ground,
And gazed on the ruins astonished—
When, lo ! a most wonderful sound
My glaring imprudence admonished.

4 My genius, who stands at the helm,
And guides me with counsels sagacious,
Spoke out from the top of the elm,
With a count'nance smiling and gracious.

5 " My friend," she exclaimed with a smile,
" While to work you so ardently press on,
" The sad overthrow of your pile
" May teach you a very good lesson.

6 " Reflect on your blunder with care—
" And if these admonitions should reach you,
" You will find it is better by far,
" Than for fatal experience to teach you.

7 " Remember, as long as you live,
" That to ardent and high expectation,
" You should not much confidence give,
" When it rests on a slender foundation.

8 - " If such hope you should build up too high,
" No matter how much you may prize it,

“ The very first gust, that comes by,
“ Will always be sure to *capsize* it.

9 “ And listen, I pray you,” said she,
“ If you wish to escape tribulation,
“ You must faithfully hearken to me,
“ And build on a broader foundation.

10 “ When winter is roaring around,
“ This wood on your fire will be blazing,
“ And you’ll care not a fig for the sound
“ That the storm and the tempest are raising.

11 “ Thus Hope shall be glowing within,
“ And its warmth and its light shall not fail you,
“ When the sound of the storm shall begin,
“ And adversity’s blast shall assail you.

12 “ Mourn not o’er the loss of your pains,
“ And do not be sullen and fretful—
“ It might have endangered your brains—
“ Of your good luck then be not forgetful.

13 “ Go on—muster up all your powers—
“ And build up two tiers all so clever—
“ In the course of a couple of hours,
“ The work will be firmer than ever.”

14 I did so, and found very soon,
That whenever such accidents happen,
It keepeth one’s temper in tune,
These sage cogitations to *clap in*.

15 So now I have made a good fire,
And taken my pen, ink, and paper,
To gratify this my desire,
And give an account of the *caper*.

16 If there is a rhymster in town,
It is my desire he should know it,
That whenever a wood-pile falls down,
It makes a good theme for a poet !



LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

1 THERE is an hour—'tis not the hour of noon,
When glaring sunbeams shed their dazzling blaze--
But at the hour of mid-night, when the moon
Casts o'er the slumb'ring world her pensive gaze.

2 There is a season—not when blooming spring
Wakes the wild music of her feathered band—
But when stern winter waves his snow-plumed wing
In desolating grandeur o'er the land.

3 There is a place—'tis not amid the throng
Of bustling commerce or of sportive mirth—
But where, the desert's solitudes among,
Unbroken silence seems to rule the earth.

4 And in that hour—that season—and that place—
To wander from the world and muse alone,
Fills the rapt soul with transports that surpass
All that can bless the monarch on his throne.

ON A SPRIG OF JUNIPER

FROM THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, PRESENTED TO
THE AUTHOR.

THE meadow may boast of its thousand dyes,
For their varied splendours are far before thee;
But still more fair in the patriot's eyes
Is the humblest branch from the trunk that bore thee,
For the place where it grows is a sacred spot,
With remembrance of high achievements fraught.

Thou didst not thrive on the blood of the slave,
Whom the reeking sword of oppression slaughtered;
But the grateful tears of the good and brave,
With a purer stream, thy roots have watered—
And green didst thou grow o'er the hero's bed,
Where the tears of his *patriot son** were shed.

Say, where wert thou half an age ago,
When terrors were thronging around our nation—
When our land, by the word of its haughty foe,
Was marked with the sentence of desolation—
When the banner of freedom was wide unfurled
On the natal day of this western world—

When our fathers spared nor pain nor toil,
To purchase the blessing for their descendants,
And sealed with their blood on their native soil
Their claim to the glory of Independence—

* This was written soon after Fayette visited the tomb of Washington.—*Ed.*

When *Life, Wealth, Honour*, were all at stake,
That the holy cause they would not forsake.

Perhaps thou wast by the side of thy sire,
Whose branch to the breeze had for ages trembled,
Where gathered around the council-fire
The chiefs of the tawny tribes assembled—
Or it might have shaded the hunter's track
On the lonely banks of the Potomac.

And long on the place of the hero's sleep
May flourish the trunk, whence thou wert taken,
But a grateful nation his name shall keep,
When lifeless and bare, of its leaves forsaken,
The trunk and the branch to the earth are cast
Before the might of the rushing blast.

For in distant ages the day shall come,
When the vengeance of time its pride shall humble—
And the arch of the proud mausoleum
O'er the mouldering urn of the dead shall crumble—
But till the last moment of time hath run
Shall live the remembrance of Washington.

Ah ! soon must branches like thine be spread
O'er another's tomb, and o'er yet another's—
For now from the sorrows of earth have fled,
As with one accord, two patriot brothers,*
Whom Heaven in mercy had given to see
The day of their nation's Jubilee.

* Adams and Jefferson.—*Ed.*

O ! sadly, in tears sunk down, that day,
The sun, in the distant west declining—

But still in a holier splendour they
With their latest beams on the earth were shining,
When they were called from the earth to remove,
And shine in the realms of the blest above.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SILENCE and sleep are on the world,

The moon-beam rests on plain and river,
And where that stream is lightly curled,
The rays upon its waters quiver.
The sounds of the day—they are quiet all,
But the hum of the distant water-fall.

Yon azure arch is calm and fair,

The light cloud wreaths upon its brightness
Are sleeping on the moveless air
In moon-light robes of purest whiteness—
That one might deem them spirits of light,
That visit the earth in the hour of night.

At such an hour the fancy teems

With visions bright, or pensive musing ;
While highest thoughts, and loftiest themes,
Their powers throughout the soul diffusing,
Impel its flights to the worlds unknown,
Where the sun's faint radiance never shone.

The veriest wretch, that treads the ground,
He, who from passion's poisoned chalice
Has drained the very dregs, and bound
His heart and soul to deeds of malice,
Must feel the spell of the potent charm,
When he looks on a sky so pure and calm,

Not always thus, thou vast expanse,
Art thou so tranquil and unclouded—
E'en now, in one short hour perchance,
Thine arch shall be in tempests shrouded
And varying thus from peace to strife,
Is the changeful sky of human life.

Man's calm of peace may last awhile,
Then storms of anguish gather o'er him—
Now reason's rays upon him smile—
Now fancy's meteor flits before him—
And the light of hope, though it shines so fair,
May be lost in the gloom of deep despair.

HOME.

1 WHEN distant we languish
From all we hold dear,
And the night gloom of anguish
Hangs over us drear—
How sweet by the beamings
Of Memory to roam,
In Fancy's fond dreamings
Of friends and of Home.

2 Though earth's fairest vallies
 May welcome our sight,
Where city and palace
 Rise proudly and bright—
Yet we turn from the splendor
 Of turret and dome
To those transports more tender
 That hail us at home.

3 Like the western sun's parting
 And loveliest rays,
Are the bright visions darting
 From happier days,
Where the twilight of sadness
 Seems fading in gloom
O'er the past hours of gladness,
 The pleasures of Home.



LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SACRED to Friendship's hallowed shrine,
Fair Volume, be each page of thine—
As thine unsullied bosom bears
In faithful trust to distant years
These pledges of sincere esteem—
So, long may constancy redeem
From dark oblivion's control,
What Friendship writes upon the soul.
And while the suns of many a year
Are measuring Time's unstaid career,

May blithesome song, or pensive strain
On ev'ry glowing page remain,
To bid fond mem'ry call more near
The thoughts of those, who placed them here.
And they, may they remember thee,
Whate'er their lot in life may be—
Whether they tread in untried ways,
Mid Arctic night, or Tropic blaze ;
Or venture, where the tempests rave
Upon the sailor's billowy grave,
And ocean rolls his gloomy tide
Above the wreck of human pride.
And since they never will forget,
That Friendship here their names has writ—
Long may these faithful pages last—
Long may they prove a constant token,
That till life's latest gasp be past,
True Friendship's ties are never broken.

TO THE NEW YEAR, JAN. 1, 1827.

1 HAIL ! Day of gladness ! now the sun again
Begins to move upon his annual round.
Man comes to greet thee with the mirthful strain
Of tuneful joy, and pleasure's sprightly bound.

2 Hail ! new born Year ! thy welcome presence wakes
The thrill of gladness in each heaving breast ;
Youth into songs exulting gladly breaks,
And age looks on and smiles serenely blest.

3 Yet why rejoice that Time's relentless scythe
 From life's frail trunk another limb hath riven ?
 Youth, Manhood, Age—say—why are ye so blithe,
 To see yourselves adown the current driven ?

4 When the pale king comes on with fearful haste—
 And takes another vast gigantic stride,
 Leaving his path all desolate and waste—
 Is this the time for revelry and pride ?

5 Then, new born Year—while we thy presence hail,
 No wonder, that thou com'st with aspect stern—*
 To chill with this thy lone and stormy wail
 The glowing hopes that in our bosoms burn.

6 Think not that man shall always welcome thee,
 For every former year was welcome so—
 Scorned and neglected, thou like them shalt be,
 To future years when future raptures flow.

[power—

7 Then, new-born Year—come with thy sadd'ning
 Come not with pleasure and with thoughtless glee—
 But pensive steal upon the midnight hour,
 And thou art welcome—welcome e'en to me.

IMPROMPTU.

To his Friends on New-Year's morning.

KIND friends, I am happy to meet with you here,
 And I heartily wish you a happy New-Year.

* The day on which this was written was stormy and tempestuous. Though, in the extemporary lines which follow, he warmly anticipates meeting his friends at the commencement of another year, this was the last he was destined to see.—Ed.

May your pleasures be pure, and your prospects be
bright,
In storm and in sun shine—by day and by night.
May the scenes of your lives, through the year twenty
seven,
Be crowned with the bountiful favours of Heaven.
And when this New Year shall have followed the last,
And is mingled again with the days that are past—
On another New-Year may I joyfully meet you,
Again with my warm benedictions to greet you.

TO A LOCK OF HAIR

TAKEN FROM THE HEAD OF A YOUNG LADY WHEN
THREE MONTHS OLD.

- 1 WEE, jetty lock o' babie's hair,
It wasna frien's a' greetin' sair,
Wha sned ye aff, and pit ye there
 To lie thy lane,
Frac anc, whom they maun see na mair,
 A' dead and gane.
- 2 On Annie's head when locks were scarce,
Syne did they wale ye frac the mass,
To ca' to min,' as years sud pass,
 Wee childhood's scenes—
And she's grown up and lies—a—lass—
 A' in her teens.
- 3 Ye was as sleekit as a whissel ;
For ance, the fient a curl or frizzle,

Crisped up by drouth, let down by drizzle,
 Adorn'd the bairn.

Thou wasna sturtit wi' the fisle
 O' curlin airn.

4 Heck ! gin ye had the crackin giftie,
 For warl's gear, or niefu's fifty
 O' gowd or siller, I'd na shift ye
 Frae this right han',
 Although I'm nae sae bien and thrifty
 In plack or lan'.

5 I wad hae spier't at ye fu' plain,
 About the fancies in her brain—
 Gin pawkie pliskies there were nane,
 Just in the jerm,
 Whilk shaw themsel' e'en sin' the bane
 Grew steeve and firm.

6 Yet I amaist hae grat for thee,
 So think that nane thy curls may see,
 Whiles wimplin ower that keek so slee,
 That glinted through ye—
 While dancin round that laughin e'e,
 As the win's blew ye.

* * *

7 But *nae sic weird* on ye maun fa'.
 Belyve, thou'se na be ken'd ava,
 By lad or lass—and, waur than a,'
 Mysel' hae won ye,
 An' daurt on ilka muse to ca'
 To rhyme upon ye.

8 And sin' upon the wark I plumpit,
 For lack o' words my pow I've thumpit,
 Till it has rung like onie trumpit,
 As if 'twere toom,
 And I wi' vera rage hae jumpit
 About the room.

9 But sin' this clish-ma-claver's pent
 Within my pow—it maun hae vent.
 I'm wae to think I downna men't
 Wi' phraisin cannie ;
 But, sic as 'tis, right aff I'll sen't
 Awa' to Annie.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

1 When the bonds of life are riven—
 When a friend resigns his breath,
 And his mortal part is given
 To the dread domain of death—

2 Fondly then doth recollection
 Bring his virtues all to light,
 While the hand of pure affection
 Veils his errors from our sight.

3 These from earth are fast decaying,
 Like his ashes in the tomb,
 Brighter hues are those displaying,
 Like the flowers that round it bloom.

4 Hallowed thus, and pure forever,
 Be of absent friends the thought.

Seas may part, and mountains sever,
But they shall not be forgot.

5 Ne'er may slander's venom blast them
With its foul and deadly spell—
Ne'er may dark suspicion cast them
From the bosoms where they dwell.

6 As from us their forms have vanished,
While their hearts with us remained,
Be their faults from mem'ry banished,
And their virtues still retained.*

*Most, if not all the preceding poems were written after he commenced practice—from the age of nineteen to twenty. Those, which follow, were composed at different periods of his life—some, at a very early age, and others, just before his death. Some are found among his college exercises.—*Ed.*

THE PERUVIAN DAMSEL

TO THE WARRIOR, ON HIS DEPARTING TO FIGHT
AGAINST PIZARRO.*

1 YES, on to the contest. My sighs are withholden,
Though grief with its fulness is rending my heart.
Let the words of thy Cora thy spirit embolden ;
The voice of thy country compels us to part.

[mangled]

2 I have trembled ere now, when thy keen knife has
The fierce alligator,* on Amazon's tide—

*The natives of some parts of S. America are said to attack the alligator in the river by thrusting a stick into his mouth, when he raises his upper jaw. By this means he is prevented from closing his jaws, and his assailant then cuts his throat.

* See note O.

Or when fast in the coils of thy lasso* entangled,
The beast of the forest lay stretched by thy side.

3 But now thou art called to redeem us from slav'ry;
The proud foe is venting his rage on our land—
And I would not extinguish the flame of thy brav'ry,
Or palsy the freedom-strung might of thy hand.

4 Round the limbs of thy country a serpent is coiling;
No Guaco† avails from his venom to save ; [ing,
And the blood of her warriors with vengeance is boil-
To wreak on the monster the wrath of the brave.

5 Then, away to the contest ; nor shrink from expo-
sure ;
And strong be thine arm on the battle's red field,
Till the fiends of the cowl & the cross & the crosier,
O'ercome by the might of thy legions, shall yield!

6 Let the war-note be raised, and the battle's loud
clangor,
To where the dark mists on our mountains repose--
Where the fierce Cotopaxi‡ is flaming in anger,
Or proud Chimborazo is mantled in snows.

* The Lasso is a long cord made of hides, having a ball attached to the end. This ball the natives throw at beasts even in their swiftest career, with such adroitness, as to wind the cord round their legs, and thus throw them on the ground.

† The leaves of the Guaco are used in South America as a cure for the bites of serpents.

‡ Cotopaxi is a volcano, one of the highest of the Andes, next to Chimborazo.

7 From its air-cleaving journey thy shaft shall not vary—

'Tis sped on the errand of death from thy bow ;
For its point I have dipped in the deadly Woorara,*
The strength of our arms and the dread of the foe.

8 I have spread the dark juice upon every arrow,
But one I have marked for a deadlier course ;
And I bade it fly home to the heart of Pizarro,
To curdle his very life-blood at its source.

9 The chieftains shall see thy heroic example,
Thy words shall inspire them with courage again ;
And triumphantly under their feet they shall trample
The blood of the foe and the corse of the slain.

10 Let the zeal of thy warriors be never diminished,
Till Spain's richest blood shall empurple the ground;
But return, when the glorious work shall be finished,
Return to thy Cora, with victory crowned.

11 But the counsels of Heaven from mortals are hidden—
And oh! if death's darkness must cover thine eyes--
If to see thee again on the earth is forbidden—
Soon, soon may I follow thy course to the skies.

* The Woorara is prepared from the juice of certain plants, and is used in some parts of South America to poison arrows.

12 When the rocks shall be rent—when the mountains are shaken,*

When our Guardian Power in the tempest shall come,

From the sorrows of earth shall my spirit be taken,
And raised to a brighter, a happier home.

13 The hearts of the timid with fear shall be frozen,
When earth in dismay hath His presence confessed;
But I shall be called with the host of His chosen,
To meet thee again in the realms of the blest.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Written in College.

HARP of Æolus ! when afar,
The pensive ray of eve's first star,
Resting on her watery pillow,
Shone in the foam of the eastern billow,
Oft thy melancholy strain,
Searching through my maddened brain,
Has stolen the sigh, my breast that wrings,
To breathe it from thy wind-swept strings.
Oh ! once I heard thy solemn wail,
When the cool, fresh blow of the western gale,

* It is said that the natives of South America formerly thought the phenomena of earthquakes to be produced by the coming of the Great Spirit to call for his elect. For this reason, when they heard them, they ran out from their dwellings, and cried out, "Here am I."

Like the breath of the spirit of twilight grey,
Had stolen the power of thought away—
Methought that, pure from the western sky,
As it sailed along, it bore the sigh,
The burst of wo, that the son of grief
Had told to the winds without relief,
And the sound had slumbered on its wings,
Till it told the tale to thy feeling strings.
As first o'er the placid lake it rushed,
To the purple hue of the sky that blushed,
It came, like Ariel's airy strain,
And winged with the peace, that I sought in vain.
As the darker shades of evening fell,
Now its deep and solemn swell
Burst upon the raptured ear,
In a strain so sweet and clear,
Like the song of a heav'nly choir,
Glowing with celestial fire.
Now it changed its varying tone,
Softly fading, till the moan,
That scarcely rose with its wavering plaint,
Had died away in murmurs faint.
Thus have I heard thy music sweet,
Till my throbbing pulse so madly beat,
As the soul would burst its bars of clay,
And from earth in rapture break away.
Let others choose the note of war,
And the trumpet's clang, that swells afar;
Their rude clamour I resign—
Harp of Æolus ! thou art mine !

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.*

1st Kings, Chap. xix, 9—14.

1 THE whirlwind past by in the pride of its might,
 And the steep rocks of Horeb were shook with affright.
 It seemed as Omnipotence rode in the air,
 But the prophet moved not—*for the Lord was not there.*

2 Then hard on the wind came the earthquake's far
 shock,
 And reeled every mountain, and shook every rock.
 The sons of the mountain sunk down in despair,
 But the prophet was silent—*the Lord was not there.*

3 Then the forest was wrapt in a column of fire,
 And its beasts at the glare of destruction retire ;
 But the wreath of the flames, as they curled in the air,
 Were unseen by the prophet—*the Lord was not there.*

4 Then a still, a small voice through the deep cavern
 stole,
 It breathed inspiration, it thrilled through the soul—
 It was heard in no thunder ; was seen in no glare ;
 But it spoke to the heart—*for Jehovah was there !*

ON A ROSE BLOOMING IN OCTOBER.

Written at the age of sixteen.

Poor Rose ! thou art so out of season,
 I think it nothing more than reason,
 That some than I more gifted bard,

* This was written while the author was in college, and published in the Providence Gazette.

Should not suppose the task too hard,
 Thy various beauties to admire
 In flowing numbers on his lyre.
 But, if no *knight* of smoother lays
 Will tune his pipes to chaunt thy praise,
 I hope my song of condolence
 Will give your Rose-ship no offence.

Hadst thou in summer's warmer hours
 Put forth amidst thy sister roses,
 Thy beauties in the fragrant bowers,
 Where the cool breeze of morn reposes ;
 Or had thy crimson blushes dressed
 The buttons of a dandy's vest ;
 Or hadst thou been by fairer fingers prest,
 And handed round to tickle ladies' noses ;
 Perhaps some genius of the harp,
 Of thought so bright, and eye so sharp,
 Had sung thy praises in a lay,
 So soft and gay,
 As might have lived for many a future day.

Hadst thou but come so soon
 As to have decked the zone of June,
 Thou wouldst have been a flower of gaudier hue ;
 And as the pearly dew
 A purer fragrance round thy leaves had thrown,
 It would reluctantly have gone,
 When the sun's beam had kissed its drop so gay,
 And called it hence away.

But thou coms't in mantle sober,
 On the front of late October.
 Thou bloom'st in solitude—alone—
 For thy ~~so~~ tone.

No soft winds lightly brush thee by,
Or through thy waving foliage fly,
But in this dark corner pent,
Bathed in wat'ry element,
Thou art clothed in pale attire,
Where, though all see, there none admire.

Farewell—and 'mid the scenes of life,
With so much vanity and folly rife,
Should I see some blooming maid,
In beauty's finest robes arrayed,
Whom love-sick beau and sighing swain,
With weeping eye and burning brain,
Have often sought, and sought in vain ;
If, when her charms with youth have past,
She is forgotten quite, at last,
By her gallants and beaux,
I'll think of thee, and out of pity,
Will write to her a doleful ditty,
As now I have to thee—Poor Rose !



THE CHURCH YARD

Doth silence give thy soul delight ?
Then at the hour of coming night
Go, visit in the church-yard's* gloom
The humble grave, and loftier tomb ;
From the soft beam of twilight sad,
Till night in darker vesture clad,

* See page 91 and the note to which it refers.

Shall shed her dreamy influence wide
O'er mountain-gloom and ocean-tide.
First the fading hues that play
Round night's blue robe with parting ray,
Shall waken a train of tender feeling,
That like the evening's darkness stealing,
Shall shut out every ray of mirth,
As the day is hid from the star-lit earth.
Ere long the glow of the full orbed moon
Shall deck the sky with a milder noon.
Then at the pause of every motion,
Save the roll of the distant ocean,
When sleep shall hold her wide dominion,
Then wakened fancy spreads her pinion,
In errant course to take her flight
Where the distant moon-beam sheds its light.
Now call up every solemn train,
And give thy thought the unchecked rein.
Say, does thy heart throb wildly now ?
And hangs surprise upon thy brow ?

When such a silent scene's before thee,
And Heaven's immensity is o'er thee,
Art thou alone on earth ? No sound
Is heard in all the space around,
Save the roar of the distant wave,
The death-song o'er the sailor's grave.
Art thou alone on earth ? The song
That lately swelled so loud and long,
Has ceased ; & hushed are the plough-boy's numbers,
As the voice of the dead who beneath thee slumbers.
The mount, the grove, the valley green,
Are mixed in one unvarying scene

For just so dim and just so bright
Doth the cold moon shed her witching light,
That though around the horizon
All views are mixed and blent in one,
And one wide scene of silence lone
Before thy eye is faintly shown—
Though nought thou canst distinctly mark,
Yet there's an outline, dim and dark,
Which fancy can distinctly fill
With grove and glen and bubbling rill.
Far distant here and there are seen
The spots of ocean burnished sheen,
And adding to the gloom profound,
That's cast from every scene around.
Now look at the dark and gloomy bed,
And pillow of the sacred dead,
The marble tomb, the humble grave,
Where sleep the master and the slave—
Then ask thy pride, (for thou art proud)
If Death must wrap his palsying shroud
On these thy limbs ; if rich and great,
And princes, throned in earthly state,
Must die and moulder with the poor,
Why seek of worldly goods a store ?
Or mount ambition's proudest height ?
A moment, and thy power—thy might
Is sunk in death.—Mark now yon tomb,
That hides within its ample womb
The last remains of one, who led
The band of heroes, long since dead,
When first the voice of our fathers broke
On the gloom, where Plymouth's sacred rock

Stood moveless to the foamy tide,
That broke along its wave-worn side—
While bending o'er the moss-grown stone,
Upon thine eye what tear-drop shone ?
Ah ! 'tis with rev'rence thou hast thought,
What deeds his hands heroic wrought.
Thy soul is swelled with the emotion
Of rev'rence mingled with devotion.
Thy swelling heart demands a tear,
A gem to deck his ashes dear.
Yet must thy throbbing bosom know
A still more soft, more tender glow.
Here is a grave. It shows where late,
Stern Death has winged his shaft with fate.
Thy friend has left earth's cares and pains ;
Here moulder now his last remains.
Or else some lately blushing fair,
Whose light blue eyes, and flowing hair
Soft floating on the summer gale
Have sunk before the monster pale.
Thou deem'st, again thou seest anew
Her health-flushed cheek and eye of blue.
So strong the image is impressed
Upon thy quite-believing breast,
That through the church's window cast,
As a flickering beam has past,
And decked some marble's glossy white,
That glows mid humbler grave-stones bright,
Thou deem'st some sheeted spectre's risen,
From its damp and darksome prison,
To tell thee of some deathly lore
That mortal never heard before,

Thy fancy sees the rising shade
In its sepulchral robes arrayed,
Its wavering figure dimly bounded,
With many a misty wreath surrounded,
Till it at last in darkness fades,
Mingling with its sister shades.

Such solemn scenes thy bosom swell
With feelings far too deep to tell,
The place, where the mouldering dead
Must ever rest his lowly head,
Awakens such a train of thought,
That, earth and all its cares forgot,
It seems as if the mind were sent
Up to the boundless firmament,
Viewing with its enraptured eye
Heaven and its Immensity.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

A PASTORAL POEM.

Written in College at the age of twelve.

THIS will perhaps please the taste of those who are fond of dwelling on the innocent conceptions of childhood—who can repose, with the youthful poet, “on the green couch of nature,” and participate his cheerfulness, when “winter comes, and shakes his hoary locks.” It is written with that simplicity and artlessness so pleasing in the productions of one so young. It shows that he was, even at that early age, a close observer and warm admirer of nature.—*Ed.*

Not the rude clamour of the crowded streets,
Or coaches rattling on the paved way,
Or haughty beaux, stalking with heads erect,
With hearts elate, and hair of fragrant smell,

Nor empty beauties of the table spread
With choicest dainties brought from Europe's clime,
Delight my soul. No. Rather would I dwell,
Remote from cities far, to live retired
Beside a shady grove in humble cot.
Beside my house, a garden filled with flowers
Should all my listless, idle hours employ.
Then would my cup with blessings overflow.
My joy should never be by grief alloyed,
But with my lot contented would I rest.
Before the sun diffuses light and heat,
From eastern skies, old Somnus I would leave,
And with untainted pleasure would inhale
The morning air, and listen to the voice
Of feathered songsters most divinely sweet,
While all around me the gay flowers afford
Refreshing odours such as might inspire
My soul with vigour; while all nature green
And cheerful should participate my bliss.
The gaudy flowers luxuriant spread their leaves,
With beauty far excelling human art.
The sprightly lambkins skipping o'er the lawn,
Bounding from rock to rock, from crag to crag,
Like chamois sporting on the Alpine hills,
Patterns of innocence, delight my eyes.
The harmless cattle nip the verdant grass,
Whose milk affords me most delicious food.
And faithful Tray should play around my feet
In nimble gambols. When the noontide sun
Shall scorch with raging heat the arid plains;
When withered plants, deprived of all their moisture,
Shall droop, and lifeless hang their flaccid leaves,

Reclining by a pleasant, murmur'ring rill
Meand'ring through the mead, in winding maze,
On the green couch of nature, 'neath the shade
Of a tall oak which spreading wide its boughs,
By'ts gently rustling leaves, seems to invite
The wearied traveller to repose his limbs,
And from the burning sun defend himself—
In this inviting, calm and cool retreat,
Thus seated at my ease in listless mood,
Devoid of care I pass the time away.
My shepherd's crook lies on the verdant grass,
And bleating flocks encompass me around.
While from my pipe formed of unequal reeds
I warble forth my simple melody,
And sing the pleasures of a rural life ;
Or else, in social converse with a swain,
Our time unheeded swiftly passes on ;
Or lovely——sitting by my side,
I talk of sighs, of wounds, and Cupid's darts,
And tell, with throbbing heart, my tale of woe—
That cruel Cupid from his quiver drew,
A pointed arrow tipped with shining gold
(Not unlike that which once Apollo felt)
With steady hand he twanged the pliant yew,
With aim too sure, my tender heart transfix'd.
I felt the wound ; if beauteous——frown,
And turn from me with scorn, I pine, I die.

When Sol below the western skies withdraws
His radiant light, and Vesper comes apace,
The welkin thick bespangled o'er with stars
Distant from us, immensurate, and vast,
Our thoughts expand, and our ideas rise

To the Creator of the universe,
Who made and governs all things; by whose will
They are created, by whose will preserved.
Then from the east, the lady of the night,*
With native beauty, and her face unveiled
By envious, sable clouds, rises sublime.
And when the labour of the day is past,
Then sitting by a window I should feel
The cooling zephyrs gently on me blow,
And with a friend would talk of times now past,
Of things which happened when we both were young;
But if perchance no friend should be at hand,
Then would I listen to the tuneful birds,
Which, while I chanted forth a simple song,
Echoing in sweet response, melodious sing,
Filling the grove with their sweet harmony.
In contemplation then, I would behold
The beauties of the starry firmament.
Admiring I would view the milky way
Filled with innumerable, shining stars,
Where ancient poets feigned the Gods did dwell.
Thus happy would I spend the summer's day,
Nor envy usurers their shining gold,
Not troubled by the crowded cities' noise,
And din and clamour of the restless mob,
But far retired with few and honest friends
Whose love secured should be my chief delight.
At length, when summer's past, and autumn comes,
I reap the just reward of all my toils.
The golden fruit, which bends the strongest trees,

* A style of entitling her ladyship which several times occurs in our poet's juvenile productions.

Beautiful to the eye, of flavour sweet,
And wholesome to the taste, must now be gathered,
And stored away till stormy winter comes.
Now the adjacent land is hid beneath
The heaps of smiling fruit of yellow dye.
And now from some delicious wine is prest,
Than which celestial nectar's not more sweet.
Now from the horn of plenty Ceres pours
With liberal, bountiful and generous hand
The harvest of the year. And now when all
Is stored in well filled granaries, then I,
Secure from cares and sitting at my ease,
Would quaff the social glass, nor would refuse
To join the gen'ral mirth, to crack a joke,
To sing a pleasant song, or hear the news ;
And when we all are sated with the jokes,
To join in childish play ; to throw the quoit,
Or mix with wrestlers sporting on the green
Like the Athletæ famed in days of yore.
Now all the trees, stript of their wonted clothes,
Expose their naked arms unto the wind.
All things presage th' approaching wintry storms,
And warn us to prepare for chilling frosts.
Nor would my pleasure end when winter comes,
And shakes his hoary locks. No ! still would I
Enjoy a sweet serenity of mind,
Which wealth and grandeur never could bestow,
And which the haughty conqu'ror never knows.
When blust'ring Boreas whistles 'mong the trees,
Bending the body of the pliant reed,
Tearing the branches of the sturdy oak,
And shakes the weak foundation of my cot,

And flakes of snow, thick flying, fill the air,
Sternly forbidding Sol to dart his rays
Upon the weary trav'ller's shiv'ring limbs,
Then sitting by a warm and blazing fire,
The foaming liquor standing by my side,
To contemplation I should be inclined—
To read a little, or invoke the muse ;
Or singing to the merry violin,
The time insensibly would pass away.
Perchance the frozen ground might naked lie,
Then I, with skate tight fastened to my feet,
Would skim the surface of the slipp'ry ice ;
With easy glide and rapid motion cross
The frozen pond, and sweep in circle nice
And curious ; or, with redoubled speed,
Outstrip the movement of the swiftest horse.
And when the spring returns, with joy would hail
The renovated verdure of the trees,
Waving to every gentle western breeze,
With tender buds expanding to the sun ;
While gaudy flowers their op'ning leaves unfold,
Of varions hue.
Meanwhile the genial influence of the sun
Warns me to plant in earth the early seeds.
Thus would I spend my life in calm retreat,
In happiness untainted by alloy.
Envy would never reach my peaceful breast,
But free from all the cares which misers feel,
Retired I'd live, retired I'd die.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MY MUCH LAMENTED CLASSMATE,
 HENRY SMITH, WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION, IN
 HIS SENIOR YEAR, DECEMBER 28, 1820.

1 What means the saddened brow, the falling tear,
 That slowly trickles down the pallid cheek ?

Has death e'er hurled his ruthless arrow here ?

Does youthful blood upon his dagger reek ?

Ah ! one among our band in vain you seek,
 Whose shortened days his weeping friends deplore,
 And soft in faltering accents seem to speak,
 The last, the fatal conflict now is o'er,
 His dying pang has past, and SMITH is now no more.

2 Yes, SMITH has fled. But whither has he flown ?
 Ask the dark Atheist, votary of chance—

His answer heard, all consolation's gone,

Sudden as meteors on night's blue expanse.

“ Those eyes, which once beamed friendship in their
 glow,

“ Forever, ever sleep in death's dark bed ;

“ Above his grave oblivion's stream shall flow ;

“ That mind, which such a soothing lustre shed,

“ Shall ne'er again revive—no, 'tis forever fled.”

3 Oh ! consolation sad ! *Forever* gone ?

Thy soul from kindred souls forever riven,
 E'en when the sacred monumental stone

Crumbles before the softest winds of heaven ?

'Thy dust before the rapid whirlwinds driven ?

Sunk in eternal nothingness thy mind ?

Is this the only consolation given

To mourning friends and relatives behind ?
The heart is cold indeed, to such a thought resigned !

4 The christian's faith unfolds a brighter scene.
Behold, exulting from its earthly clay,
His spirit mounting through the sky scene,
And entering on the realms of endless day.
The eye of faith can future scenes *display*,
Where death's dark stream rolls on its farther shore,
And sees, by aid of revelation's ray,
Those realms unknown and unconceived before,
Where friends at last shall meet, and meet to part no
more.

5 Thy virtues, SMITH, not like the noonday sun,
Burst full and dazzling on the feeble sight,
But more as when his burning course is done,
In silver robes the milder queen of night
Sheds far and wide her softly beaming light
Upon the mount, the forest and the lawn,
And on the lake's clear surface glimmers bright,
Whose murmuring waves her sparkling gems adorn,
That slowly fade away before the rising morn.

6 Not the cold monument shall rise to tell
The passing stranger of thy early doom.
But oft thy friends, who knew and loved thee well,
Shall drop a sacred tear upon thy tomb,
Yet they cannot again revive thy bloom,
Till the last trump shall sound its final blast,
To wake the nations from their awful gloom,
And from their orbs the radiant planets cast,
When *all that now exists shall be forever past.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

ON VISITING PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, SEPT., 4, 1822.

- 1 I LOOKED on the scenes where I often have gazed,
And my memory painted before me
A vision of bliss which my fancy had raised,
As her powerful charm was thrown o'er me.
- 2 But where are the friends, on this spot, who have
loved
To list to instruction so often,
With whom through the wood and the meadow I've
roved,
The roughness of sorrow to soften ?
- 3 They have parted—on earth we are never to meet,
And ere we again shall assemble,
The earth and the seas on its borders that beat,
At the trumpet's last echo shall tremble.
- 4 I thought, as my fancy looked back on the time,
That had passed from existence forever,
Again I could wish for those pleasures sublime,
That again I might part from them never.
- 5 But all on the earth must be changed and be gone,
And none of our joys is abiding.
We grasp at our pleasures—those pleasures have flown,
As the waves of the ocean are gliding.
- 6 Yet still there's a transport of tender delight,
When memory gazes in sadness,
On the scenes that have past to the darkness of night,
Till we're lost in the vision of gladness.

THE CREATION.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

Th' Almighty frowned. 'The trembling rebels, driven
Far downward from the blissful realms of Heaven,
Affrighted fled. Th' Eternal's vengeance rose,
And like a flood o'erwhelmed his powerless foes.
Then all was peace. Then Heaven's celestial choir,
Bowing before the eternal throne of fire,
Shout Holy, Holy, Holy is our God.
Heaven, hell and chaos tremble at His nod.
There while they warble, their extatic strains
Ascend on high, to where th' Eternal reigns. 10
Volumes of darkness round his footstool wreath,
And part above, where with his burning breath
A stream of fire bursts through the darkling cloud,
Where rides his powerful voice in thunders loud.
Thence gleams insufferable glory round,
At which seraphic bands with awe profound
Veil their bright faces ; for the solar light
Breaks not so dazzling on our feeble sight
As that bright sun on every angel's eye
Pours the full light of Heavenly majesty. 20
Beside the throne stern Justice darts his beams,
As where the lightning's purple kindling streams
Of blasting fire sweep through the stormy sky
Before the thunder-peal that follows nigh.
There, like the moon, mild Mercy sheds her ray,
To turn the night of heavenly wrath to day.
Below, a train of bright archangels stands,
Waiting in reverence for His high commands

Without, dark chaos rolls its putrid tide,
Where silence, night and death in terror ride. 30
Earth, air and water in one mingled wave
Roll noiseless on, without a shore to lave.
All, all is silent, dark and waste and void,
Like mingled worlds in one wide heap destroyed,
Where the dark tempest of the Almighty's wrath
Spreads death and terror round His burning path.
And where that formless mass of matter lay
From endless ages, one enlivening ray
Ne'er beamed along the gloom. The throne of night
Impervious to the beams of heavenly light 40
Frowned rayless o'er the wide, the vast immense,
Impressing nought but death on every sense,
If sense were there. A thousand spirits brood,
Formless, unconscious o'er the wasteful flood.
Light, life and sense in like confusion sleep
O'er the unsounding billows of the deep.

But now the time had come, when God's decree,
Formed in the ages of eternity,
Had thus ordained, that order, life and form
Should spring from this vast wilderness of storm. 50
Th' Almighty raised his awful voice of thunder,
The trembling angels bow in fear and wonder.
But Gabriel knew to him the signal given,
And darting through the glitt'ring arch of heaven,
He took the trump fraught with th' Almighty's breath,
The trump which yet shall shake the throne of death,
And on the shining walls of heaven he stood—
Beneath him, chaos spread its yawning flood.
He raised the trump. Into one breath he cast
His every nerve, and gave the awful blast. 60

Through Heaven's bright vault its notes tremendous
swell,

Roll o'er the trembling deep, and shake the depths
of Hell.

Quick at the signal all the heavenly train,
In bright array, throng o'er the spacious plain.
Th' Eternal from his radiant throne descends,
Beneath His power His golden chariot bends.
Then midst the train slow rolled the burning car ;
Th' adoring seraphs spread their wings afar.
Th' eternal gates of Heaven unfolding wide
Disclose the waves of chaos' mingled tide. 70

As 'neath their arch the host seraphic trod,
Wide chaos trembled at the voice of God—
“ Let there be light.” Th' abyss of darkness shone—
A beam of glory from th' Almighty's throne
Burst on the night-wrapt waters. Darkness fled,
In hell's deep caves to make her lonely bed.
Now chaos first disclosed its dread profound,
Where far and wide the same disorder frowned.
As when some land forgets its God to praise,
By His command, above its impious race 80
Stern desolation waves her withering hand,
And fearful pest'ience shakes her flaming brand.
Thus, but far worse mixed, earth and waters lay,
Now first exposed before the light of day.

Tumultuous billows rolled without a sound,
For want of air to force their circles round.
For not a breeze above the billows hung ;
A whirlwind never o'er the deep had rung.
The wind slept lifeless on the dreary ocean,
Nor swept the billow in its playful motion. 90

Th' Almighty saw. He spoke. The waters fled,
Bursting through boundless space with quickening
speed,

And ne'er had ceased, but that same potent word,
Which tore them from their bed, again restored
Them trembling as adoring at his feet,
Where the tumultuous surges vainly beat.

" Spring order from disorder." Thus he spoke.

"Tis done. And seen by light that on them broke,
The rebel spirits brooding o'er the waste,

From heavenly light as they in terror haste, 100
Far downward held their solitary path,
Chased by the lightnings of eternal wrath.

Now backward rolling swift the waves retired,
And mid the deep a thousand isles aspired.

Now farther still the waves, as they retreat,
Thundering along the shores, are heard to beat.
The air elastic springs above the deep,

Soft through the waves its sighing murmurs sweep.

Again the Eternal spoke. Swifter than thought,
Worlds rise on worlds unnumbered. There the sun,
Quick as the lucid spark from steel that's caught,
Springs from the deep, prepared his course to run.
There sheds the moon her silver ray, and here
The planets stand around their central sphere.
Here the red comet waves its blazing train,
There stars innum'rous crowd the azure plain.
All these along th' immense in order stand,
Ready at once to move at God's command.

But not a tree its branches spread around—
Not e'en the waving grass bent o'er the ground. 120
The eyes might wander for a shrub in vain

O'er all the earth, as on some Eastern plain,
O'er which unwatered by a single spring,
The blasting Siroc waves its scarlet wing.
Again th' Almighty's voice was heard afar,
And at his mandate trembled every star.
At once the forest cast its pensive shade,
And the long grass in gentle breezes played.
Again at God's command, earth, air and ocean,
All teemed with life and animated motion. 130
The eagle skimmed along the cloudless sky ;
Far through the forest rung the lion's cry.
The huge leviathan extended wide
His scaly bulk along th' unruffled tide.

" Let us make man," Jehovah said—and straight
Upon the earth a God-like form there stood.
His eye glanced upward, thoughtful and sedate,
Nor fixed on earth, as did the brutish brood.

" Rule," said Jehovah, " o'er this wide domain,
" To thee 'tis given to rule the feathered train, 140
" Upon the pinions of the wind that sweep,
" And all the monsters of the briny deep.
" Beast, bird and insect at thy feet shall bow.
" Thou art, O man, the Lord of all below."
Thus spoke Jehovah from his chariot throne,
And on the man in mild effulgence shone.
He bowing low, with humble voice confess
His Maker's image on his heart imprest.
But moveless yet the orbs resplendent stood,
Waiting the dread command alone of God. 150
" Now," said Jehovah, " yon celestial train,
" Wake on each string your every morning strain,
" And ye bright orbs in boundless space that stand,

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE melancholy event, which the poet here commemorates, occurred on *Marshfield Beach*, within a short distance of his own residence. It was an occurrence, which, from the distressing circumstances attending it, attracted the attention of the public, and excited the sympathy and generosity of the benevolent. A short time after the event, the author, who was but a boy both in age and appearance, was taken to the shore to view the scene; and so deep was the impression it made upon his youthful imagination, that he made it the subject of a poem of considerable length—from which the following extracts are taken. The brig *Grasshopper*, Captain Malbon, was driven ashore, in a violent gale, Saturday, October 25th, 1823, at 10 o'clock in the evening. The crew consisted of nine men exclusive of the commander and his wife. Captain M. was on his way to settle in this country, attended by his youthful bride, to whom he had been united but a few weeks previos. Followed by misfortune in his own country, he had embarked for this, with the hopes of finding a better fate in a land of liberty. He had been once before during this voyage nearly wrecked—in which he lost the greater part of his property, which he had been able to save from his own and his wife's fortune; but he was now destined to endure still greater miseries, not only by the loss of all his goods, but by the severe sufferings to which he was exposed, in the expectation of momentary death. The night was dark, cold and tempestuous. The brig struck upon a ledge of rocks within a few rods of the shore; but, so dark was the night, the land was entirely invisible. She immediately parted, and nothing was left but the shattered deck, which was unceasingly dashed upon the rocks, at the mercy of the winds and waves. To this wretched support they continued to cling, ignorant of their situation, and expecting that every wave would sweep them from their feeble hold, and dash them to instant ruin. In this awful condition, (immersed in water, and saved from sinking only by main strength) they remained from ten in the evening till five in the morning. They were then discovered by a person who resides near the scene of suffering, and by his disinterested and laborious exertions, were all saved. His name* deserves to be mentioned with praise, but the consciousness of having preserved the lives of eleven fellow-beings is his noblest reward. On shore they experienced a generous hospitality honourable to the benevolence and kindness of its inhabitants. Mrs. M. was the only female on board. Unaccustomed to such exposure, it seemed almost impossible for her to endure the sufferings of that night. Her uncommonly slender and delicate form, with the bridal garments

**Mr Waterman Thomas.*

in which she was clothed, was ill fitted to endure the hardships to which she was so long exposed. She was several times forced from her hold by the violence of the waves, and was saved from instant death by the sole exertions of one of the crew, who, with a generosity characteristic of the sailor, exposed his own life to save hers. He placed himself as a protection between her and the dashing elements that threatened her weaker form with immediate destruction. By her husband's request she had just retired at the moment the vessel struck, and was holding in her hand the *Church Prayer Book*, in which she had been seeking consolation, amid the horrors and fearful dangers that surrounded her. This was found the next morning in her bosom--and the impressions made by its pressure remained distinct for months after. To this circumstance the poet alludes. He describes the scene, not from fancy, but fact. The afflictions which she endured were too severe for her delicate constitution. When she was taken from the wreck, she was in a state of exhaustion and insensibility--the vital spark seemed almost extinct. But she yet survives--a fading monument of human suffering.--*Ed.*

* * * * *

Not former sufferings, nor their long fatigue
Appease the rage of the insatiate league
Of winds and waters, whose combined array
Gathered fresh dangers round their toilsome way.
'Twas at the evening hour. They hoped once more,
Ere the next dawn to hail the welcome shore.
That hope had lighted up the sunken eye,
And checked within the breast the rising sigh.
In vain night's rayless horrors gathered round,
And the blue wave in utmost darkness bound.
In vain the ocean raised its tempest cry,
In vain the rising billow rolled on high,
In vain the hurricane's resistless sweep
Whirled o'er the watery waste, in murmurs deep.
All these could not inspire their hearts with fear;
The dauntless seaman saw no danger near.

Then, M******, on thy placid brow there shone,
The light that beams from fearless hope alone.
Yet all thy cheerfulness could not dispel
The sad forebodings, that so darkly fell
Upon her heart, whose sufferings alone
Strike thee with deeper sorrow than thine own.
Cease to console. Ere one short hour be past,
On lurking rocks thy hapless vessel's cast.
O ! Who can tell the suff'rings of that dismal night,
When not one object met the anxious sight,
And darkness o'er them hung her gloomy shroud,
Deepening the horrors of that tumult loud—
O ! Who can tell what terror filled their minds,
When, as they heard the howl of waves and winds,
Nothing to eye or ear, save these alone,
Spake ought of an existence but their own.
While all around the mighty waters swelled,
And o'er their heads a fearful revel held !
Uprising darkly, oft the swelling surge,
(Raised by the winds that seemed to howl their dirge,)
Above them for a moment threat'ning stood ;
Then on them burst its suffocating flood ;
And as that deluge o'er their vessel hung,
Each hand to its support more firmly clung ;
And as that deluge burst with thund'ring roar,
Each hand from its support it almost tore.

How oft toward the east their longing eyes
Were turned in hope to see the morning rise !
How oft as they intensely gazed, they deemed,
The gladsome ray athwart the ocean beamed.
And as they watched for its increasing light,
As oft the fancied ray, that mocked their sight,
Fled, and a more terrific blackness frowned,

Till in despair, they thought that every sound
Of winds that murmured from the deep afar,
Spoke their last doom in that eventful war,
And every wave, that whelmed them in its foam
Seemed like the angel sent to call them home.
Yet they in all the terrors of the storm,
Forgot not to protect that weaker form,
Whose bridal vestments could not now avail
To stem the fury of the eastern gale.
Her, almost hopeless, doth the seaman clasp,
Anxious to save from the unpitying grasp
Of rising billows that so fiercely wooed,
And seemed to threaten in their clamours rude,
To celebrate beneath the distant wave,
Her nuptials with the monarch of the grave.

Fear not, frail mortal! Though thou'rt hid in gloom
Deep as the dread recesses of the tomb,
There's an All-seeing eye, which never sleeps,
That now beholds thee sinking in the deeps,
That, ere the seas rolled o'er thee, saw thee there,
Bent o'er the page, that guided thee in prayer.

Fear not, frail mortal! Midst that deafening noise,
There speaks, (unheard by man,) a still, small voice,
That curbs the billow in its loftiest height,
Reins the fierce tempest, and directs its flight.
It is His awful presence, whose command,
Rules with like sway on ocean and on land;
His breath stirs up the seas; and ere you merge
Beneath the waters of the whelming surge,
Thus His command restrains them as they flow,
"Thus far, proud wave, no farther shalt thou go."
For He, who will not let the sparrow fall,
Without His notice, now preserves you all.

AN EXTRACT

FROM A POEM IN THREE CANTOS,

ENTITLED ALONZO.

Alonzo thus begins the narrative of his life.

ON the gilded sheen of Erie's wave,
When the glittering sunbeams glance,
I have seen the Indian wanderer brave
The water's wide expanse.

All reckless whether weal or woe
Lurked in its swelling breast,
I have seen him plough with his light canoe
The billow's glittering crest.

Too late he hears Niagara's crash,
And is swept to the gulf below—
He scarcely sees its torrent dash,
And the waters o'er him flow.

So who down life's deceitful stream
Hopes peacefully to glide,
Unrobbed of joy's entrancing beam,
Must wake from his illusive dream,
At the dash of sorrow's tide.

Who, when the cloudless face of morn
Laughs in the eastern skies,
Knows but its beams may soon be gone,
And scowling tempests rise ?

AN EXTRACT FROM THE SAME POEM.

EDWIN, a youth, in his wanderings over a desert, discovered under a wide spreading willow,

" Low knelt beneath its awful gloom,
Beside a flower-encircled tomb,
An aged hermit. White as snow
His locks, which half obscured his brow."

Alonzo, the hermit, discovers the dead body of his daughter Amelia, and buries it with his own hands. After years had passed away, and he had lingered, with a father's fondness around her lonely tomb, and cherished her memory with undiminished affection, he is relating to his guest the scenes of his past life, and concludes with a description of the person and burial of Amelia. This youthful stranger proves to be his own grandson—the "lost infant" of his own loved daughter.*—*Ed.*

Oh ! Death but gave a softer grace
To the pensive beauties of that face.
It seemed, that as she breathed her last,
A placid smile o'er her lips was cast.
It told that reason came once more,
And heaven its smile of promise o'er
Her face had cast, ere it took her breath,
And stamped it with the seal of death.
Unseen of all, I brought her here,
Watering her path with many a tear.
She slumbers on her cold damp pillow,
Beneath yon softly sighing willow.
How oft, like winter's howling wind,
The palsying thought comes o'er my mind,
That my Amelia, once my pride,
Unseen, unwept, unpitied died.

*This poem, which is very long, was written at the age of fifteen, while he resided at home, between the time of his leaving college, and the commencement of his professional studies. He composed it probably for his amusement, for he was never idle. It contains some fine description, and abounds with pure and tender sentiment.—*Ed.*

That she, from whose smiles I once could borrow
A beam to play on the cloud of sorrow,
Who soothed me by her gentle mirth,
Now lay a lifeless clod of earth,
For worms to feed on. Then the dawn
Of joy would bid the thought be gone.
And as I viewed her wasting form,
Long, long exposed to the wintry storm,
Then a tear would tremble in my eye,
A ray of hope from the realms on high,
Would fall, like the sun on a parting cloud,
And give it the rainbow's colours proud.
As it dissolved in the golden beam,
Methought I saw, as in a dream,
Her spirit clothed in robes of light,
Beyond the bounds of earthly sight.
When winter's hoary robe was gone,
And the vernal sun in beauty shone,
O'er that form unstained by guilt,
With my own hands this tomb I built,
Planted the willow by its side,
Which spreads its mournful branches wide.
When winter passed, I sought each flower,
(Frail emblem of life's passing hour)
To deck this tomb. The blushing rose,
The lily, chaste as winter's snows,
The honey-suckle's soft perfume,
The Columbine, with gaudy bloom,
The poisonous fox-glove's flowery stem,
The humbler star of Bethlehem,
The Arethusa's modest hue,
All these around her tomb you view.

THE SULTAN'S VISION.

THE moon her gentle lustre gave
Along the Euxine's sparkling wave,
And beaming soft and fair and bright
Upon Byzantium fell her light,
Where tower, and dome and minaret
In pride of eastern splendour met.
As still the hour, as calm the view—
As soft the passing breezes flew,
As if no thought of rage or care
Could reach the souls, that slumbered there.
But, ah ! those quiet rays were beaming
On vengeful fiends, of murder dreaming.

The tidings had of late been brought,
How Missolonghi's heroes fought
And fell ; and with them came the boast,
How, gleaming from the Paynim host
The Janizary's scimitar
Had swelled the purple tide of war,
And how the bravest, richest blood
Of Hellas flowed to swell the flood.
Trophies were there of head and limb,
Sent from the bloody Ibrahim.
Madly their joy and tumult rose
To learn the slaughter of their foes,
And through the streets was heard to ring
The noise of mirth and revelling.

But now 'twas hushed—and bright and still
On azure wave and purling rill,
The moon looked calmly down and smiled,
Unmindful of the riot wild,

That through the scene had rolled along,
With reckless laugh and mirthful song.
All sound of human life had fled—
Stilled was the Moslem's daring tread.
For sleep had closed his eyes to rest,
And spread her influence o'er his breast.
His lip no longer curled in scorn
On thoughts in gentler bosoms born,
Nor scowled his darkly lowering eye
On feelings of humanity.
But still his bosom sunk and rose
In dreamis, with passion's furious throes.
Nought broke the stillness, save the howling
Of dogs, in hungry madness prowling,
To glut their greedy maws with flesh,
Straight from the field of murder fresh—
With mangled limbs, by fiends accurst
Cast out and trodden in the dust.

Such was the hour, when on his bed
The Turkish monarch laid his head,
With fierce and savage triumph gazing,
Where his dim lamp, by its last blazing,
Displayed, all ghastly, scarred and red
The vissages of heroes dead.

His eyelids closed in slumbers deep—
Strange fancies mocked his startled sleep.
In painful waywardness they rove
Through space around, below, above.
Terrific forms before him rolled,
But whether of material mould,
Was unrevealed, unknown to him,
They moved so undefined and dim.

As they were flitting fast before him,
The fearful thoughts of dreams came o'er him.

A brighter ray the scene pervades,
And gleaming on the murky shades,
Reveals, that human shapes are there,
Though thin and light as fleeting air.
And as their outline plainer grew
Their form and features well he knew,
And quaked with fear, to see a band
Of ancient worthies round him stand,
Whose names have been, for ages past,
With freedom's boldest champions classed.

There great Miltiades proudly stood.
His blade was reeking with the blood
Of Persian slaves, that poured their life
In Marathon's eventful strife.

There, covered o'er with wounds was he,
The hero of Thermopylæ,
Whose little band unquailing stood,
Breasting the fierce barbarian flood—
Nor knew, nor thought, nor wished to flee
From deeds of boldest chivalry.

There too the Theban from his heart
Drew calmly forth the fatal dart,
As when on Mantinea's plains,
The last life-drop forsook his veins.

With mien austere and aspect rude,
The Spartan legislator stood,
Regarding with defiance bold
The all-subduing power of gold.
The pride of Grecian eloquence,
His country's strongest, sure defence,

Shot from his dark and sparkling eye
The fire of truth and liberty.

He too, for justice long renowned,
Was in the band, that gathered round,
And they, who, as they calmly quaffed
The hemlock's paralyzing draught,
Misguided Athens had forgiven,
Though by a maniac frenzy driven.
The Chian bard was in the throng—
The life and soul of ancient song.
All these their looks terrific fixed,
On head and limb and carcass mixed
Of their own sons, whose doom was sealed
On Missolonghi's purple field.

The Chian rose.—Not rayless now
The orbs, that rolled beneath his brow,
But full they shone with heavenly light,
That burst upon his opening sight.
He thought with grief upon the hour,
When Chios felt the Moslem's power,
When his loved isle was crimsoned o'er
With slaughter's stream of purple gore.
The flush of inspiration came
Athwart his visage, like a flame.
He fixed his keen and piercing eye
On visions of futurity.
Not with the spirit now he glowed,
That from the Delphic tripod flowed,
But that, which shed its holy beam
On Daniel's bold, prophetic dream.
Then, like the sweeping whirlwind's gust,
His voice upon the silence burst.

'Thou friend to destruction, and foe of the good,
 Insatiate with slaughter and thirsting for blood—
 That blood, which thy daring oppression hath spilt,
 Is crying for vengeance and wrath on thy guilt.
 The maiden—the infant—the warrior—the sage
 Have fallen alike by thy merciless rage.
 The patriot's heart its last torrent has poured
 And heaved its last throb on the point of thy sword.
 Yet some have been spared, but to languish and pine,
 Where the chains of oppression around them shall
 twine.
 In woe and in sorrow their lives they shall lead,
 The flame of thy merciless vengeance to feed.
 In bondage and wretchedness doomed to be bound,
 While splendour and pomp shall thy palace surround.
 Thou lookest with lofty contempt in thy mien
 On those, who dare own the despised Nazarene.
 With the voice of thanksgiving thy mosques shall re-
 sound,
 For the blood-wreath of conquest thy temples hath
 crowned ;
 And loud shalt thou raise acclamations of joy,
 To thy prophet, who arms thee with power to destroy—
 Who bids thee to spread with the sword and the flame
 The power of his cause and the truth of his name.
 In presumptuous boldness thou look'st for the hour,
 When Hellas in terror before thee shall cower.
 The name of her God thou dost boldly blaspheme,
 And daringly scoff at His power to redeem.
 But He looks on her suff'riings—He lists to her cries—
 From her place in the dust He shall bid her arise—
 Achaia shall triumph—her sons shall be free—

Before them the hosts of the despot shall flee.
For He slumb'reth not long—and He soon shall a-
wake—

And the voice of His vengeance its silence shall break.

The sun of prosperity shines on thy way,
Illuming thy path with the blaze of its day,
But the blood, thou hast shed, hath exhaled to the
sky.

Behold—it is gathering in clouds from on high.
There has fall'n not a Christian, whose blood thou
hast shed,

But that blood shall return with a curse on thy head.
Behold—'Tis the blackness of darkness impending—
The voice of the tempest the concave is rending—
The lightnings are blazing—the thunders are roaring—
The deluge in torrents around thee is pouring.
Thou shalt reap the reward, which thy crimes have
deserved—

Nay—shrink not—resist not—thine arm is unnerved—
And well shalt thou learn, ere the conflict is over,
That thou strivest in vain with the might of Jehovah.
It is He, that is coming. His spirits in crowds
Are thronging about his pavilion of clouds.

It is He, that is coming. Storm, tempest and blaze
Encircle his footsteps—attend on his ways.

The sound of His coming the Heavens shall rend,
The hills shall be scattered—the mountains shall bend.
With the speed of the winds He shall come to proclaim
His mercy to those, that have trusted his name;
And then shall his fury unmeasured be poured
On those, that have slaughtered His sons with the
sword—

And the souls of your bravest—the pride of your nation
Shall melt in the blaze of His fierce indignation.
How death-like the faintness and sinking and fear,
That shall seize on thy heart, when His power shall
appear !

The tremblings of terror, convulsing thy frame,
Shall fill thee with dread at the sound of His name.
The cold drops of anguish shall stand on thy brow,
All pallid and deathly—Nay—tremble not now.
Say, where is thy helper, or where is thy friend ?
When He is against thee, O ! who can defend !
To hide from His presence, say, where wilt thou flee !
To the blackness of night, or the depths of the sea ?
Let Him but command, and the ocean's dark waves
Shall retire and reveal thee concealed in its caves.
Then shrink to the centre, in darkness and night,
All gloomy and rayless, and hide thee from sight.
The mountains shall sunder. The sun's broadest
glare

Shall burst on that darkness & search for thee there.
His hand there shall grasp thee, & bring thee to see,
Where death and destruction are howling for thee.
Pressed, crushed & tormented, escape there is none—
The last ray of hope and of comfort is gone.
The fire of His vengeance, with blast and with blight,
All with'ring and scorching, thy senses shall smite.
The warm thrill of life through thy bosom shall flow,
Alive but to agony, anguish and wo.
The waves of His fury upon thee shall roll,
And conscience shall fasten its thorns on thy soul;
The fiend of remorse with its venomous fangs,
Shall harrow thy breast with its deadliest pangs,

Shall fill thee with torments too fearful to bear,
 And toss thee in sport on the wave of despair.
 Upon thee the nations shall gaze, and shall own,
 That the power, that hath cast thee to earth from thy
 throne,

And made thee thus loathsome, detested, abhorred,
 Was the word of the Highest—the hand of the Lord.

He spoke—and Mahmoud's slumber fled.

But still the visions round his bed
 Appeared to move. The moon-light dim
 Shone faint on head and trunk and limb,
 Whose ghastly forms he dared not view,
 Fearing they might recal anew
 The vision, which had o'er him past,
 And on his mind such terrors cast.

No sound was heard—'twas hushed as death.

The very whisper of his breath
 Was half suppressed ; he feared to hear
 The Chian's accents meet his ear.

Palsied was every limb, and still
 He trembling lay—and damp and chill
 Across his count'nance, pale and cold
 The death-like dews of terror rolled.

The jewels of his diadem—

He saw no lustre then in them.

He thought of nought, but terrors deep,
 And dire forebodings of his sleep.

The sun arose—and many a day
 In pomp and splendour passed away—
 But yet that vision oft was brought
 At once to his astonished thought,
 And filled his mind with fear and gloom
 At thought of Missolonghi's doom.

A DISCOURSE.

“The heart knoweth his own bitterness.”—Prov. xiv. 10.

EVERY unprejudiced man, whether he believes or denies the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, must admit this, that the writer of them was one, who “knew what was in man.” The Bible is the only book, which presents to our view human nature, stript of all poetical embellishment, and which, without shrinking from any deformities, casts its unerring glance into the inmost recesses of human depravity, like the first beam that illuminated the deep, when the mandate, “Let there be light,” shook the waters of chaos. The numerous truths relating to human nature, which are found in scripture, and the manner in which they are expressed, form an argument in favour of their divine origin. For with a conciseness peculiar to the book, it unfolds in one sentence some principle of our nature, to have arrived at which, it would have taken volumes of human treatises, and which, when pursued into all its bearings, would lead into discussions, longer than the whole volume of Holy Writ. This manner indicates, that the author, instead of labouring a long time to discover a few facts in the science of human nature, comprehended the whole at one view, and could lay down at once those general principles, from which more particular facts were to be inferred. It shows, that he was acquainted with all those latent springs, which give rise to every movement of the human mind; and this method of proceeding appears, not like the student, but the author of nature.

Of this species of truth, we find an instance in those words of Solomon, *The heart knoweth his own bitterness*. These words not only apply in one sense or another to every individual of the human race, but comprehend a great number of less extensive principles. They may apply to that peculiar animation, with which every one engages in business, that interests him ; they may apply to him, who mourns in secret, and to him, who, under a fair countenance, conceals a depraved heart ; and to various other not less frequent characters. For further illustration, let us pursue it into a few of its most obvious applications.

The interest, which every one takes in whatever relates to himself, is universally known and observed. There are but few, however, who, when they hear a person converse on a subject, in which he feels interested, can enter into his feelings, and know how to make a sufficient allowance for an engagedness, which is apt to excite the wonder, if not the contempt of an uninterested observer. There are but few also, who, when conversing on a subject which interests themselves, do not forget, that their own interest in it gives it in their view an importance, which others do not see. When one is engaged in a favourite pursuit, he is apt to expect to see others as much interested as himself, and wonders to find them looking on with coolness and indifference. They on the other hand, wonder perhaps no less at the warmth, with which he pursues an object that excites no emotions in them. This we find to be the case, even where there is no general difference or opposition between the sentiments, occupations, prejudices and interests of him, who warmly engages, and him, who looks coolly on. Nor would it

probably be an uncommon instance, to find a person, who, at one time, is deeply engaged in some project, or deeply interested in some event, and, at another time, gazes coolly and calmly on a similar object, and seems to be quite unable to enter into the feelings of those, who are engaged. This difference is produced, not by any alteration in sentiment or prejudice, but by some trivial change in circumstances, on account of which his interest was not at first excited. On cool examination, therefore, he cannot view the affair in the same light that he did formerly, and like one, who, on approaching a fancied apparition, finds it to be some common and inanimate object, he is unable to conjure up the phantom, which his fancy had before formed. These remarks are so obvious, so within the reach of common observation, and so connected, or rather identified with the trite remark, that every one has his attention most engaged and his feelings most excited by what most nearly relates to himself, that every one must have found them to be true. Yet when we see one wondering at the apathy, or at the engagedness of another, we should believe, that this obvious principle of human nature yet remained to be learned by him.

In persons of different feelings, habits, and manners of life, we may find the same thing perhaps still more strikingly exemplified. Nor is it any way to be wondered at, that we should not enter into all the views and feelings of those, whose associations, and whose pursuits are different from ours. The politician may discourse warmly and eloquently and truly on political subjects. He may delight to trace every movement of Governments to its prime motive, and to predict the political fate of empires.

Who can wonder, that he should be eloquent and warm on the subject, to which his attention has been directed, the investigation of which has called forth all the energies of his mind? Who can wonder too that the honest mechanic, whose attention has been turned another way, and who, though interested in the effects of the movements of the great political machine, feels his incompetency to trace their causes; who can wonder that he should listen unconcerned to a discourse, which from another calls forth the most undivided attention? The poet, endowed with the most exquisite sensibility to the beauties of nature, may point out to the labourer the elegance of those scenes, which are every day presented to view. But if they come not clothed in the enchantment of description, the labourer sees them not; and the poet is to him like the seer, who points out in vain to others the vision communicated only to himself. While the poet wonders at the bluntness of the labourer's feelings, the labourer wonders no less, that any beauty is discovered in the rivulet, which gives him pleasure, only as it slakes his thirst—or in the “waving field,” which delights him, only as it supplies him with food. Those finer feelings, which in one are suffered to lie dormant, in the other are cultivated and improved, and in consequence of frequent exercise, vibrate with a thrill of delight on every view of the works of Nature.

The discoverer of a principle in science is pleased to retrace the chain of thought, which led him to that discovery. But another, though pleased that the discovery is made, cares not to know how, and scarcely takes the trouble to listen to hear enumerated the chain of ideas, which led to it. One, who has discovered his former

opinions in theology, politics, or any subject of importance, to be erroneous and unfounded, and determines to adopt another system, loves to follow the train of argument, which led him to that determination. He thinks, that others may be convinced by the same arguments, which had such an effect on him. But he does not consider, that the same arguments may not make so strong an impression upon the mind of another, as they did upon his; and that however clearly his ideas may be stated, it is impossible for him to communicate to another precisely his own impressions. In all these cases, the heart only can know its own feelings, for they cannot be communicated. But this inability to communicate one's own feelings, is felt still more sensibly by those, who are bowed beneath the hand of misfortune. For the child of grief wishes to see even inanimate creation sympathizing with him. Still more does he expect, that man will feel for his sufferings. But the great bulk of mankind are quite insensible to them. Every one knows that we feel no great emotion of pity at the relation of the distresses of others, who are in no way connected with us, even so as to prevent our smiling at every thing ludicrous in the story. When, therefore, the son of sorrow, instead of inanimate nature joining in pity for him, finds even man insensible to his calamities, he feels that his heart only knows his own emotions. The pity and the kind words of his friends may be some consolation to him—but oh! he feels, he sadly feels, that they cannot enter into his feelings, and that thought gives an additional pang. When every bond, that binds him to this life, has been broken, and he sees no hope this side the grave;—when the world, which once appeared one unvaried scene of delight, is now

wrapt in darkness, in death, and in desolation, then he perceives, that he only knows, he only feels his own woe. The fruitless attempts of the tender-hearted and the benevolent to administer consolation, only drive home upon him, in all its force, and with all its aggravations, the gloomy reflection, *that the heart only knoweth his own bitterness.*

Hitherto the truth, we are illustrating, has been considered, only in regard to our *inability* to communicate to others the impressions, which certain objects make upon our minds. But the words evidently suggest those feelings (sometimes of essential importance as they relate to our happiness) which we do not *choose* to communicate—sometimes not even to ourselves. In this sense, we find the truth we are discussing to have a very extensive application. There is none, that does not recollect, that his bosom has been rent by many a pang, which he did not see fit to disclose; there is none, that knows not, that the appearance of happiness often deceives us.

The discontented poor man casts his eye over the wide world. He sees kings and princes, the rich and the royal, rioting in all the pleasures, that this world can afford, surrounded with wealth and honour, and seemingly without the weight of a single care, or the wound of a single pain, to diminish from the heaven of pleasure they enjoy. He looks on his rich neighbours. One, prudent to excess, makes an idol of his gold, and rejoices in the quantity he possesses. He is secure from want, and he must be happy. Another, more fond of pleasure, spends his time carousing in all the wantonness of mirth, and if he has a care, drowning it in the cup of intemperance. The glow of laughter never fades from his cheek, and he

must be happy. The poor man, as he looks on these, complains, that while he, as innocent as they, is writhing under the scourge of poverty, they have scarcely a care on their mind, to remind them, that they are mortal. But, mistaken man ! could he have their hearts laid open to his view, he would there read a tale of horror, that should send every wish for an exchange of situations back to his trembling heart ; should hush every impious murmur, and wake in its stead the song of thanksgiving. The king, whose rod is a nation's terror, who sits on the throne of dominion as the representative of the Almighty, even he has a tensfold share of the trials and the troubles of this world. War alarms him ; faction and rebellion threaten to cast him from his throne. The care of a nation's welfare is ever on his mind. The scrutinizing eye of a world is fixed on his every movement. What situation in life teems with cares and anxieties more than this ? All the great and the noble of the earth have a care for every comfort, and every thrill of pleasure is answered by a throb of pain.

The happiness of some is founded on the esteem of the people. But the fickle people, as if glorying in their omnipotence, and pleased to see the happiness of others depending on their wavering inclinations, may choose to-morrow to plunge from their high station those, who are now their favorites. Those, who depend upon them, fear and feel that fickleness.

Are we to look to the avaricious man for an instance of happiness ? His hand was never opened to the necessities of the poor ; his heart never responded to the call of distress. His heart is locked up with his gold. For his gold he denies himself the conveniences he might obtain. He is not the man, that enjoys life.

Nor is the votary of pleasure more to be envied. He may always have the appearance of mirth, but too often he flies to this to escape that terrible tribunal—his conscience. Though this may not at first be his object, it almost invariably proves so at last; and unhappy truly is the state of that man, who is afraid of himself. In company with others, he may attempt to drive away care by mirth. But it is in vain; and whenever he is alone, his heart fearfully tells him, that every drop from the inebriating cup increases the torrent of misery, that is pouring upon him, and that every flash of mirth, is but adding to the Hell, that burns in his bosom.

Man cannot see the heart of man. We cannot tell by our neighbour's outward appearance, whether all is peaceful within. It is not only in the dazzle of glory and honour and riches, that we are liable to be deceived. The man, who, far from the tumult and strife of the world, seems to be reposing on the bosom of domestic tranquility, may have some unseen wound rankling in his heart, and the demon of despair may stand by him unobserved, to lay its withering hand on his every joy, and his every consolation. Who has not known the time, when he felt, unseen and unpitied, some unknown anguish, when an unobserving friend told him he was happy, and when he felt, and sighed to feel, that his heart only knew his own bitterness. That shaft of affliction pierces deepest, and wounds keenest, which is aimed at some tender point, where the sufferer will not disclose the wound. For he has none of the consolations, which pity and friendship can supply; and the smothered fire, which might be discovered and extinguished if it blazed out, consumes, because unseen.

But the heart conceals not only the sorrow which wounds, but the anger which enrages it. Here, then, in the character of the deceiver, we have an entirely different application of the words before us. Instead of being presented with one, who, with the wound of sorrow festering in his bosom, strives to put on the appearance of gaiety, we see one, who, with dark designs brooding in his heart, sheds from his countenance the mild beam of benevolence. Here we are presented with a character, which we should believe to be peculiarly appropriate to the arch enemy of mankind, did we not find, by experience, that its exemplifications on earth are too numerous not to suffer it to be placed within the sphere of the most contracted observation. The slightest acquaintance with the human heart will tell us, that as happiness is not always found where it seems to be enjoyed, so honesty and benevolence do not always exist, where they appear to be cultivated. Numerous are the forms in which deceit appears. The sycophant, who, with the most abject and disgusting servility, plies his patron with praises ; the ruffian, who puts on an appearance of friendship for one, whom he intends to ruin ; the murderer, who hides his hatred for his enemy, that he may make his prey the surer ; the villain, who, under the appearance of advice and instruction, seduces youth from the paths of virtue ; and worst of all, the hypocrite, who, under the cloak of religion, conceals a vile mass of prejudice, bigotry, and worldly interest—all these are instances of this character. What a critical acquaintance with human nature it requires to make our way safely through a world of such characters as these !

A man seeks to form a circle of acquaintance. The first he meets is all friendship—professes himself ready to serve him—speaks in the smooth and honied tongue of flattery. But the moment they part, he dips his tongue in the envenomed dye of slander, and stamps the character of opprobrium on him, whose friend he has but now professed himself. Another seems equally friendly, but with all the wiles of old and hardy iniquity, proffers to him the poisoned cup of pleasure. And after all the pleasing ideas, he may have formed of the character of his companions, he may think himself happy, if, among an extensive circle of intimate acquaintances, he can find one real friend.

Nor amidst all this deception is there any resource, any test, to which we can at once recur, and thus determine the character of others. Religion is no less frequently than friendship the disguise to conceal infernal malice. But here hypocrisy appears in its most odious nature.

It is quite sufficient to make friendship and honesty a screen for vice and malice. But, to hide them under the awful sanctity of religion, is something too foul to be the invention of sinful man. This was the prevailing trait in the characters of the Jewish Scribes and Pharisees. This seems to have drawn the wrath of the Almighty on Jerusalem, when the desolation of the Holy City witnessed a scene of horror and bloodshed, that defies the historian to point to its parallel on the bloodiest page of the annals of War.

There are various ways in which the feelings of the heart may be concealed from others. But when we see the light of religion beaming from the countenance,

while envy and malice and misanthropy are scowling gloomily within and shrouding the heart in impenetrable darkness; when the flame of devotion seems to burn from the lips, while the fires of hell are winding fearfully around the heart, and shedding all their baneful and pestiferous influence on the inner man, we must say, that here in a peculiar sense, *The heart knoweth his own bitterness.*

So much for a few of the most important applications, into which the words, we are illustrating, may be pursued. The above observations are those, they seem most readily to suggest. We cannot enter into all the warmth and all the feelings of others on subjects which interest them, whether their habits and associations are similar or dissimilar to ours. We cannot judge from the external conditions of others, whether they can be said to enjoy real happiness. We cannot determine from the countenance, whether good-will or malice predominate at the heart.

With all our knowledge of human nature, we can penetrate but a little distance into the feelings and motives of man. And finally, after all the attempts of those, who understand human nature, to discover the character and feelings of those around them, they have much reason, when they have done, to exclaim, *The heart knoweth his own bitternesss*

AN ESSAY,

ON THE QUESTION

“What constitutes a good moral character?”

This was prepared to be read before the Attleborough Society ; but death prevented the author from performing his part in the discussion. The circumstances under which it was written, and the purpose for which it was intended will account for the form in which it appears, and for the manner of stating his arguments. His sentiments on the subject of intemperance, and the manner in which he presents them, will meet the approbation of every lover of his country and every friend of mankind.—*Ed.*

WHEN our Saviour was inquired of by the young man, what he should do, that he might inherit eternal life?—he answered by a brief enumeration of the principal duties, enjoined in the moral law. But when the young man, vain of his strict observance, replied, *All these things have I kept from my youth up—What lack I yet?* Jesus, by commanding him to bestow all his property on the poor, intimated to him, that a mere formal observance of the letter of the law, fell far short of bestowing that perfection of character of which he so vainly boasted. The question now before us may be answered in a somewhat similar manner. In general, we may say, that a good moral character consists in avoiding the gross and evident vices of theft, intemperance &c. and in maintaining, by an upright deportment, a constant observance of the well-known precepts of morality. But though a good moral character, in the common loose and liberal meaning of the term, has rather a negative signification, and implies little more than an abstinence from gross immoralities, yet there are other qualifications, which, though

their absence would not prove a person to be immoral, must yet be present, before the moral character can be considered as complete.

There is a certain merely external and ceremonial obedience to the general precepts of the moral law, which though better, at least as it regards the good of society, than unrestrained licentiousness, is yet scarcely entitled to the name of genuine morality. There may be so great a degree of strictness in forbearing to infringe upon the rules of temperance, honesty &c, that it may be difficult to point out any breach of good morals, and yet it may be evident to every one, that this strictness is only formal, and deserves the name of hypocrisy, better than it does that of morality. This consideration may evince the propriety of insisting upon certain ingredients, which should enter into the composition of a good moral character, notwithstanding they may sometimes be denounced, as savouring of puritanical strictness, an epithet which has become so terrific, that some are almost ready to seek refuge from it under the shelter of open and avowed immorality.

Let it be remarked, then, that in order to form and insure a correct and consistent morality, we should have a sincere and earnest wish, not only to abstain from gross immoralities, but also to use every means, which may preserve us from the danger of ever falling into them, as well as those, which will improve the morals of all, over whom we have any direct or indirect influence. If morality is any thing at all, it is something more than mere idle ceremony. It is manifested in the conduct, but its foundation is in the heart. He, who is truly moral, must be deeply impressed with the importance of being so; and

he, who is thus impressed, will necessarily feel an anxiety to keep both himself and others from those temptations, which insidiously and insensibly lead us from innocent to immoral habits. They, who, from their high standing in society, or from their station as connected with the superintendence of institutions of any kind, are capable of exercising any beneficial influence over the characters of those around them, are bound to do so. It is due to the individuals immediately concerned—it is due to society. They, who neglect using their endeavours to effect this purpose, whether because the task is too arduous, or because the degraded and wretched state of others can in any way be made subservient to their pecuniary interests, commit as great, nay, a greater fraud on the public, than he, who filches from the public treasury. They cannot indeed be made amenable to human laws. But the great principles of justice are not the less violated, and the offender will be answerable at that tribunal, where not only his actions but his motives will be scrutinized, and where his merits and demerits will meet with their appropriate returns with the most unerring precision. In illustrating by particular instances the methods, in which we might influence the moral characters of ourselves or others, we might go into numerous details. A few illustrations, however, must suffice for our present purpose.

To the cause of morality, as well as that of religion, much injury is done by levity. I speak not merely of ridicule, which is intended to exhibit moral duties in a contemptible light, but also of that levity, which originates in a flow of wit or the exuberance of spirits, and which is as innocent in its intention, as it is sometimes disastrous in its consequences. It has been happily observed, that it is

difficult for any person to lay rude hands upon one, whom he has always looked upon only with sentiments of awe and veneration. The same observation applies with equal or greater force to moral duties. If we have never thought of them, but with the seriousness, which their importance deserves, we cannot without horror think of infringing upon them, however we may be tempted to do so. But if we have become habituated to trifling, however innocently, with these momentous subjects, one great barrier between us and vice is broken down. We cease to be deeply impressed with the importance of what we have so often looked on with levity. If we are brought to debate with ourselves, whether we shall transgress the precepts of morality, we are very ready to contemplate the subject in the same light and trifling view, which we have before taken of it. It then appears to us, as a subject of trifling concern, and we with little reluctance yield ourselves to the control of appetites and passions, which are ever suggesting some deviation from the path of rectitude. The restraints, which reason imposes, still remain the same. But the voice of reason is too feebly raised and too easily suppressed, when we are under the dominion of passion. Our self-deluding ingenuity is ever at work, suggesting excuses for the crimes, to which passion prompts us.

There are some practices, which in themselves may seem innocent and unimportant, but which are far otherwise, when viewed in relation to the consequences, to which they may lead, either in regard to those, who follow them, or in regard to others, who may be affected by their example. The practices, to which I refer, are generally harmless, when moderately followed, but if freely

indulged in, will lead to more or less immorality. They are not therefore unimportant in regard to those, who follow them, since all of us are so much the creatures of habit, that if we surrender ourselves to it in a slight degree, we never know where it will terminate. A custom, which we have begun for our amusement, or for the sake of complying with the caprices of fashion, may terminate in a confirmed habit. It may become necessary to our happiness, and we are then continually exposed to a temptation to indulge in it more and more immoderately, till we may finally become completely the slaves of vice and dissipation. Such practices may also have important effects on others by their example. If they, who are looked up to as patterns for imitation, indulge moderately in these practices, others may be led to do the same, who are not aware of their danger, and who are hence liable to be led much farther than they ever thought of going. Nay, those, who indulge themselves to excess, will plead the precedent of exemplary persons, who by moderate enjoyment seem to give a countenance to intemperate indulgence. But some of the practices to which I allude are among the most common customs and amusements, which give a zest to social intercourse. Are we then to abandon forever all social intercourse, all innocent recreation, because others may abuse our example, or because it requires the governing power of prudence to prevent ourselves being led astray? Certainly not. But there is a difference among these recreations. Some are almost essential to the enjoyment of society, and are attended with little risk of leading to bad consequences. Others have no use, but what custom has given them, and are attended with greater danger. While we need not debar

ourselves from the former, caution is necessary with regard to the latter. We should exercise some self-denial, rather than subject ourselves to the risk of forming habits, which cannot be easily broken off, and after the formation of which, we cannot safely trust our resolution, that they will not increase to an alarming degree. The effect of the example on others also deserves attention. For though we may not perceive, why the blame of their errors should lie at our door, when they pervert our examples to their own ruin, yet every one, who feels as he should do for the welfare of society, will deny himself some gratifications, if he can thereby avoid furnishing others with excuses for their dissipation. If we will weigh this subject in all its bearings, perhaps we shall find it proper to adopt something like the following rule of conduct.—“Pursue no practices, however innocent in themselves, if they are absolutely or nearly useless, and if they are often so perverted and abused, as to lead to any gross immorality.”—The propriety of this rule can be better tested by applying it particularly to some of the practices, which have been alluded to.

There is no immorality in merely witnessing the performance of a play. It is a pleasant, and may be even a profitable amusement. But where exhibitions of this kind are frequent, their fascinations draw many into an habitual attendance upon them, at the expense of the neglect of their duties, of the expenditure of their property, and of giving an increased and vitiated sensibility to the imagination without enlightening the understanding. Nor is this all. Notwithstanding the boasted effect of the stage upon the manners of the age, an effect, which theory would perhaps naturally lead us to expect, we can-

not conceal, that in actual fact, theatrical exhibitions are made to lead to other and more fatal dissipation. Would it not then be proper in those, who profess to maintain a strictly exemplary and moral character, not to lend their countenance and active encouragement to these exhibitions by a very frequent attendance upon them? The slight self-denial, which they would exercise, would be amply compensated, if it prevented one individual from being led into vicious habits.

We frequently hear persons, who are somewhat rigid in their notions of morality, charged with a superstitious aversion to the game of cards; and doubtless this charge is not always groundless. This amusement is in itself as completely innocent as the most simple sports, in which every parent indulges his children. Why then should many people, who are perhaps well versed in other games, have such an antipathy to this? The reason is, not that this game is in itself more unjustifiable, but that it is more liable to be abused than most others. Who does not know, that many, who, in the social circle, have imbibed an apparently innocent relish for cards, have by degrees become more deeply interested in them, and have thus been led on from one stage of dissipation to another, till the fatal vice of gambling, calling in all her sister furies of profanity, intemperance and the rest of the infernal league, has seized at once upon her victim, and given him over to irremediable ruin? If it be asked, why this occasional consequence of an innocent accompaniment of social conversation, should deter others from enjoying it in a rational and moderate degree, I answer, the rule above laid down may be not improperly applied here. The recreation, of which we are speaking, can form no

essential part of the enjoyments of life. Were it struck from existence, the blank might easily be filled. Other recreations might be devised, and such as might seem more consonant with the festivities of the social circle, than the mute employments of the card-table. It cannot be of any real utility; and it would not be unworthy the reason and the benevolence of a man of exemplary morals, to abstain from an innocent gratification, if his indulging in it would make his weak brother to offend.

But there is another practice, to which the above rule will apply more forcibly, perhaps, than to any other. I mean the use of ardent spirits. Every one knows from his own observation, what alarming inroads the intemperate use of this article is making upon the lives, health and morals of our fellow-citizens; and nearly every one knows from his own personal experience, as well as from observation, its multifarious power in heightening all the pleasures, we enjoy, and alleviating all the calamities, to which we are subject. I am well aware, that all will not join with me in the belief, that no man on earth can make an habitual use of ardent spirits without some danger of ultimately falling into habits of intemperance. Yet such, I believe, is the fact. If we reflect on the uncontrollable influence, which habits exercise over us when formed, and on the fatally insidious and concealed manner, in which they creep upon us, we might readily infer, that the slightest indulgence of this kind would not be without danger; and the melancholy results of experience fully confirm the inferences of reason. We might dwell upon the melancholy catastrophes, which every one has witnessed, of the most amiable men, the most useful members of society, all orders of moral and religious persons, both

rigid and liberal, unwarily decoyed into the snares of intemperance—becoming first less strict in their morals, then more completely addicted to this and other vices, and finally outcasts from society, terminating a miserable existence under the ravages of loathsome disease, or arrested by the arm of the law, and expiating on the gallows the crimes, they have committed. But to enlarge on these and the other fearful details, with which the annals of intemperance so fruitfully abound, would be so superfluous, that we might perhaps “explain upon the thing till all men doubt.” Yet, perhaps, we cannot, to avoid a slight risk, feel willing to abandon so necessary, so useful an enjoyment, and one so essential to the preservation of health. But let any one examine the greatly vaunted powers of ardent spirits, and he will find them so contradictory and inconsistent, that he cannot avoid the suspicion, that part or all of them are merely pretences to cover the real motive, which is the strongest inducement to the use of ardent spirits, viz. the gratification of sensual appetite. Is a man exposed to the cold of winter? Rum is resorted to, to warm him. Does he suffer the heat of summer? Nothing is so good as rum to prevent the ill effects of heat. Does he labour under the dry and parching influence of a hot sun? Rum is the best substance to quench his thirst. Is he afraid of suffering under a moist, damp atmosphere? The invigorating influences of rum bid defiance to the effects of moisture.—Is he prevented from taking as much exercise as is requisite for his health? Rum is necessary, to give him an appetite for his food.—Is he worried and harassed by extraordinary fatigue? What can give him such speedy rest, refreshment and renewed vigour as rum? Is he in the so-

cial circle with his friends? He is as solitary as Adam before the creation of his consort, and conversation has no charms for him, till the exhilarating influences of rum awaken him to social pleasures. Is he, on the other hand, alone, and do misfortunes, poverty and loss of health make solitude intolerable to him? Rum is company, friends, health, wealth, power and every thing else, and can command the attendance of all the blessings of life, as effectually as the ring and lamp of Aladdin could call the genii from the earth. But many of the boasted and innumerable powers, which are attributed to ardent spirits, at least those of supporting health and prolonging life, must be imaginary. It is worthy of notice, that the first account, we have, of the use of any intoxicating liquor, was immediately after the deluge—the precise time, when the period of human life was abridged from a thousand years almost to its present term of three score and ten.*

Many arguments might be adduced, did time permit, to prove, that even the temperate habitual use of ardent spirits is, in general, useless at least, if not positively injurious. If this be true, what would be the injunctions of strict morality? If we are commanded to pray, that we

* The author does not intend to found any argument on that fact—he takes notice of it only as a “remarkable coincidence.” It is truly such. Coincidence in *time* too often leads to inference as *cause* and *effect*. The use of intoxicating liquor could not be the cause, and the abridgement of human life, the effect—for the cause assigned is not equal to the effect produced. So great and sudden a change in the human constitution could not be effected by human agency in the short term of one generation. No circumstance, short of the special interposition of Him who formed the human frame, can account for an immediate change from 1000 to 70 years. But it is evident that intemperance, in modern days, has often contracted even the short period now allotted to human life.—*Ed.*

may not be led into temptation, are we not criminal, if we expose ourselves to it? But whoever indulges in a frequent use of ardent spirits, both exposes himself to temptation, and gives the authority of his example to a practice, which has probably occasioned far greater ravages among us, than the sword and the pestilence in the hour of their greatest triumph. Here then, the rule above laid down, seems to apply with peculiar force. The temperate use of ardent spirits is in itself harmless, as far as morals are concerned, but yet it is useless, and frequently leads to the most extravagant abuses. What reason, then, can be offered, why every one, who wishes to do all he can, in the cause of good morals, should not forego a slight sensual gratification, rather than countenance so pernicious a practice? The example of a few, though it might not alter the general custom, might yet be sufficient to shield others from the charge of wilful eccentricity, or absurd superstition.—On this subject I have but one more remark to make. I may be treading on forbidden ground. But if the regulations of this society require that its members, at the time of their admission, should possess a good moral character, is it not equally desirable, that such a character should be kept unpolluted? If so, might we not dispense with the introduction of ardent spirits among our ordinary refreshments? Is the *official* use of them (if I may use the expression) strictly consistent with the high and noble objects after which we profess to aspire? Might not the money, expended in this way, be more profitably expended in enlarging our library? These questions are submitted, without further comment, to the consideration of those, who are better able to answer them.

If these sentiments on morality are thought by any to

be superstitiously rigid, I must beg leave to say, that if we would aim a blow at the root of vice, it must be by preventing the commencement of habits, which lead to it. When those habits are formed, they are generally incurable. But in the beginning they may be prevented. I know of no other way, in which such prevention can be so effectually accomplished, as by acting on the principles above stated. The end is important. It may well be accomplished at the expense of some sacrifices. Though the question under discussion concerns morality as distinct from religion, yet by laying the foundation of morality in the heart, I have perhaps identified them. Indeed it is difficult to avoid doing so. No morality can be depended upon, which is not founded upon right motives ; and when we go so far back as to look for the motives, we find religion and morality linked together by the indissoluble bond which unites cause and effect. For genuine religion must be considered as the foundation of morality in the heart; and true and consisteut morality, as the effect of religion upon the external conduct.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE " ATTLEBOROUGH SOCIETY* FOR THE PROMOTION OF
AGRICULTURE, ARTS, AND SOCIAL INTERCOURSE,"

FEBRUARY 22, 1827.

IN selecting the subject of our reflections at the present time, reference may be had, both to the objects, which this society has in view, and to the day, on which we are assembled. The elevation of the standard of intellectual improvement among the American people, was a subject, which ever lay near the heart of him, who has so appropriately received the appellation of "the Father of his country." On the other hand, the acquirement of useful information is the most prominent object, to which the efforts of this Society are directed. We can offer no more appropriate tribute to the memory of the illustrious man, the anniversary of whose birth our present meeting is designed to commemorate, than by using our endeavours, humble though they be, to disseminate the knowledge, and enforce the truth and importance of the precepts, which he has left us. Shall we then devote a few moments to the consideration of the encouragements and facilities for intellectual improvement, which are afforded to the great mass of the people in this country, and to the manner, in which these opportunities may be best improved ?

* This Society holds its Anniversary Meeting on the 22d February, in honor of the immortal Founder of our Republic--on which occasion, it is customary, to have an Address delivered, appropriate to the day, and the purposes of the Society.--*Ed.*

If we act under the influence of rational principles, we shall always be incited to attempt the accomplishment of any object, which can be shown to be worthy of our exertions and within our reach. In attempting to show, that the great object of mental improvement possesses both these characters, it is not expected to offer any new arguments, but merely to recal to the mind, reflections, which cannot fail to have occurred frequently to every one. I am aware, that the proposition, that knowledge is useful to all, may seem to be a mere truism—and that it may appear to be a waste of words, to insist on the truth of what no one in his senses will dispute. But there are truths, which need less to be believed, than to be felt, and duties, the practice of which is neglected, though their importance is undisputed. Among these truths and these duties may be classed those, which it is now attempted to illustrate and enforce. This fact is a sufficient reason, why we should repeatedly and constantly labour to impress upon the minds of those around us, what, from their conversation, they would appear so universally to perceive—the importance of education.

In the practice of some of the numerous occupations, in which mankind are engaged, a degree of proficiency in science is essential. With others, no less important, and embracing a far greater portion of the community, literary acquirements are less immediately connected. These last frequently do not admit of much leisure for study, and by keeping the mind intent on different subjects, often prevent the formation of habits of reading and reflection. There are few employments, however, to the practice of which the knowledge obtained from reading and study, may not be made directly or indirectly subservient. Nor

should the cultivation of the mind by any means be thought useless to those, to whose customary vocations the sciences do not admit of direct application. There are essential duties, which belong to us as social beings, and which hence devolve equally on all, whatever their occupation may be. In our relations to others as friends, as neighbours, as members of the same body politic, or of the human family, we continually find obligations resting upon us, the faithful fulfilment of which puts in requisition all the natural and acquired talents, we can command. No station, however exalted, or however humble, can so far raise or depress us, no employment, however constant, can so far monopolize our time, as to relieve us from the burden of these obligations. However limited the sphere of our professional usefulness, our relations, as social beings, are still the same. He, who assumes to himself the awful responsibility connected with watching over the health and life, or the moral and religious character of his fellow-beings, only imposes upon himself new obligations, without abating aught of those, which lay upon him as one of the human family. In the numerous and complicated parts, then, which every individual may be called to act in the great drama of life, how essential is it, that his mind should be enriched by the accumulation of fact, and strengthened by the habitual exercise of his reasoning faculties!

Though all those forms of knowledge, which assist us in forming an acquaintance with the innumerable varieties of human life and character, are of the most evident and universal utility, yet there are other branches of science, which, not being immediately applicable to the common business of life, may seem so far unimportant, that the

time devoted to them, might, at first glance, appear to be wholly wasted. But it is to be recollectcd, that no one moves in so regular and unvarying a circle, as that he is not continually liable to be placed in new and unexpected circumstances, where he will be called to the performance of duties, on which he had never calculated. Life is one continued series of changes. Though a man may not go in quest of adventures, adventures will often come in search of him. Every one must have observed, that the knowledge of facts, from which he did not expect any benefit, has been of service to him on occasions, which he could never have anticipated. But there is still another and more powerful motive to prompt us to give our attention to some of the sciences, which do not often admit of direct application to practice. It is, that all knowledge tends to enlarge, enlighten and liberalize the mind—to strengthen its powers by exercise, and to prepare it better for the reception of other useful information. Though most people have probably some idea of this fact, it is doubtful, whether it is in general distinctly understood and justly appreciated. By the habitual exercise of the faculties, by which we gain new ideas and connect them together, the mind acquires a certain penetration, a refinement of its power of perception. Its vision is rendered more accurate, as well as enlarged in its sphere. It traces more distinctly and exactly the outline of the image which is presented to it. It comprehends more precisely what was intended to be expressed, and receives the impression intended to be made. As a person, accustomed to examining plans and engravings, is enabled, by observing a plan drawn upon a smooth surface, to form a proper conception of the body, it was intended to represent—so the

in mind, by becoming familiarized to the connexion of language with thought, improves the powers, by which it learns from language the ideas, it represents. The dead languages, though forming an essential part of a classical education, have been generally looked upon as useless, or nearly so, to persons engaged in more mechanical pursuits, that is, to the great majority of mankind. In fact, it is of very trivial importance to them to know, what word in a foreign or dead language corresponds to another word in ours. Even the advantage of reading the valuable productions of ancient and foreign languages, would be lightly estimated by those, who have not time to read as much as they wish in their own. But it has been observed, that during the developement of the faculties of the mind, there is a certain period, in which the study of the dead languages is remarkably adapted to their improvement. There is such a variety in the idioms or peculiarities of different languages, that the words in one do not correspond precisely in signification with those in another. It must necessarily follow, that in order to be able to translate an expression in a foreign language by a corresponding one in our own, we must ascertain the meaning of the words in both languages with more precision, than would otherwise be necessary. The connexion between language, and the thoughts, which it is designed to represent, is thus studied with more exactness, than it would otherwise be. The scholar is compelled to conquer the natural indolence, which is apt to lead one to content himself with reading or hearing words, without penetrating through them to the ideas, on which their whole value depends. This is the more important, as nearly all our knowledge is acquired by being communicated from oth-

ers, and as language is the principal medium of this communication. For frequent error and embarrassment arises from a want of perspicuity in the language of the writer, or of acuteness in the perceptions of the reader. As objects appear dim and indistinct, or deformed and distorted, when the medium, through which they are viewed, is not perfectly or uniformly transparent, so ideas will not be correctly understood, when the language through which they are conveyed, is obscure. It is not intended here to advocate the propriety of making the dead languages a part of common education, since much time would be required for this purpose, and since there are other studies, which might perhaps combine the advantages of equal general utility, of easier attainment, and of more frequent and direct application to the common concerns of life. It is only intended to illustrate the proposition above laid down, that the various branches of learning have other and important advantages, beside those, which arise immediately from a knowledge of the facts, which they teach.

In pointing out the encouragement to literary pursuits, which is afforded to those, whose employments are more mechanical than literary, we should not forget to notice, that this class of people form the great majority of mankind. For their use, all arts and sciences are chiefly intended. To them it belongs to carry into operation in actual practice those principles, which are the fruit of the speculations of literary men. "That science" says Campbell, "is of little value, which has not given rise to some useful art." Men of learning too often confine themselves to the discovery of truth, leaving it to others to apply it to useful purposes. They are too busily engaged in specu-

lation, to have any opportunity themselves to make the proper application of the truths, they bring to light. Such, on the other hand, as are engaged in active business, frequently think, that they cannot find leisure for attending to those principles of science, which would be useful guides to them. Here is then a line of separation drawn, partly dividing mankind into two great classes—those, who think, and those, who act. Now, that a man may best answer the purposes of his existence, he should combine in himself the characteristics of both these classes—thought and action. This belongs especially to those, who are engaged in active employments. For, from their occupations, their opportunities are greater for making principles subservient to practice, and they are better able to do it. It is one thing to be endowed with the learning and penetration of the philosopher for the discovery of general truths—it is quite another thing to be endowed with that sagacity and readiness, which is necessary, to apply them, as it were, in detail to the particular circumstances, in which we are placed. The accomplishment of this last purpose, the ultimate end, for which all discoveries are designed, belongs more to the plainness of common sense, than to the loftiness of philosophy. Pursuits strictly scientific are, in fact, the very reverse of this. The man of study, from the combination of numberless facts, forms general doctrines—the man of practice applies general doctrines in the performance of particular actions. If then, these two characters act independently of each other (and they must do so, unless the same person unites both in himself) the intentions of nature will be thwarted in the human race, as much as they would in the individual man, if the mind, on the one hand, pursued its reflec-

tions, without stooping to govern the actions of the body, and the body, on the other, continued its functions, without being subjected to the control of the mind. He, who is at once a man of reading and of business, supplies a link to the chain otherwise disconnected. He seizes the valuable truth, which would otherwise have remained useless and forgotten among the speculations of the scholar, and bringing it down from the lofty track of philosophical inquiry to the humble walks of daily life, makes it subservient to the happiness of mankind. To whom can this character more peculiarly belong, than to a member of a community like this, who makes a proper improvement of the means that are put into his hands to acquire knowledge?

The necessity, in a political point of view, of an enlightened state of the public mind among the American people, while it is too obvious to require particular discussion, is too important a topic to be passed over without remark. Upon the enlightened views of the people, the prosperity, nay, the very existence of our nation depends. A republic, whose citizens are not educated, cannot long exist. The people of such a nation have no mind of their own. They are driven about at pleasure by the violence of factious politicians, like the weeds, that are tossed by the surf on the shore, the sport of waves and winds. But an educated people have more constancy, more permanency of character and opinion. With their eye steadily fixed on the great objects of their national existence, they move only at the bidding of their own reason, regardless alike of the threats of foreign foes from abroad, or the mad ravings of political partizans at home. A nation formed of such imperishable materials,

stands unharmed by the revolutions, which convulse the world, like the rock, that has braved for ages the storms of the ocean. Winds may roar—waves may dash—tempests may howl around it. But “amidst the war of elements,” it stands, unmoved and unshaken, where it was fixed by the hand of the Almighty.

Let us now turn our attention to the means, which every one can command, for adding to the stock of intellectual treasure. For it were idle to declaim on the advantages of learning, if the means of gaining it were not within our reach. Among the most valuable means, which are presented in this country for the acquisition of knowledge, are the opportunities for early instruction, which are offered in every part of the country, and especially the public schools, which are established in many sections of it. The great value of these institutions consists in their being accessible to all. They constitute a mighty engine, by which the vast weight of public intellect is raised to its proper level. Their value is not to be estimated solely by the opportunities, they furnish, of obtaining such instruction, as shall prepare a person for the duties of the farmer, the manufacturer or the merchant. They give to the mind an impulse, which excites its aspirations after higher degrees of improvement. They raise the man of the humblest station to feel his importance and necessity in society. It is these institutions, which produce the difference between the *people* of an enlightened republic, and the *rabble* of a despotic monarchy. Let the torpor of ignorance be added to the chains of tyranny, and the mind slumbers, unconscious of its strength and almost of its existence. Unless the goads of oppression become absolutely intolerable, no effort of resistance is made. Man,

contented to drudge and toil, like the brute creation—to stand, or to move, at the will of his masters, forgets, that he is made for any thing but a slave, and drags out a kind of inanimate existence, saved from complete wretchedness only by the dulness of his sensibility. The mere support of life, and the gratification of the propensities, which he has in common with the beasts of the field, constitute his only fund of enjoyment. Nobler pleasures are unknown to him. The elasticity, which should shake off his load, and restore him to his proper rank, is destroyed. If the flame, which slumbers within him, bursts out now and then in its native splendour, its light is as transient, and often as destructive as the blaze of the midnight tempest, which shines for a moment with a terrible brightness, only to be followed by a gloom still more terrible. But let the mind of the people be enlightened, and they both see the chains, which bind them, and feel their own energy; like Samson, who, when awakened from his slumbers, shook from his limbs the cords, which bound them. The light of knowledge, bursting on such a people, is like a spark introduced into a magazine, calling into action the fire, which had hitherto lain dormant, and which now blazes out, resistless and uncontrollable, while the force, with which it is confined, only adds tenfold to the desolation, which it spreads around it. Such was the origin of the energy, with which our fathers rose and shook off their chains, an energy, which all the might of a powerful nation strove in vain to repress. Such, more particularly, is the cause of the success, hitherto unprecedented, which has attended our country in her rapid progress, ever since she earned her independence. These facts may in part teach us, with what views, we should contemplate the

characters of those venerable men, who first planted in this wilderness the seeds, which have since sprung up and become a mighty nation. Deeply impressed with the importance of education, they began to make provision for it, long before they had secured themselves against the tomahawk and the scalping-knife. To them belongs the credit of laying, in a system of public instruction, the only sure foundation of a republican form of government.

The literary and political advantages of the people of this country reciprocally increase each other. As the enlightened state of the people secures the permanency of the government, so the equality, which our form of government occasions among the different classes of its citizens, diffuses more widely the benefits of education. Besides the public instructions, which are accessible alike to the rich and to the poor, nearly all our fellow citizens are enabled in some way, so far to obtain the means of reading, as to furnish themselves with fruitful sources of information, and ample funds for reflection. Without attending particularly to this subject, we cannot be sufficiently sensible of the privileges, we enjoy in this respect, compared with those, who lived before the invention of printing, when not a single copy of any book could be procured, without the laborious task of transcribing it. But we may descend to later periods, and still we find the imperfections of the art, or the restraints of superstition and tyranny presenting to the common people an insurmountable barrier to the attainment of knowledge. We may see the first translators of the Bible, threatened with martyrdom for presuming to publish the scripture in a language intelligible to the laity. From this we may descend to a later and happier period, when the civil and

ecclesiastical powers were so liberal as to ordain, that a copy of the scriptures should be placed in every church, from which some person, learned enough for the purpose, should read for the instruction of all such, as should choose to attend, few if any other opportunities being afforded to the common people of learning the words of inspiration. From this last and more enlightened age, let us turn to the present time, when among ourselves a person can scarcely be found, who cannot supply himself with the scriptures, and has not education enough to read them. We may then form some faint idea of the value, which we should attach to the privileges, with which we are favoured. The expense of books, compared with what it once was, is nothing. The facilities of reading, compared with what they once were, are every thing.

The very universality, with which learning is diffused among us, makes the advantages of each individual greater than they would be, were they limited to himself. Those, who have properly used their privileges, will, by frequently enjoying each other's society, be mutually instructed and improved. By a mutual interchange of sentiments, the useful knowledge, and the liberal and enlightened views of one are necessarily imparted to others. Most people have observed the greater proficiency, which a scholar makes, when he has the company of others, engaged in the same pursuits with himself, above what he does, when prosecuting his task alone. A similar advantage is enjoyed by every person among us, from the society of people of cultivated minds. Even those, who, from some accident, have neglected or been deprived of their usual privileges, must acquire in some degree the character and cultivation of those, by whom they are surround-

ed, literature, like liquids, tending every where to come to the same level.

But whatever privileges we may possess, we shall reap little or no advantage from them, unless proper care is taken on our part, to turn them to the best account. It will avail us little, that instructions are public, that books are accessible, that the state of society is refined, if we take no care to make these circumstances subservient to our own interests. As the numerous and interesting class of people, to whom these remarks chiefly relate, are, for the most part, occupied with engagements very different from literary pursuits, there is so much the more an imperious necessity, that all their means of acquiring information, should be used to the best possible advantage. Since most of their time is otherwise disposed of, they should be the more diligent in the regular improvement of those hours, which they can devote to the cultivation of the mind. There is no person, however "careful and cumbered about many things," who has not some leisure moments; and there are few, who, for want of employment, do not sometimes experience what the poet has so expressively called "the irksome restlessness of rest." In seizing upon such moments, more perhaps than in any other case, is felt the necessity of habits of study, previously formed. For without such habits, it is with extreme difficulty, that we can suddenly abstract our thoughts from the cares and anxieties of life, or from those pursuits, which interest us most, and fix our attention at pleasure on any subject of reading or reflection. When, however, the mind is disciplined, and we accustom ourselves to appropriating every vacant hour to some useful purpose, it will become more easy and pleasant to

us, and far from appearing like an irksome task, will be an agreeable recreation. Many, even during their engagement in their accustomed occupations, have their thinking faculties so little called upon, that while they continue such of their labour, as is merely mechanical, they may at the same time be engaged in fixing in their memories facts, which they have recently learned, or in reflecting, how the knowledge, they possess, may be made the foundation of inferences, or subservient to practical purposes. Indeed, it appears, that when we are engaged in some bodily exercise, which requires little or no reflection, the mind often fixes steadily and intensely on the subjects of its contemplation with less difficulty, than when we are entirely at rest. There is sympathy in these circumstances between the mind and the body, in consequence of which the mind is less disposed to wander from one subject to another, and confines itself to one train of thought as the body does to one succession of motions.

Where the time, that is devoted to reading, is necessarily limited, it is of some consequence, that the reading should be select. It is not sufficient, that we are occasionally seen poring over something, that has the name and external appearance of a book. It should contain reading, which may be of use, and not merely which may be of use, but of the greatest use. There is a class, or rather there are several classes of productions, included under the general name of light reading, which, from their power of pleasing the imagination and interesting the feelings, are peculiarly fascinating, and from this cause, are much read. Waving all consideration of their general effects upon the mind and the morals, which would be foreign to the subject of the present remarks, it ap-

pears, that where they engross a large share of the attention, their effect on the improvement of the mind is on the whole unfavorable, for two reasons. For first, though they may not be entirely useless, they occupy much time, which should be devoted to reading of more real and solid utility—and again, when the mind has become fascinated with the highly-wrought pictures, and intensely interesting events of works of fiction, it becomes too fastidious to have any relish for the plain and comparatively insipid repasts of real knowledge, like the epicure, whose appetite is so palled and whose taste so depraved, that he rejects the plain and wholesome fare, which contains the most nutriment, to feast on the high-seasoned luxuries, whose only virtue consists in their gratifying the palate. Accustomed to being forcibly drawn along by the interesting character of the narrative, it loses the habit of fixing its attention by its own voluntary exertions. This state of the mind is an unfortunate one; for we should habituate ourselves always to taking an interest in all studies, which may be productive of advantage. We should be ready to travel in search for truth, through thorny paths and gloomy forests, as well as among verdant vales and flowery fields. It may be added, that as the portraiture of men and manners, contained in works of fiction, are not always faithfully drawn, the reader, unless previously conversant with the ways of the world, may not only fail of being instructed, but may imbibe erroneous ideas. The celebrated fiction of Don Quixote is said to give a correct representation of the species of insanity, in which these erroneous views frequently terminated in days of ancient chivalry. We should be far, however, from wholly condemning this class of writings. Much useful instruction is convey-

ed in many of them, and it has the advantage of being clothed in so pleasing a dress, that it finds its way to the minds of many, who would take no pains to search for it, were they not captivated by the garb, in which it is presented to them. By this means, a taste for reading is produced, the understanding in some degree enlightened, the taste, and perhaps the moral sense refined, in some, whose indolence would have prevented them from seeking for knowledge, were the pursuit less pleasing.

There are seasons, in which we are not engaged in the duties of our occupations, but which are not entirely vacant, some part of which might profitably be appropriated to reading and reflection. I refer to the time spent in amusement. I know, there is such a thing as too great severity in laying sentence of prohibition on amusements of every kind. To censure indiscriminately all kinds of innocent recreations, is to display but little knowledge of the human system, which requires occasional relaxation from the fatigues of business, and the intenseness of study. But it should be recollectcd, especially among those, whose occupations prevent them from enjoying the full advantages of school education, and other opportunities for instruction, that the time, which is devoted to amusement, is taken from pursuits of the most incalculable importance. Under such circumstances, therefore, it would seem proper, that all unnecessary and useless recreations should be dispensed with. Many useful literary pursuits deserve the name of recreation, and are fitted to unbend the mind, as much as some of our most common amusements. A person might indeed expose himself to ridicule, who should propose any kind of literary exercises, as forming an essential part of the amusements of the so-

cial circle.* It would be said to him, "People meet together on these occasions to throw aside for a time all the fatigue of serious employments, and indulge themselves in mirth and festivity. This is surely a very unseasonable time to perplex them with the dry and tedious pursuits of learning." But remove the influence, which fashion has over our minds, and we should think it rather a singular kind of festivity to sit for hours together, watching over and calculating upon the operations of chance. The truth is, that any moderate exercise of the powers of the mind is pleasant, and it is perhaps on this principle only, that any rational pleasure can be derived from some of our inmost common amusements. If then, we are willing to devote the hours of recreation to any exercise of the mind, where would be the impropriety of selecting such exercises, as are profitable, as well as pleasant? It is not improbable, that if the potent influence of fashion were only put in requisition to effect it, many literary pursuits might become as pleasant and popular sources of amusement, and might be connected with as many interesting associations, as those, which now more commonly engross our attention. Probably the most devoted gamester never felt or manifested more exultation, at his greatest victories at the card-table, than Archimedes, the Syracusan once did, at discovering the solution of a mathematical problem.

Where, however, the common and popular amusements are only moderately indulged in, they may not be subject to serious objection, excepting as moderate is always liable to lead to intemperate indulgence. But where they are carried so far as to lead into dissipation, where the time in early life, which should be spent in laying the

* See note 1.

foundation of a good education, is wasted in pursuits, which are fatal to the health and the morals, such misimprovement is truly lamentable. It is not unfrequently the case, that among people connected with manufacturing establishments, the standard both of education and of morals, is rather below the general level. One cause of this may be, that the time, which should be devoted to learning, is spent in amusement. As the opportunity of this class of people for acquiring their education, is often rather limited, it seems to be peculiarly important, that whatever time they have at their disposal, should not be too much wasted in amusement. For whatever time is devoted to recreation, must be done at the expense of their education ; and again, the more the mind is stored with useful information, the less need is felt of resorting to dissipation for enjoyment. He, who is accustomed to reading and reflection, always carries about and within himself an unfailing source of happiness, and is never under the necessity of killing himself, for the sake of killing time.

To maintain, that any one ought to give himself up to study, to the neglect of the occupation, on which depends his own support, and his usefulness to others, would argue an enthusiastic attachment to learning. But here, as in other cases, we may err on either extreme, and between these extremes lies the truth. There are those, whose attention, whose whole soul is so exclusively engrossed by their pecuniary affairs, that they pay little or no attention to the cultivation of those powers, which form the noblest and distinguishing characteristic of the human species. It is improper for those, who have secured a competency in point of fortune, to suffer slight pecu-

niary considerations to be placed in competition with matters of such weighty moment. While then we would not inculcate neglect of personal duties, for the purpose of gaining time for study, it may not be amiss to remark, that trifling expenditures of property, or of time, which might otherwise have been spent in the accumulation of wealth, will be amply recompensed, if any considerable degree of intellectual improvement shall result from it.

The proper improvement of the opportunities afforded by the public and other schools, belongs most immediately to the rising generation. But it is left in a great degree with their elders to decide, whether these advantages shall be properly realized and improved. For it is those, that have passed the period of childhood, who have the control over the manner, in which these institutions are regulated. Furthermore, it is principally by means of their elders, that the subjects of school education in the tender years of childhood, are taught to set a just value on the instructions, they receive, and to attend to them faithfully. It is a duty, therefore, devolving on every individual, who has any influence over the rising generation, to second the efforts of instructors, by attempting to inspire their pupils with a sense of the necessity of applying themselves earnestly and diligently. To parents in particular, a conviction of the vast influence, which they can have over their children in encouraging and stimulating them to ardent and persevering exertions, ought to come home with all its weight. They should recollect, that they cannot rid themselves of their responsibility by leaving their children to the care of their instructors. It is a common observation, that most of the difficulties attending the management of children at school, are to be imputed, in

part, at least, to the fault of the parents. The impressions, which are made at this early age on the understanding and the moral character, are intimately connected. If they are taught to look on instructions of one kind, as important, the other will also appear in the same light. The impressions will be deep and abiding. They will be felt throughout their subsequent life. If they are partly obliterated, and their unhappy subject surrendering himself to the impulse of his passions, is borne along upon the torrent of dissipation, the recollection of those impressions will often recal his imagination to the days of youthful innocence, when they were made. He will compare the unsullied pleasures of his early life with his present state of wretchedness—wretchedness in reality, though concealed under the feigned pleasure of riot and dissipation. These reflections will often excite him to a vigorous and successful effort to escape from the impending ruin, at a moment, when it seems inevitable.

It is no less the duty of parents to provide suitable means of instruction for their children, than to direct their attention to such, as they are provided with. Public schools must necessarily derive some imperfections from the very circumstance, which constitutes their greatest value—that of their being accessible to all. The value of public schools is much diminished by the mixture in them of scholars of every age and character, and by the frequent change of instructors. These institutions, though on the whole of vast utility, are partially even injurious in their operation. For many, who, if these institutions had not existed, would have received a better education than can there be obtained, are now limited to the scanty advantages, which they afford—advantages, great indeed,

when compared with no education at all, but trifling compared with the progress, which might be made under proper superintendence. The acquirements obtained in these schools, are necessarily for the most part superficial, and the reason and understanding are not so disciplined, and strengthened, as they should be. The education, excepting the primary branches of reading and writing, is in a great measure confined to taxing the memory with a mass of facts, generally ill understood and often imperfectly retained. In most of our academies higher grades of learning are taught, greater precision in the regulations is maintained, and the efforts of the scholar, being guided in the direction, become more effective. It is therefore to be regretted, that the value of these seminaries of learning is not so justly estimated, as to occasion a more general extension of their advantages to the rising generation.

Let us notice in conclusion, that the formation of societies may be made a valuable instrument for promoting the great object of mental improvement. "Moral, political and intellectual improvement" says President Adams, in one of his messages to the general legislature, "are duties, assigned by the author of our existence no less to social, than to individual man." Associations of a literary and scientific character are beneficial, not merely by giving rise to researches, which lead to new discoveries, but by the information, which their members may mutually give and receive, by keeping alive their taste for learning, and maintaining fresh and ready for use the knowledge, they may possess. If the ideas gained by reading, pass from the mind, as soon as we lay by the books, from which we imbibe them; and if they are not occasionally

recalled, they are comparatively of little value. They are like the articles, thrown confusedly into a waste-room, which might be required in various emergencies. But when needed, they may be forgotten—or if thought of, it may be impossible to find them among a confused mass of rubbish—or if found, they may have become decayed and unfit for use. When, on the other hand, our thoughts are frequently made the subjects of discussion, and our attention is thus directed to them, they lie more within our reach, and are more readily suggested, when they are wanted; like the tools of the artist, which being always properly arranged, and often used, are always found in their proper places, and fit for use, whenever there is occasion for them.

If these views, Gentlemen, are correct, we need go no further to prove, that this society, while its members have a proper understanding of the purposes, which it is intended to subserve, and are sufficiently active in promoting its interests, may be made a useful instrument for the attainment of the objects, which we have been considering. From its situation, indeed, it cannot be made so effective as similar associations in more populous places. But where greater obstacles present, we have only to increase our diligence, and we shall find them not to be insuperable. From the increasing attention, which is manifested on the part of its members to the concerns of the society, there is reason to hope, that the intentions of its founders will not be entirely frustrated. It is not, however, to be expected, that without the most unwavering assiduity, we can reap all the advantages, which the society promises. It is here as in agriculture. The ground must be prepared—the seed must be planted—the plant must be watch-

ed and attended in its growth, before we can enjoy the harvest. And here too, as in agriculture, if our efforts are well directed, we shall find ourselves amply rewarded for our labours. We know, that the intellectual and moral improvement, after which we profess to aspire, is so often the theme of empty and unmeaning declamation—that extravagant professions are so often combined with spiritless and ineffectual actions, that one might be tempted to think the whole pursuit a farce, and the end, either altogether beyond our reach, or wholly unworthy our care. Such, however, it is hoped, are not the feelings of the members of this society. Where only sudden fits of enthusiasm are felt, and only temporary exertions are used, much tumult may be made, but little permanent good is obtained. Let there on the other hand be a deep and settled impression, that there are certain duties, which the members of this society are bound to perform, and that their performance will lead to the happiest results—and let them be prompted, not to sudden and transient, but to cool and persevering exertions, and the opportunities, which this society presents for improvement by reading, writing and discussion, are not to be lightly estimated. That the members of this society do in some degree feel themselves obligated to conform to the spirit of its constitution, is evinced by the unanimity and harmony of feeling, which presides over their debates—a harmony as complete as is compatible with free inquiry.

In thus identifying the annual meeting of this society with the birth-day of one, venerated by every American, we are bound to recollect, that it belongs to the present age to continue in that brilliant career, on which he and his contemporary heroes commenced; to fulfil the duties,

which he so earnestly and repeatedly urged upon us. The influence, which the conduct of this society, or of its individual members, may have upon the interests of so mighty a nation as ours, may perhaps appear unimportant. But if every part of this mighty whole should adopt such views, and act conformably to them, the consequences to the nation must be alarming—they must be fatal. The events of our revolution were guided principally by a few daring and superior spirits, which, concentrating in themselves all the energies of the nation, rushed onward to the object of their pursuit with a force and rapidity, which filled the beholders with astonishment. The nation is still going on in the same course. But as that course is not impeded, as the movements are more equally divided among the whole nation, the progress, we are making, becomes less evident. The torrent, when confined in a narrow channel, rushing and foaming along over rocks and precipices, threatens destruction to every thing, that opposes it; but when it is expanded below into the wide and calm surface of the lake, the eye does not discern it to be still moving in the same direction. Yet it is still flowing toward the ocean; and though any one part of it is easily interrupted, the weight of the whole is still urged forward by the same mighty impulse, as where it exhibited its power in the terrifying din of the cataract.

We live at a time, when the events, that are taking place around us, bear more resemblance to the high colouring of romance, than to the sober occurrences of real life. “Nations, that sat in darkness, have seen the great light,” which burst upon them from the American revolution, and with a noble emulation, are urging forward in the same career of liberty and of glory. Our own land,

through the whole course of its separate existence, has been distinguished by peculiar and unexampled success. We can but own, that the hand of Heaven is seen in the prompt and rich reward, which has repaid the toils and struggles and sufferings of our fathers. Yet, as if these were not sufficiently marked evidences of divine interference, that same Providence, which can alike manifest itself by miraculous interposition, or through the common succession of cause and effect, has by the wonderful event, which is still fresh in the recollection of all, set the seal of its favour and approbation upon us, in a manner calculated to excite at once our awe and our admiration. The day, hailed by the acclamations of millions, as completing half a century since the first declaration of our independence, passed from time to eternity, bearing on its wings two of the coadjutors and successors of Washington, attended by the unanimous benedictions of a nation, which held them in veneration. It would be out of place, here to amplify on the occurrence of numerous and remarkable circumstances, which distinguished the lives and deaths of these men. But let us imagine with what emotions future ages will look upon the narrative, when it is transmitted to them, consecrated by the veneration, which antiquity will give it. The most unquestionable authority of history will scarcely be able to silence the doubts of the sceptical. Let us, however, look on this event, not only for the air of mystery and romance, which will surround it in the view of future generations, but for the manner, in which it will lead them to look upon ourselves. Let us see them inquiring, whether the people, before whose eyes these occurrences transpired, were led by them to think seriously on the duties, which devolved on

them from the high and responsible stations, which they held in their relations to other nations, and to succeeding ages. Reflections like these should sink deep into the heart of every one. The impressions, they make, should be deep and lasting. They will then stamp upon the present generation a character worthy of the extraordinary events, which have preceded, and which are attending it—a character, worthy of an age, which succeeds immediately to the eventful era, which numbers among its worthies the names of Adams, of Jefferson and of Washington.

A DISSERTATION ON ANIMAL HEAT,

READ BEFORE THE BOYLSTON MEDICAL SOCIETY, DECEMBER 12, 1823.*

THE operation of Heat, like that of other chemical agents, is peculiarly modified by the living body. A mass of inorganic matter, when placed in a medium either warmer or colder than itself, has its temperature increased or diminished, till it is precisely the same with that of the medium. But in animals, and in some degree, in all organic bodies, while in the regular exercise of their proper functions, the temperature does not so much vary with that of the substances, which surround them. This is particularly true of the more perfect animals. It is maintained by some, that both heat and cold are resisted by the same power in animals; and this power is denominated by Sir Gilbert Blane, "The Temperative Principle." Whatever may be the cause, two opposite effects are produced; and in stating facts, and examining opinions, with relation to these, it will be more convenient to speak of them separately. The standard temperature of the human body is usually stated to be about 98°. That of many animals is somewhat greater, and that of birds, is from five to ten degrees higher. This temperature in man and the more perfect animals, is not materially varied by any degree of heat or cold, not sufficient to destroy life.

The production of Animal Heat is styled by Mr Brande, (perhaps correctly) "the most recondite of all the functions." It is one, which, in the variations of temperature, to which we are exposed, is obviously of essential importance to our preservation. For we are continually expos-

* Written at the age of 17.

ed to variations of temperature, which, if not in some way resisted, would quickly destroy that delicate organization, on which the life of our bodies depends. For how could we survive the most moderate of our winters, if the vital fluid were exposed to the same degree of cold, which it must sustain, if it received no supply of heat? The same Intelligence, which has so wisely ordained all the functions and operations of our bodies, has therefore provided, that they should be continually supplied with a quantity of heat, independently of that, which enters them in a sensible form from surrounding bodies.

The origin of Animal Heat is not understood—at least not universally agreed on. If we consider caloric as a material substance, we must look for some supply external to the body. For the same heat does not always exist in the body, since it is continually radiating heat into the medium, in which it is placed. It would therefore soon exhaust itself, unless it received a supply from without. As the function of respiration has been thought by many to furnish this supply, it may not be entirely out of place, here to give some short account of this process.

The object of this function is, by bringing the venous blood under the influence of the air in the capillary system of the lungs, to restore to it the Arterial character, which it had lost in the course of the circulation, and thus to render it the proper stimulus of the parts, to which it is to be conveyed. After having been subjected to this process, the blood from a dark colour becomes florid, acquires the property of coagulating more readily, and on coagulation, separates a smaller proportion of serum. The air also, by means of which these changes are induced, has its chemical composition altered. But the corres-

ponding changes, produced in the composition of the blood are so slight, that the most delicate analysis cannot detect them. The most important change in the air is the disappearance of a portion of its oxygen, and the presence of an equal bulk of carbonic acid. Other changes have been supposed to take place; which have not, however, been so distinctly ascertained. In the experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, it was found that where respiration was carried on in the same air, till it became very laborious, a quantity of oxygen disappeared, more than entered into the formation of the carbonic acid produced. This they supposed to have been absorbed. But in natural respiration, the carbonic acid formed, contained a quantity of oxygen equal to that, which had disappeared. In some of these experiments, particularly the second series, it appeared, that azote was added to the air taken into the lungs.

On this circumstance, different experiments disagree, and some have even thought that there is an absorption of part of the azote of the inspired air into the system. Sir H. Davy found in his experiments, that in air which had been respired once there was a diminution of 1.4 in an hundred parts, owing to the disappearance of azote. It has been found that a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen has been respired without any inconvenience. Azote does not therefore seem to be, in ordinary circumstances, of essential importance. The air expelled from the lungs is saturated with aqueous vapour. That this is partly derived from the blood, that is passing from the pulmonary arteries to the pulmonary veins, is probable from the circumstance, that the blood of the pulmonary veins contains less serum than the blood of the pulmonary arteries. Mr.

Brande thinks, that "it is secreted by the exhalations, distributed over the surface of the air-vessels of the lungs, and can scarcely be considered as a product of Respiration." It was believed by Lavoisier, that hydrogen was thrown off from the lungs, which united with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and formed the aqueous vapour contained in the respired air. But if we can depend on the experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys no more oxygen generally disappears, than what enters into the constitution of the carbonic acid formed, and none therefore unites with the hydrogen of the blood. The most important alterations in the chemical characters of the air, and the sensible properties of the blood, take place, when the blood is exposed to the air out of the body. The blood if dark, becomes florid, and in the air, oxygen disappears and carbonic acid is produced. This takes place through a membranous substance, as a bladder, be interposed between the blood and the air. It cannot be doubted, then, that the carbon of the carbonic acid, found in air which has been respired, is derived from the blood. A considerable quantity of carbon is in this way emitted from the lungs in twenty-four hours. According to the estimate of Sir H. Davy, nearly ten and a half ounces of carbon are given off in twenty-four hours. According to the eleventh experiment of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, over eleven ounces are given off in that time; and air which has been respired once, contains according to the same experiment 8.5 per cent of carbonic acid. This estimate has been thought too large, and Mr. Brande thinks that the air expired may be regarded as containing on an average 3.5 per cent of carbonic acid, which, if the air were respired as fast as in the experiment just mentioned, would give a

little over four ounces of carbon emitted from the blood in twenty four hours. A greater quantity of carbon must therefore exist in venous, than in arterial blood. This has been thought by some to be because the blood, in giving off the materials of secretion, excretion, exhalation and nutrition, gave off a smaller proportion of carbon, than of its other elements, and that this last substance must consequently predominate in the blood returned by the veins. It is to be recollect, however, that most of the solids and fluids separated from the blood, resemble very nearly or exactly in their composition the albuminous contents of the blood. If there be any difference, it must be so slight, that the quantity of carbon remaining to be thrown out by the lungs must bear but a very minute proportion to that taken into the body. But so far is this from being the case, that it is objected by Dr. Gorham to the very accurate experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, that according to them, a greater quantity of carbon is thrown off from the lungs in twenty-four hours, than what is probably taken into the system in that time. Dr. Crawford maintained, that the carbon expelled from the lungs, was what had formed part of the body, and having remained as long as it was fit for the purpose, was again taken into the circulation, and thrown out of the system. If this hypothesis were true, we might anticipate, that the quantity of carbon, thrown from the lungs would be nearly equal to that taken into the system. It has been objected to this opinion, that all the veins contain a surplus of carbon, whereas the effete materials of nutrition do not enter the venous system, till the blood has nearly arrived at the heart. This objection is grounded on the doctrine, that the Lymphatics are the only absorbing vessels. But

the experiments of Magendie shew that the veins either absorb, or else communicate with the absorbing vessels near their origin. Hence the composition of the blood in the veins may be affected by the substances absorbed. It is plain, however, that the substances absorbed must have an exit from some part of the body. A quantity of carbon must every day be thrown out of the body, equal to what is taken in. It would perhaps be difficult to account for the escape of such a quantity of carbon, if none of it were supposed to pass off from the lungs. Arterial blood, when excluded from the contact of the air, or exposed to gases, which contain no uncombined oxygen, assumes the colour of venous blood. Hence it has been inferred, that the change from arterial to venous blood was owing to some alteration in the arrangement of its elements. It was supposed, that oxygen was absorbed by the blood in the lungs, and there being only loosely combined, gave it its florid colour ; that in the course of the circulation, it entered into more intimate union with the hydrogen and carbon of the blood, producing the venous colour ; and was finally discharged with the hydrogen and carbon in the lungs, in the form of aqueous vapour and carbonic acid. It is not, however, certain, that the change of colour in arterial blood out of the body, is precisely the same with what takes place in the body. Till this is proved, we shall not be under the necessity of believing, that a substance is taken into the blood, for no purpose, but to be again discharged.

In the experiments of Lavoisier and Seguin it was found, that a considerably greater quantity of oxygen was consumed by a person in a given time, soon after he had taken food, than when his stomach was empty, other cir-

cumstances being the same. More oxygen was also found to be consumed, while the body was in violent exercise, than when it was at rest, and more was consumed at the temperature of 57 degrees, than at that of 82. In the twelfth experiment of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, by respiring a greater quantity of air than usual, a greater quantity of carbonic acid was formed in five and a half minutes, than when a somewhat less quantity of air was respired in ten minutes. These men also found, that a greater quantity of carbonic acid was produced from the respiration of pure oxygen gas than from atmospheric air. Hence they conclude, that one use of azote is to regulate the quantity of oxygen, which shall be taken up in the act of respiration.

If the heat of animals is derived from any external source, I know of no one so well calculated for this effect as the air received into the lungs. This exists in the form, in which it contains the greatest quantity of latent heat. Fresh portions of it are continually received into the body. It acts on every part of the blood. It is continually combining with one of the elements of the blood in such a manner, that we should by no means be surprised to find a considerable quantity of caloric evolved. Those animals in whom the function of respiration is most perfectly carried on, have the highest temperature. It may be added, that heat is evolved in other processes, in which carbonic acid is formed in a similar manner ; such as the germination of seeds and vegetation of plants, in both of which Mr. Ellis has demonstrated, that carbonic acid is formed by the union of carbon with atmospheric oxygen. But in investigating the causes of animal heat, some have too much lost sight of the influ-

ence, which vitality has on this function. The ingenious theory of Dr. Crawford is founded on the relative capacities of arterial and venous blood for heat. He supposed the capacity of venous blood to be to that of arterial blood as ten to eleven and a half. From his comparison of the capacities of carbon, oxygen gas, and carbonic acid gas, the oxygen, during its conversion into carbonic acid, gives out 4653 degrees of heat. Part of this he believes to enter into the latent form in the aqueous vapour, which is exhaled from the lungs, and part to be absorbed by the arterial blood, in consequence of its increased capacity. The arterial blood in its change into venous blood, of course gives out the caloric, which it had absorbed in the lungs. Dr. Davy found arterial blood to have a less capacity than venous, and Berzelius could find no difference between them. But what can we know from experiments made out of the body, of the capacity of the blood circulating in the vessels? Is it philosophical, by an examination of the blood, when removed from all its connections with the living body, to limit the powers, which it possesses, when in the body and entrusted with one of its most important functions? The peculiar influence of life seems indeed to be as necessary to the production of animal heat as to the formation of the animal solids. Neither does it seem to be more correct to take the usual capacity of carbon as the standard of its capacity, when it forms a part of the blood. If it be admitted, that the regular heat of the body is supplied by the respiration, it will still, I think, be impossible to calculate from chemical experiment, in what manner, or in what quantity, caloric is separated from the oxygen. All that we can say is, that the blood has the power to absorb, or else merely

to separate from the air a quantity of caloric, sufficient for the wants of the system. It may be absorbed by the blood in the lungs, and again given out in the general capillary system, or it may enter into the blood in a sensible form, and thus be distributed throughout the body. It appears that the sensible heat of the blood is increased in the lungs, for it is stated by Richerand, that the blood of the pulmonary vein is two degrees, *Reaumur*, warmer than that of the pulmonary artery. This fact is a strong evidence, that respiration is in some way connected with the supply of animal heat. It has been thought by some, that if animal heat were owing to the free caloric, which the blood receives in the lungs, these organs must be considerably warmer than the rest of the body. This might perhaps be the case, but before we consider it as proved, we should recollect, that the blood is but a short time in passing from the heart to the capillaries, that in its course it is in vessels, which lie deep and remote from the influence of the air, and surrounded by parts of the same temperature with themselves; and that consequently, the blood will not, in passing to the capillaries, cool as much as we should at first expect. Besides, those parts, which are most remote from the heart and most exposed to the air, do actually cool much easier than others. The experiments of Mr. Brodie seem to prove, that animal heat is not connected with the effects produced on the blood in respiration. He kept up artificial respiration in animals, which had been decapitated, and remarked, that though the circulation continued, and the usual changes took place in the blood in both the capillary systems, yet the animal, in which artificial respiration was kept up, cooled faster than an animal, which was killed at the same time,

and that the lungs cooled faster than the rest of the body. Both these circumstances were thought to be owing to the influx of cold air into the lungs. Mr. Brodie's experiments, however, have been repeated in this country with very different, and even opposite results. In one of these experiments, as repeated here, after artificial respiration had been kept up an hour and twenty minutes, the lungs of the animal, notwithstanding the continual influx of air twenty degrees below their natural temperature, were one degree warmer than the abdomen, which was also two & a half degrees warmer than the abdomen of another animal in precisely the same circumstances, except the want of artificial respiration. The experiments of Legallois are said to agree with these last in their results. In all the experiments of the kind, that I have seen mentioned, where artificial respiration was kept up, the temperature generally sunk, even while the pulsations of the heart were as frequent, and the changes in the blood apparently as complete as usual. Hence the supply of animal heat, if it has its source in the lungs, does not appear to depend on chemical action, since it is diminished, when the influence of the brain is removed, which was always done in these experiments. For though it may not depend directly on the influence of the brain, yet as the functions cannot be regularly carried on, while one of the most important organs of the body is lost, the destruction of the influence of the brain, though its action on the respiratory muscles was artificially supplied, might have been expected to produce great derangement in all the important functions of the body. I do not know that it has ever been determined, whether any caloric is given out, when venous blood becomes florid on exposure to the air out of

the body. If the respired air be the source of animal heat, its production is influenced by the powers peculiar to the living body, and is not exclusively under the control of chemical action. This is proved by the remarkable fact, that an unusual quantity of oxygen may be consumed in respiration, and yet the temperature of the body be scarcely at all affected. In the experiments of Lavoisier and Seguin, a man using violent exercise after taking food, consumed nearly three times as much oxygen, in an hour, as he did when at rest, with the stomach empty. Yet we are told, that the temperature was scarcely affected. In some of the experiments of Messrs. Allen and Pepys, persons were made, either by respiring more rapidly than they naturally did, or by respiring purer oxygen, to consume considerably more than the usual quantity of oxygen. In one of these experiments, the heat under the tongue was 99 degrees. In another, in which twice the usual quantity of oxygen was consumed, no notice is taken of the temperature, though it must have attracted their attention, if it had been proportional to the oxygen, which disappeared.

It is observed by Sir Gilbert Blane, that "the heat given out by oxygen, during its combination with carbon, is quite inadequate to account for the quantity, necessary for steadily maintaining, and equally distributing it through the body." We have reason, in fact, to doubt, whether the heat given out by the combustion of ten ounces of carbon would be sufficient to maintain a mass of matter as large as the human body, at the temperature of 98 degrees, for twenty-four hours. Hence it is not improbable, that the living body may separate from the atmosphere, a part of its latent caloric, independently of any chemical process.

From the observations of Sir G. Blanc on "the Temperative Principle," it appears that he does not think the air taken into the lungs the only source of animal heat. "Though" says he "oxygen may contribute somewhat to the generation of heat, its chief action is that of serving as a stimulus to the living power in generating it." Several of his observations are intended to prove, that the heat of living animals is not derived from the respired air. The first remark of this kind is, that "a degree of heat above the external medium remains in torpid animals during their hibernation, though they do not breathe." This fact, it must be admitted, proves that there may exist in the living animal a power of generating heat without the aid of respiration; and therefore, if we have no positive evidence, that the uniform temperature of the more perfect animals is connected with respiration, we may have reason to suspect, that this power exists in them. But does this fact with regard to hibernating animals prove, that the heat of the more perfect animals is not derived from the air, which they respire? The mode of existence in hibernating animals is in some respects materially different from that of most others. There is especially a difference in this circumstance, that in most animals, respiration is necessary to the preservation of life, whereas these can live without it. Now no one would infer, that because respiration is not necessary to the maintenance of life in hibernating animals, it is not necessary to the maintenance of life in man. Why then is the inference more warrantable, that because respiration is not necessary to the production of heat in hibernating animals, it is not necessary to this process in man?

His next argument is drawn from the fact, that after
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certain sudden deaths, as from apoplexy and insolation, "the temperature of the body is maintained, even above the natural standard, to a period, beyond that, in which it would be totally abstracted from the like mass of inanimate matter." If from these operations, which go on in the dead body, any inferences are to be drawn with regard to living animals, such inferences, I apprehend, would militate strongly with the very position, which Sir Gilbert Blane so strongly insists on, viz. that animal heat is generated by a vital process. For if any operation is carried on more actively in the dead body, than in the living, how can we believe, that this operation is a vital one? The only method, I see, of avoiding this difficulty, is by supposing, that the heat given out in these cases, is evolved by a process different from what takes place during life. If this be admitted, these facts are by no means inconsistent with the idea, that the heat of the living animal is dependent on respiration. These instances of heat retained after death, are very singular and difficult to be accounted for. They occur in death from various causes. "Animal heat" says Bichat "is retained in most sudden deaths much longer than the term necessary for dead bodies to lose that, which ceases to be given out at the instant, that general life ceases." It is stated, that in putrid fevers, the heat has been increased at the moment of death, that it even rose after death to 104 degrees. Whether these circumstances are owing to the extrication of caloric, which, being retained in the latent state in the blood of the living body, is given out, when vitality ceases, or whether there is some more satisfactory mode of explaining them, I do not know. But if they take place, where the loss of vitality is most complete, as after death

from putrid fevers, I think they cannot be referred to the same process, which generates heat during life.

Sir G. Blane's third argument is this. "If the heat of the body," says he, "depended on respiration alone, any one might by a voluntary effort of quick, deep and prolonged inspiration, increase the temperature of his body at will." I think, however, this would not necessarily follow, if the production of heat from the respired air is regulated by a living power—any more than an enormous quantity of food taken into the stomach would produce a proportionally excessive formation and absorption of chyle.

It is remarked by Dr. Bree, that if the bulb of a thermometer be put into the mouth of an asthmatic at the approach of a fit, the temperature will be found lower than in the intervals. It is believed by this writer, that the serum effused into the Bronchiæ in asthma, interferes with the changes commonly produced in the blood. Can we account for the diminution of temperature at the accession of the fit more satisfactorily than by supposing, that the effused serum, by preventing the influence of the air on the blood, also prevents the production of a quantity of heat sufficient to maintain the common temperature of the body?

If the respired air be the source of animal heat, the general capillary system has some part in its distribution. It is a fact familiar to every one, that in low temperatures, the heat of the body is always greatest, where the capillary circulation is most vigorous. But does the blood in the general capillary system merely give off the sensible caloric, which it received in the lungs, or does it extricate a quantity, which it before contained in the latent form?

Inflamed parts generally have a sensation of heat, but do not indicate to the thermometer a temperature above the common standard. It is asserted by Thompson, that the heat of an inflamed part never exceeds that of the heart. Magendie, however, remarks, that "it has been observed by persons worthy of belief, that in certain local diseases, the temperature of the part diseased, becomes greater than that of the blood taken from the left auricle by several degrees." If this be correct, it would seem probable, that the capillary circulation influences the production of animal heat, otherwise than by merely transmitting it in a sensible form from the lungs. In the patient in the hospital, in whom the external Iliac artery was tied, the limb, which was deprived of its blood, was in two days, two degrees warmer than the other. It is said by Mr. John Bell, that shortly after the operation for aneurism, the heat rises many degrees above the standard heat of the limb, and above the general heat of the system, to which it belongs. If Mr. Bell's statement be correct, we cannot easily avoid the conclusion, that the capillaries do disengage at times a quantity of heat, separately from what exists in them in a sensible form. In whatever manner the general capillary system is subservient to the function, of which we are treating, it is very certain, that it is in some way or other subservient to it. We know, that when any part of the body is exposed to a cold atmosphere, the first effect is to excite the capillaries of the skin to more vigorous action, by which means, if the cold be not intense, its noxious effects are prevented. It is well known also, that by keeping the body in active exercise, and thus increasing the vigour of the circulation, the temperature of the body is maintained in a colder atmosphere.

than it could otherwise support. It is very probable, that in this case, more heat may be produced in the lungs. For since the function is under the control of a vital principle, we should expect, that the heat would be furnished in proportion to the wants of the system; and if it is derived from the air in the lungs, a more active circulation in that part would better enable it to furnish the increased supply, which the system demands. This is not at all inconsistent with the results of the experiments of Lavoisier and Seguin, just now stated, in which the temperature was not increased by active exercise. For we are not informed, that the temperature was lower, when the exercise was used, than when the person was at rest. There was, therefore, no call for an increased supply of heat, and of consequence, the temperature of the body was not raised by exercise. It is stated, that in one experiment, a man in the temperature of 82 degrees, consumed in an hour 1210 cubic inches of oxygen, and that at the temperature of 57 degrees, other circumstances being the same as before, 1340 cubic inches of oxygen were consumed. Yet here the temperature was scarcely affected. This, at first sight, might seem to shew, that the increased activity of the pulmonary capillaries, evinced by the consumption of a greater quantity of oxygen, did not occasion an additional quantity of heat to be evolved, since the temperature was not changed. But it is to be recollectcd, that at the temperature of 57 degrees, a greater quantity of caloric will be necessary to maintain the temperature of the body, than would be required at 82 degrees. Hence the uniformity of temperature in the two experiments demonstrates, that more heat was actually produced in the second experiment, where the greatest

quantity of oxygen was consumed. The result of this experiment, then, is a confirmation of the conjecture, that the vital power adapts the quantity of heat produced to the wants of the system. Notwithstanding these remarks, part of the influence of active exercise in preserving the temperature of the body in a cold atmosphere, evidently arises from the increased action in the capillaries of the part exposed, by which the part is kept of the same temperature with the rest of the body. As the skin covers the whole body, this organ must be the one principally exposed to the influence of cold; and hence the great vascularity of this part, is perhaps partly intended for preserving the heat of the animal body. By this vascularity, and the great activity of its capillary vessels, it is better enabled to preserve its vital warmth, and thus to protect the organs, which it covers, many of which, without its protection, would not be able to withstand any considerable degree of cold. But as long as the skin retains its warmth, they cannot be in any danger. For if you take a heated body and place it in a tight vessel, whose walls could be in any way kept of the same temperature with the heated body, it is obvious, that as long as they were kept so, the body could not cool, whatever might be the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, and though the cause, which heated the vessel, did not exert any immediate influence on the contained body. On the same principle, if the skin and the mucous membrane of the air-passages be kept uniformly of the same temperature, the deep-seated organs would also retain their heat, though they received scarcely any by means of their own vitality. Now the skin, by its vascularity, has a considerable power of preserving its warmth, and though in parts, which

are much exposed, it frequently sinks below the standard heat of the body, yet, as it continually receives fresh quantities of blood, it derives its heat in a great measure from that, and consequently does not take much from the organs, which it covers. The large vessels, which convey the blood, all lie very deep, and the blood must therefore arrive at the skin, without being deprived of either its sensible, or its latent heat. Most of the internal parts, however, have in some degree the power of preserving their temperature, and therefore of assisting the skin, when it is overcome by the intensity of cold, to which it is subjected.

According to the experiments of some philosophers, heat is disengaged from the blood during its coagulation. This result was obtained by Fourcroy, Gordon, and the writer of the article *Blood* in Rees' Cyclopædia. Mr. Hunter and Dr. Davy did not find any heat to be given out by the coagulation of blood. If the coagulation of blood does ever occasion the extrication of caloric, it might be interesting to inquire whether the circumstance is in any way connected with the production of heat in the living body. The blood, when separated from the body, has a power of preserving its temperature, somewhat similar to that, which the body itself has. In an experiment of Dr. Caldwell of Philadelphia, blood was found not to cool near as fast as other fluids of the same consistency, and having sunk to 65 degrees, (the medium in which it was placed being about 40) it remained stationary at that point, till it coagulated.

The power of the animal body, in retaining its temperature, is not confined to the preservation of its vital heat, when it is exposed to cold. It also resists to an astonish-

ing degree, and with almost no increased heat, a much higher temperature than its own. In the tropical, and even in the temperate climates, the atmosphere is frequently warmer than the body, and yet the body continues nearly the same. It was found, however, by Dr. John Davy, that in latitude 12 degrees South, the temperature of those on board the vessel he was in, was nearly 100 degrees, though while out of the tropic, it was not more than 98 degrees. The power of our bodies to resist high temperatures was remarkably evinced in the celebrated experiments of Dr. Fordyce, Sir Joseph Banks, and Sir Charles Blagden. In some of these experiments, the body was exposed to the temperature of 260 degrees, forty-eight degrees above that of boiling water, without having its temperature at all increased, though the velocity of the pulse was in one instance more than doubled. Females accustomed to attend an oven, have been found to bear for ten minutes a degree of heat, equal to 280 degrees.

Dr. Crawford explained this power of resisting heat, on chemical principles, somewhat similar to those, by which he explained the generation of heat. He thought, that a high temperature occasioned an increased aqueous exhalation from the lungs, and that this, in evaporating, required all the heat that was given out by the atmospheric oxygen in respiration, thus preventing the absorption of any caloric into the blood, and on the contrary, absorbing heat from that fluid. He found in some of his experiments, that Guinea-pigs produce in respiration more carbonic acid in a cold, than in a warm medium. This would also tend to increase the quantity of heat, absorbed by the aqueous vapour from the blood, at a high temperature, since it could not then receive so large a supply from the

formation of carbonic acid. He also found, that blood, taken from the vein of a dog, kept for a sufficient time in a warm medium, was nearly as florid and red as arterial blood. This fact would lead to the conjecture, that under these circumstances, no heat was given out from the blood in the capillary circulation, where he supposed the principal evolution of heat to take place. In explaining the power of animals to resist heat, some have laid great stress on the cutaneous exhalation. It has been thought that the evaporation of this kept up a continual absorption, so that the temperature of the skin and consequently of the parts beneath it must remain unchanged. If this be correct, the aqueous exhalation from the lungs probably assists in producing the same effect. It is well known, that a great degree of cold is produced by the formation of vapour. A hemal tumour has been known to be frozen by the application of ether. In the great heat to which Dr. Fordyce and his associates were exposed, above the boiling point of water, "pure water in an earthen vessel, during an hour and an half, acquired only a heat of 140 degrees, and afterwards continued stationary above an hour at a degree much below the boiling point. But when its power of evaporating was checked by dropping a small quantity of oil on its surface, it boiled very briskly." Dr. Fordyce found, that he was much better able to bear the heat of a dry atmosphere, than of a moist one, and from this he infers, that the evaporation from the living body, which takes place when the air is dry, assists its living powers in producing cold. In one of the lectures, an experiment was lately mentioned, in which a dog, placed in water above his natural temperature, (I think at about 120 degrees) was so violently af-

fected, that death was produced in a short time. But the gentlemen, who performed the experiment just mentioned, "shut up a bitch in a heated room, when the thermometer had risen to 220 degrees. In this situation she was suffered to remain, without being immediately affected, for half an hour, and when she was brought again into the cold air, appeared not to have received the least injury." Is it not possible, that the great difference in the results of these two experiments was owing to the circumstance that in the first, the animal being placed in water, the evaporation from the surface was prevented from taking place, and the heat thus less vigorously resisted? But as in some cases, the production of heat cannot depend on respiration, so in some cases, high temperatures are resisted without the aid of evaporation from the skin. In an experiment mentioned by Richerand, frogs placed in water of a higher temperature than their bodies, were not at the end of ten minutes so hot as the liquid, or as pieces of flesh, put into it at the same time with themselves. Here there could have been no opportunity for evaporation from the surface, and the heat therefore could not have been resisted from this cause. This shews that heat may be resisted by some other means than evaporation from the skin. But as these animals are placed in different situations from the more perfect ones, different provisions were consequently necessary for them. We cannot, therefore, from what is observed in them, draw any certain conclusions on this subject, with regard to the human species.

It is supposed by some, that there is no necessity of calling in the assistance of evaporation, or any other chemical operation, and that the vital powers are exclu-

sively concerned in the resistance to external heat—that in fact, the living body is impermeable to heat derived from external substances. We cannot determine *a priori* the truth or falsehood of this conjecture. If there is any way of testing its correctness, it must be by an examination of facts. It may perhaps be considered more consistent with the views at present entertained on other physiological subjects, to suppose, that vitality alone is a sufficient guard against the entrance of heat from without, than to rest our protection on an action, in which chemical agencies are at all concerned. Dr. Fordyce, in some of his experiments, entered a hot room, the air of which was saturated with moisture, and in a short time, the water ran down in streams over his whole body. This he attributed to the condensation of the vapours, and hence infers, that in this case, there being no evaporation, but constantly a condensation, no cold was generated but by the animal powers. As I have not seen the original history of these experiments, I know not on what circumstance he grounds his opinion, that this quantity of water was owing to the condensation of the vapours; for, I apprehend, the idea naturally suggested would be, that it was the perspiration, which was prevented from evaporating by the saturation of the air with moisture. Possibly he was led to the opinion by the suddenness, with which his skin became thus moist, as it took place in half a minute after he entered a room of the temperature of 119 degrees. We should hardly anticipate, that if the animal body could receive no heat from surrounding bodies, it would have any tendency to condense their vapours. There are some objections to the doctrine, that the body of living animals is impervious to external heat, or that this, if it be fact, is

the sole cause of their retaining their proper temperature in a hot atmosphere. The animal body cannot emit a greater proportion of its caloric to a cold atmosphere, than to a warm one. For, in a warm atmosphere, it gives out its caloric, as fast as it is formed, otherwise, it would accumulate. In a cold atmosphere, it can of course give it out no faster, than it is formed. Why then should the surface of the body be, as it actually is, cooled by exposure to cold air. If the cold be not intense, I cannot think, that the supply of animal heat is diminished. For a degree of cold may be sufficient to diminish the warmth of the exposed parts of the body, while it increases the force of circulation, or at least does not depress it. Now it does not appear probable, that the production of animal heat should be retarded in those very circumstances in which it is especially necessary, & where the degree of cold is not sufficient to depress the other functions. If then the production of heat is no less, and its proportional radiation no greater at low than at common temperatures, I cannot explain why the external surface should be cooled by the contact of cold air, unless by supposing, that the animal body, like other matter, commonly receives caloric from the medium, in which it is placed. But if it does so, we can easily see, that unless the internal supply be considerably greater, the external surface may be cooled by a low temperature.

It is evident, that caloric can pass out of the body, and this might be considered as an evidence, that it can enter the body from without. For though we cannot say, that it is impossible, that the body should be so constituted, as to have the faculty of transmitting heat in one direction and not in another, yet we may justly require some posi-

tive evidence, before we can give our assent to such a proposition. I do not know that any evidence of it has been offered, except that it forms a more satisfactory explanation, than could otherwise be given, of the resistance, which animal bodies make to high temperatures. But there are circumstances, which render it at least doubtful, whether it does form a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. If the living body were impervious to heat, and if its resistance to that agent were from this cause, a heated body, coning in contact with ours, and not being able to conimunicate any of its caloric, would retain its temperature. But this is not the case, as may be proved by a number of facts. To recur again to the experiments of Dr. Fordyce, and his associates, these gentlemen found, that the thermometer, which by the tem-
perature of the room was raised much above the boiling point of water, sunk to about 100 degrees, on being placed in contact with their bodies. The mercury of the thermometer must then have parted with much of its caloric. It did not indeed enter the body in a sensible form, otherwise, it must have prevented the thermometer from sinking so low. It must, however, have disappeared in some way. If then we know, that heated substances, when placed in contact with our bodies, have their tem-
perature reduced, though it were impossible to tell how this is effected, yet the reduction removes the necessity of resorting for an explanation to the conjecture that the free caloric of external substances never enters the animal body. It was also found in the experiments of Dr. For-
dyce, that the temperature of the heated room was very sensibly diminished by their remaining in it, and from this same cause, the air of the room could not, while they

were in it, be raised to the temperature, which the apparatus was capable of producing. "Whenever they breathed on the thermometer, the mercury sunk several degrees; every expiration afforded a pleasant cooling impression to their nostrils, and their cold breath cooled their fingers." The respired air, must therefore have lost some of its sensible heat, while in their lungs. These facts seem to warrant the inference, that the external heat was prevented from entering their bodies by some diverticulum, which carried it another way, rather than by any direct power of resisting its influence. It is well known, that we often take into the stomach food and drink, which is of a higher temperature than the body. We have a very memorable instance of this in the hot thanksgiving pie of illustrious memory, which made such a salutary impression on Count Rumford's mouth, and by a heat of argument, which he was unable to withstand, stimulated him to the most interesting researches, and greatly promoted the advancement of science. In these cases, where hot substances are taken into the stomach, I know not, that we have any thing to authorize the belief, that they retain their heat, and yet it would not perhaps be easy to account for its disappearance.

If you take a small metallic body, as for example, a piece of copper or silver coin, as hot as can conveniently be borne, and include it between the palms of the hands, in which situation it may be nearly or quite excluded from the air, it will cool as soon, and even sooner, than when placed in the open air at 60 or 70 degrees. In this case, some of the heat appears to be communicated to the hand, since that, if immediately applied to some other part of the body, evidently feels warmer than the

common temperature of the body. Every one must have observed, that on holding the hand near a fire or on a hot body, its temperature might be so raised, that when applied to a sensible part, as the lips, it would give even a painful sensation of heat. In general, the local application of heat cannot be borne, so well, as when it is applied to the whole body by a hot atmosphere. This remark is not limited to the action of solid bodies; for a blast from a pair of bellows, of the heated air, which Dr. Fordyce and others bore with scarcely any inconvenience, was not to be endured. This was supposed to be, because the hot air from the bellows was kept continually in contact with the body, while the air of the room being at rest was cooled in the parts nearest their bodies. But if the evaporation from the skin be considered as the source of the cold generated, the effect of a blast of hot air may be explained on another principle. It may be, that the local action does not, like an action on the whole surface of the body, increase the perspiration, and we thus lose the principal defence against external heat, which therefore penetrates the body and raises its temperature.

It is thought by some, that living bodies resist heat by destroying it. If this expression be any other than figurative—if it imply the annihilation of this agent, or the destruction of its properties, the opinion is one, which it will be difficult to admit, unless we suppose the opinions of philosophers, with regard to the materiality of caloric, to be incorrect.

Such are a few of the many and interesting facts in relation to what is known of the faculty or faculties, by means of which, living animals sustain, without change of temperature, the greatest vicissitudes of heat and cold, to

which we are commonly exposed. It must be acknowledged, nor is it to be wondered at, that we yet lack much of a satisfactory explanation of all the phenomena appertaining to this power. The functions of living bodies have in all cases a veil of obscurity cast over them, which we in vain attempt to remove. When, therefore, to the mystery which envelopes every thing relating to life, we add the peculiarities of so subtle an agent as caloric—when we find the inexplicable operations of the one, exercised on the invisible and intangible substance of the other, we may look for phenomena, the explanation of which is alike inaccessible to the ingenuity of theory and the accuracy of experiment. Accordingly we shall find, that if we attempt to be wise above what is written in the book of nature, we shall learn but little from either experiment or hypothesis, and that while one often leaves us much to learn, the other will too often leave us much to unlearn. Still, the facts that have been accumulated are of great interest and considerable importance ; and there is perhaps no way, in which facts will be more assiduously sought after or better arranged and remembered, than by examining or supporting an hypothesis intended to explain them. Though we fail in finding the cause, we shall in this way learn much of the effect, like the sons, who dug over their father's vineyard, and who, though disappointed in not meeting with the money, which they expected to find buried, were plentifully rewarded for their labour by a rich burden of fruit. The power of animals to generate and resist heat, is interesting in regard to the facts we learn concerning it, and the intelligence

displayed in placing it in the living body. The facts we may study—the design we may admire—but concerning the cause, we can do little but conjecture.

S. B. PARRIS:

A DISSERTATION ON SYMPTOMS,

Written for a Medical Degree, Aug. 31, 1825, AEt. 19.

SYMPTOMS are to diseases, what extension, impenetrability, and the other properties are to matter. For as these properties are the only evidence of the existence of matter, and form the medium of its most interesting relations with ourselves—so symptoms are, during life, the only means, by which we become acquainted with diseases, the source of all their distress, and we may add, of all their danger. For the extinction of all the phenomena of life, may be regarded as a symptom, since, like pain, frequency of the pulse, and other symptoms, it is an effect of disease.

As long as we limit our speculations by the extent of the knowledge founded on the phenomena of diseases, we tread in a safe and plain road, as when we investigate the properties of matter, and the laws, by which it is governed. But when we advance farther, and attempt to penetrate the arcana of proximate causes, we often become bewildered in the mazes of hypothesis, like those, who would extend their researches beyond the properties, to the very essence of matter or of mind. However a person may be versed in the *science* of medicine, however deeply erudite in its theories, and however extensively in its collateral sciences—though these acquirements may constitute him a learned writer, or even an instructive lecturer, yet they cannot make him a skilful practitioner, unless he also has discernment to note the external appearances, which a disease presents, and sagacity to apply them in such a manner as to obtain a knowledge of the nature of the disease, and of the treatment required. It is this, in fact,

which constitutes the art, which is founded on medical science; and if, as Campbell has observed, "that science is of little value, which has not given rise to some useful art"—so, neither is medical science of much value to that *practitioner*, who has not these necessary qualifications to enable him to apply its rules to practice.

Though the extinction of life, and the morbid changes, which remain after death, might be considered as symptoms, since like them, they are the effects of disease, yet the term *symptoms*, is generally used in a more restricted signification. By *symptoms*, is generally understood, those appearances, presented by a person, labouring under disease, which are the effects of that disease, and by means of which we endeavour to learn its cause, its danger, its duration, its consequences, and the treatment, which will be most likely to remove, or diminish the disease, avert ill consequences, protract life, or alleviate suffering.

Symptoms have been divided into three kinds, viz.—Prognostic, by which we predict the future course and result of the disease; Diagnostic, by which we ascertain its present state, define it, and distinguish it from others; and Anamnetic, which teach us by what form of disease the patient has previously been affected. The Diagnostic symptoms in the above division, would include the Diagnostic, commonly so called, which assist us in distinguishing diseases from each other, though not peculiar and essential to any one disease, and the pathognomonic, or those which distinguish a disease by being invariably present in that disease and never in any other. We very rarely find single symptoms, that are pathognomonic, but we more frequently find combinations or successions of symptoms, that are so. As the definition of symptoms

is founded principally on their use, the term may include both symptoms, properly so called, viz. those, whose existence is ascertained immediately by the observation of the patient, attendants, or physician, and symptomatic diseases, the presence of which is inferred, not observed, but which may be as useful as any others in determining the nature, estimating the violence, predicting the termination and directing the treatment of the disease. Thus, Ascites is a disease, and like other diseases, is indicated by its symptoms, such as equal intumescence of the abdomen with fluctuation. But Ascites may be a symptom of organic disease, and may have the use of a symptom in exciting a suspicion, or confirming a belief of such disease. Affections of this kind have, therefore, a claim to be ranked among symptoms, though it is proper to distinguish them from those which are the immediate subjects of observation, as frequent pulse, and hot skin.

The great ultimate objects in the examination of symptoms are, to ascertain the dangers, to which the patient is exposed, but principally, to obviate, remove, or palliate disease and its consequences, and where a fatal termination is inevitable, to protract life to the latest possible period. These, however, are not commonly the immediate objects of research in the examination of symptoms. The principal immediate uses of symptoms are, to point out the nature, situation, extent, violence, state and stage of the disease, to furnish indications for the statement, and to assist in the investigation of those primary morbid changes, on which the disease depends.

The symptoms, by which we learn the nature, situation &c. of the disease, may arise immediately from the part diseased, or meditately from a secondary affection of

other parts. The symptoms in the diseased parts may be referred principally to changes in its structure, particularly affecting its size, form, consistence, position, and where it is visible, its appearance to the sight—and to changes in its functions. In many affections, particularly of the viscera of the pelvis and abdomen, the tumor or hardness, produced by change in structure, constitutes one of the principal means, by which we are able to detect the organ affected. Enlargements or indurations of various parts of the alimentary canal, of the liver, spleen, pancreas, &c. may in this way become very obvious. The change in the functions of a part will be evident, when those functions are in any way the subjects of observation, or when they are so connected with any of the great processes, carried on in the body, that a disturbance of them shall produce some peculiar alteration in these processes. Thus the function of the liver, viz. that of supplying bile to the contents of the intestines, is a subject of observation from its communicating their colour to the feces. Hence if the bile in the feces is greater or less than usual in quantity, or differs from its usual colour, we know that the liver is disordered. Again, if the food passes the intestines unchanged, we know, that the stomach fails to perform its office; for the formation of chyle could not be prevented by failure in any other part of the digestive apparatus, provided the stomach continued to perform its duty. Other parts may suffer in consequence of the primary affection. This may happen—first, from mechanical causes, as where one part, by its pressure, displaces another from its situation, excites in it an irritation, or obstructs its functions—second, from connection of functions. Thus, if the stomach fails to digest food, the sub-

sequent parts of the assimilative functions must also fail. If a nerve be wounded, compressed, or divided, the muscles, to which it is distributed, will be convulsed, or paralysed. Third, from sympathy, as in vomiting from inflammation in the kidneys. But in vomiting from inflammation of the stomach, the symptom is in the organ affected. What are called constitutional affections may mostly be considered as instances of sympathy. These affections are commonly sympathies of the system in general, or more properly of some subordinate system with a topical affection. In some cases, however, particularly in what are called idiopathic fevers, it is difficult, or impossible to discover any such topical affection, and the whole system seems to be primarily disordered. The local symptoms are generally the most relied on in determining the seat of the disease. Yet the constitutional affection may be considerably modified, according to the organ or texture diseased, and may, therefore, assist us in this particular. The nature of the malady is learnt, sometimes from the local, sometimes from the constitutional symptoms—most frequently, perhaps, from both. Thus there are certain constitutional symptoms, which are evidences of topical inflammation. Yet these symptoms, at least in the acute form, would not often justify us in deciding, that any particular part was actually inflamed, unless there were local symptoms to justify such conclusion. Again, should we find considerable pain in the region of the liver, we might suspect that part to be inflamed. But if on further inquiry, we found none of the common constitutional symptoms of inflammation, we should be led to look for some other cause for the local symptoms, such as Biliany Calculus. In many complaints, particularly such as fall under the

care of the surgeon, the local symptoms, especially the appearance of the parts to the sight and touch, are of themselves sufficient to indicate the nature of the disease. In many diseases nearly allied together, and required similar treatment, the difficulty in the diagnosis does not occasion much embarrassment. But where diseases, similar in their external countenance, require different, or opposite remedies, and where the disease may be one, in which a sort of specific remedy is indicated, instead of an attention to the symptoms as they arise, a close and cautious investigation is frequently requisite. The ways, in which the symptoms of a disease shew its extent, are various. The violence or duration of the symptoms, the extent of the local symptoms, as soreness, swelling and discolouration, and the variety of symptoms peculiar to each organ and texture, may point out the extent occupied by the disease, and the number of organs and textures affected. The violence of the disease is frequently, but not always, measured by the violence of the symptoms. The entire cessation of pain may arise from mortification, and there is frequently a disappearance of all violent symptoms, a short time before death. The termination of a disease often depends on its violence. The violence has, therefore, an important bearing on our prognosis. It may here be noticed, that one use of symptoms is to enable us to estimate the danger of diseases. In many cases, indeed, we do this by previously learning their violence. But, on the other hand, it frequently happens, that where the symptoms point out the analogy of any particular case to those, which have previously occurred, we estimate the danger of this case by knowing the frequency, with which they proved fatal, and by thus learning its danger, we measure its violence.

The state and stage of a disease are no less important, than its nature and situation. The state of inflammation in particular is of great importance to be known. The treatment will be essentially modified, according as it tends to resolution, suppuration or gangrene. Those symptoms, which mark the state of the disease, as modified by the constitution of the patient, the coexistence of other diseases, or the operation of external causes, are frequently of the first importance. That practice would not perhaps be called rational in any disease whatever, which should blindly follow any specific treatment without regard to these circumstances. The want of discrimination between the different stages of a disease, would frequently lead to as capital errors as the confounding of different diseases. This is especially true in acute diseases, where it is often a matter of nice discrimination to detect the time, when free depletion, from being the best preserver of life, becomes the surest instrument of death. The prognosis is also not unfrequently influenced by the stage. The diseases are not numerous, which may not be arrested at the moment of their accession. But in many, if this moment be suffered to pass without proper treatment, or "if such treatment be unsuccessful, the case becomes hopeless, and we shall hardly feel justified in tormenting the patient with vigorous remedies.

Another use of symptoms is to direct us in our treatment. This is indeed the principal ultimate object in the study of symptoms. But in our common national practice, where the symptoms influence our treatment by pointing out the nature, stage &c. of the affection, and where our remedial course is founded on scientific principles—and in our common empirical practice, where from

the combination of symptoms we learn the name of the disease, and use a remedy, simply because it has before been found efficacious in similar cases—in neither of these modes of treatment are the remedies directed, as they sometimes are, immediately to the symptoms. By directing the treatment immediately to the symptoms is meant the use of remedies, with the intention of quieting certain symptoms independently of the removal of their exciting cause. In the use of cathartics for the cure of costiveness, we draw our indication directly from the symptom; for the immediate effect of the cathartic is to overcome the constipation by exciting the action of the intestines. But in the use of cathartics for the cure of diarrhoea, the indication is not taken directly from the symptom. For the primary effect of the cathartic is to coincide with the diarrhoea, but it ultimately cures the disorder by removing the irritation, which excites it. The treatment is directed immediately to the symptoms—where their cause is not known or cannot be removed—where the primary affection is of no consequence, and though remaining, may not prevent the removal of the symptoms—where the symptoms will not be removed by the removal of the primary affection—where the symptoms are at the present moment so urgent, that they must be removed, even if it be at the risk of aggravating the primary affection, whether such symptoms arise from the primary disease, from complications, or from other causes and where the occurrence of certain symptoms aggravates the original complaint by their irritation, or in some other way. It is an object to relieve symptoms of the last description, though in this way we only act indirectly on the disease, which occasions them. In most acute dis-

eases an important part of the treatment is aimed directly at the symptoms, by diminishing which we at once administer to the comfort of the patient, and moderate the violence of the disorder. Of this kind is the use of cold water externally and internally in fevers. When the primary disease cannot be removed the indication of course is to make the situation of the patient as comfortable as possible. It is also clear, that in all circumstances, we should remove any unpleasant symptom, which may arise, when this can be done without subjecting the patient to any other inconvenience or danger. The principal part of our Therapeutic course, & its changes from day to day, are influenced by the symptoms. But they are generally influenced by them as they point out the state of the system, or of some of its parts. A full, strong and hard pulse may induce us to take blood. But it would be improper to subject the patient to this operation, merely to remove the fulness &c. of the pulse, did not this manifest the existence of further disease.

So far the uses of symptoms have been spoken of as applied to the individual case, in which they occur. They have also a more general utility, in the assistance they give us in the prosecution of pathology. In this respect they are of great service, since, in whatever degree our pathological knowledge advances, in the same degree is our practice changed from empirical to rational. It is principally on Morbid Anatomy, and the observation of symptoms, that our correct knowledge of pathology is founded. In connexion with these, an acquaintance with physiology is undoubtedly essential. The imperfection of our physiological knowledge is the cause of much of our deficiency in pathology. The inferences drawn from the

phenomena of disease alone are, therefore, inadequate to the perfection of this branch of medical science. But probably many incorrect and unfounded pathological doctrines have arisen from a too earnest desire to apply the laws, which govern the body in health to the explanation of the phenomena of disease, as mistakes in physiology have arisen from the application of the laws of inanimate matter to the explanation of the phenomena of living bodies. The dismission of many ancient hypotheses from modern medical writings, may be attributed in a great degree to an unwillingness to assert more than will be warranted by the symptoms exhibited by the patient, while suffering under disease, and by the body, when submitted to *post mortem* examination. In substituting these more philosophical modes of reasoning for the wild speculations, which misled the ancients, medicine has followed, though at rather an humble distance, the progress of the other sciences in the march of improvement. Moderns have in many cases rather displayed their own ingenuity, than contributed to the advancement of science, by attempting to rear new structures on the ruins of obsolete doctrines. But the cautious spirit of modern philosophy has generally prevented such theories from prevailing extensively for a long time. In many instances, the symptoms of diseases govern our treatment by giving us some knowledge of the pathology of the individual case, in which they occur. The variety of shapes, which diseases assume, is so immense, that we frequently meet with combinations of symptoms entirely new to us, and we should be utterly at a loss how to combat them, could we not discover to what morbid state of the system, or some of its parts they were to be referred; in other words, to obtain some insight into the pathology of the case before us.

The knowledge, which we gain from symptoms relating to diseases and their treatment, is of such incalculable value, and at the same time of such difficult acquirement, that every physician must feel it his duty to devote a large share of attention to the means, by which the presence of symptoms can be best ascertained, and best applied to the acquisition of practical knowledge. A full consideration of this subject would lead too much into detail, comprising among other things, all the rules for the interpretation of symptoms. A consideration of a few of the means, by which symptoms can be made most serviceable, will suffice for the present.

The uses of Anatomy and Physiology in assisting us to apply the knowledge, which we derive from symptoms, must be too evident to require much illustration. The distinction of the species of many diseases depends on the parts affected. Hence the names of Pneumonitis, Hepatitis &c. Though the treatment of diseases does not perhaps vary so much according to the organ and texture affected, as might *a priori* have been supposed, still it is often modified by these circumstances. Thus opiates are more useful in inflammations of the bowels, than in those of the lungs, and especially the brain. Cathartics are less useful in pulmonary than in cerebral and abdominal inflammation. Digitalis is more beneficial in inflammations in the chest, especially phthisis, than in either of the other cavities. It is in catarrhal phthisis, however, that digitalis is most useful, and, in some varieties of phthisis, it is useless at least, if not positively injurious. Balsam Copaiwa is thought to be more useful in diseases of mucous membranes, than in those of other textures. "There are always," says Bichat, "two orders of symp-

tions in inflammations, first, those that belong to the nature of the diseased textures; second, those that depend on the affected organ, in which the inflammation exists." Affections of different organs and textures in the vicinity of each other, may be attended with very different degrees of danger, and it may on this account be very important to discriminate them from each other. The same disease may have forms so different, in different parts, that if we are not aware of this circumstance, we are continually liable to error. It is hardly necessary to add, that if we understand what various textures, organs and functions are concerned in this variety in diseases, our ideas will be much more definite and distinct, than if we learn empirically, that certain combinations of symptoms indicate certain degrees of danger, and require certain modes of treatment, without knowing the reason, why this difference exists. An acquaintance with the healthy functions enables us the better to explain their irregularities under all circumstances. The scientific practitioner, if he sees the feces light-coloured, always knows that the secretion of the bile is impeded or its passage obstructed. An acquaintance with whatever is known of pathology will render more valuable the knowledge derived from symptoms. By knowing the morbid changes on which diseases depend, we shall be the better able to appreciate the evidence afforded by any symptom, of the presence or absence of such diseases, and to discover the variations in the treatment, which changes in the symptoms require. By learning the manner in which the symptoms are produced by the primary affection, we shall learn the easier how to obviate them. We should understand, if possible, whether the affection, which is the immediate cause of a

symptom, is the original malady, or whether it depends on another still more primary. We shall find in the beginning of fevers, that food, taken into the stomach will produce distress, and not be readily digested, owing to a failure in the powers of the stomach. But this is not the original difficulty, and we do not, therefore, treat it by tonics, as in dyspepsia. So various are the appearances, which the body presents in its numerous aberrations from the state of health, that we can never expect, in the most full and careful description of any disease, that mention will be made of every symptom, which can possibly occur. Nor if this were the case, would it be possible for the most capacious memory to retain the multitude of facts, which would be stated. We are, therefore, continually meeting with combinations of symptoms, differing in some important respects from any, that we have known before. Now, the more we are acquainted with the morbid changes, to which the body is liable, with the laws, which regulate it in disease, and with the numerous sympathies, which bind together the most distant and dissimilar parts, the better we shall be able to understand, on what organic disease or functional disorder new combinations of symptoms depend, to calculate their danger, and to meet them with the appropriate treatment. An acquaintance with pathological doctrines, as far as they are founded on careful observation alone, tends in some degree to disburden the memory of that vast accumulation of facts, an acquaintance with which is absolutely necessary to a tolerable share of familiarity with medical science. If an acquaintance with pathology is necessary, physiology and morbid anatomy must always be so, since it is to the former of these that pathology is in a great measure indebted for its doctrines, and to the latter for its facts.

It is necessary to be aware, that the appearances, which take place in sickness may be produced, removed, suspended or modified, or have their order of succession changed by a variety of causes, separate from the principal disease. At scarcely any two successive visits, does the physician find his patient exhibiting precisely the same symptoms; and his own reputation, and still more the welfare of his patient imperiously require that he should be able to inform himself, whether the variations in the symptoms depend on the disease, or on other causes. It is to these causes, that we are to refer a large proportion of those accidental occurrences, which will often mislead us, if they are not distinguished from the essential characters of the disease. "In describing any disease," says Sydenham, "it is necessary to enumerate the peculiar and constant phenomena or symptoms, and the accidental ones separately." "In estimating," says Dr. Armstrong, "the character and seat of chronic diseases in general of the vital parts, it is of great consequence to ascertain, what symptoms are stationary, and what temporary; for the temporary symptoms only mark a tendency to disordered action from some sympathetic or incidental cause; whereas, the stationary symptoms indicate positive and progressive disease, and on this account, ought to claim the special care of the medical attendant." In making this distinction, the experienced physician (to borrow a figure from Campbell) would be like the botanist, who on seeing a flower entirely new to him, could point out some particulars, in which all of its species would certainly resemble it, and others in which many might differ from it. If we think the presence of any symptom essential to a disease, when it is not so, the ab-

sence of this symptom might lead us to suppose erroneously, that the disease did not exist. If on the other hand, we believe a symptom is peculiar to a disease, when it is not so, the presence of this symptom might lead us to infer incorrectly the existence of the disease. The buffy coat of the blood may be adduced, as an illustration of these remarks. This symptom is spoken of by many medical men, as manifesting the existence of an affection, for which bleeding is required. It is said, however, to be a general attendant on the state of pregnancy. John Hunter informs us, that the same appearance will be produced, simply by the stagnation of the blood in the veins, when the arm is kept long corded before the orifice is made; from which cause, more of the buff appears on the blood first drawn, than on that, which flows afterwards. "This," he adds, "is supposed by the ignorant to indicate more inflammation, while the next quantity taken, suspends its red parts in the lymph, and gives the idea, that the first small quantity had been of such service at the time of flowing, as to have altered for the better, the whole mass of blood." Armstrong states, that the buffy coat may be both occasioned, and maintained by repeated abstractions of blood, and that even the blood of persons in health may be made buffy by repeated bleeding. Dr. Tully asserts, that blood drawn rapidly and left to coagulate in a cool place, will generally exhibit the inflammatory crust, even when taken from persons in health. On the other hand, Armstrong observes, that this appearance is wanting in what he calls the congestive form of fever, which according to him, imperiously requires the lancet. Dr. Rush found the blood in most cases wanting the buffy coat in the fever of 1793, in which he found

bleeding so essential a remedy. If these statements be correct, it is evident, that a physician, who should believe this symptom to be present in every case, which required bloodletting, and never in any other, would be constantly liable to commit serious errors. A proper distinction of the causes, by which symptoms may be produced and altered, will in a great measure enable a physician to single out the most essential and important symptoms, as the principal objects of interest, just as one, who reads with the greatest benefit, does not indiscriminately commit to memory all that he reads, but fixes his attention on the most important ideas, to the neglect of the rest.

The restorative efforts of nature, among other causes, are to be distinguished from disease in the production of symptoms. Sydenham, in his history of the fever of the years, 1667, 8 and 9, gives as a reason, why he did not encourage "the profuse sweats at the beginning," that they were "symptomatical, not critical." It is frequently very necessary, though not always very easy, to distinguish, whether certain symptoms, especially evacuations, are to be ascribed to the remedial efforts of nature, or to the ravages of disease. In the former case, they may be working the natural cure of the disease, and it is improper to check them too soon ; in the latter case, they are aggravating the difficulty, and it is unsafe to permit their continuance. The ancients committed a practical error in regard to the treatment of fevers, by believing the hot stage to result so far from the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, as Cullen calls it, that the more violent the hot stage was, and the more it was encouraged, the better was the patient's chance of recovery.

Confined air, currents of air, improper or irregular

temperature, want of cleanliness, improper diet, careless or unskilful attendants, and various similar causes, and especially mental disquiet, frequently aggravate, or render more obstinate the symptoms of diseases, and to the no small perplexity of the physician, when they are unknown.

The age, the sex, and the peculiarity of constitution in the patient, may each give a character to the symptoms, which, if not rightly understood, may lead to serious errors. The great irritability of infants will frequently create an unnecessary alarm in one, who assumes the constitutional disturbance as the measure of disease, without making allowance for age; and the extensive train of sympathies, of which the uterine system is the centre, may add in females to the confusion, which disguises many diseases. Peculiarity of constitution is a no less frequent source of error and confusion. Extreme nervous excitability may occasion slight affections to put on the appearance of those of a more serious character, thus creating unnecessary anxiety. On the other hand, symptoms of this kind, having frequently deceived the patient, his friends and his physician, may at length appear, the unsuspected attendants of a grave disease, and prove through neglect, the harbingers of a fatal termination. "The pulse alone," observes Mr. Hunter, "is not always a certain guide; for where there are peculiarities of constitution, we find the pulse corresponds to these peculiarities, and perhaps in direct contradiction to the accustomed state of the local affection." The appearance of the tongue requires perhaps as much allowance to be made for peculiarities in the patient, as the pulse. Some have the tongue habitually coated in health; some rarely have

it coated in disease. We may in a degree secure ourselves against mistakes from such peculiarities, by noting carefully the symptoms (if this use of the term is admissible) which are observed in health. Some knowledge of this kind is necessary to the physician, in the same way that a familiarity with the healthy conformation of the joints is to the surgeon to enable him to detect displacements. It is probable, that a physician would be well recompensed for studying with some care, the usual state of those appearances, properties and functions in health, the morbid changes of which constitute what are called symptoms in disease, and also the varieties of these different appearances &c. in different persons. It would also be well to ascertain how far we may learn from those peculiarities of constitution, which are the objects of inspection, what kind and degree of susceptibility to the influence of diseases, and the operation of medicines are indicated. Many writers point out to us certain habits, which will bear very bold and copious depletion in the onset of febrile diseases, and certain others, in which great caution is required in the application of such treatment. Various appearances of form, colour &c. are mentioned as indicating predisposition to particular diseases, especially some, that are supposed to be of a scrofulous character. Since then we find, that some observations of this kind have actually been of great utility, and since it is abundantly evident, that the operation of many agents on the animal body, is remarkably modified by the constitution of the individual, might not physicians profitably devote more attention than has generally been devoted to the examination of the effects, which peculiarities of constitution, as indicated by external signs, may have—on the readiness, with which

the body submits to the action of causes of disease—on the progress and violence of diseases themselves—on the symptoms, by which we become acquainted with these diseases—and on the influence of the remedies, which are administered to relieve them? The knowledge, we could obtain on this subject, would of course be somewhat indefinite, and not of universal application. But the same is equally true of our knowledge of diseases by their symptoms, and the power, which we have over them by medicines. Yet it is universally allowed, that these merit close investigation, for the sake of gaining even the imperfect knowledge, which we have obtained; and our acquaintance with these subjects might be rendered somewhat more precise, by observing the effects of these varieties in the healthy constitution. For these varieties are among the causes, which concur to render the course of diseases, and the action of remedies irregular, and thus to confuse the science of medicine.

But of all the causes, which affect the course of diseases, there are none more important, than those, which are applied by the physician, with the intention of palliating or removing the malady. A familiarity, therefore, with the manner, in which the various agents of this class act on the human body, and with the changes, which different diseases produce in their action, is necessary, not only for the immediate purpose of guiding the physician in his practice, but also to explain to him the different forms, under which the disease presents itself. Comparatively few cases, which fall under our notice, pursue their course uninterrupted, or uninfluenced by the operation of remedies. Now, it is highly desirable in every case to know, what symptoms, or what changes in the symptoms are

occasioned by the remedies administered, and what by the natural progress of the disease, or by other causes. "The difficulty," observes Dr. Heberden, "of ascertaining the powers of medicines, and of distinguishing their real effects from the changes wrought in the body by other causes, must have been felt by every physician." "Of the latter kind," (viz. accidental symptoms) says Sydenham, "are those, which differ occasionally by reason of the age and constitution of the patient, and the different method of cure, some symptoms being rather occasioned by the physician, than the disorder itself; so that persons labouring under the same illness, being differently treated, have different symptoms. And hence, unless great caution be used on this point, our notions of the symptoms of diseases must necessarily be very loose and uncertain." If a disease be pursuing an unfavourable course, it is of the utmost importance to determine, whether it is because the medicines administered produce a change for the worse, because they have no influence at all, and suffer the disease to pursue, unimpeded, its original course, or because, though rightly adapted, they are not pushed with sufficient vigour. If the first supposition be correct, the obvious indication would be to discontinue the remedy immediately—and if the last, it would be necessary to pursue its use more assiduously, so as to insure its full effect. The first effect produced by a remedy may be apparently unfavourable, when it is really beneficial. Dr. Rush notices, that bleeding sometimes increased pain in the fever of 1793, till it had been repeated a number of times. In such cases, however, this apparently unfavourable effect, instead of inducing him to abandon the remedy, encouraged him in a more vigorous use of it. In that

form of fever, which has been called congestive, the effect of moderate bleeding is (to use a common expression) to create a fever, that is, to bring on the hot stage, the symptoms of which may appear more violent than those, which have been relieved. Yet this effect is to be considered as favourable, and the further prosecution of the same remedy may remove the same symptoms, which it has just produced. Dr. Rush mentions a case of malignant fever with pleuritic symptoms, in which acute pain in the head followed six successive bleedings, but after the seventh, there was no pain, and the fever soon ceased. He also mentions a case of malignant fever, in which after a fourth bleeding, the pulse became almost imperceptible, the countenance ghastly, and the hands and feet cold. The bleeding was repeated three more times, in which thirty ounces of blood were taken, and in a few days, the vigour of the pulse was so great, that it required seven successive bleedings to subdue it. Had the distinction between the effects of disease, of the efforts of nature, and of medicines been always made, the medical world would have been spared much of the labour of retracing the footsteps, which have led them from the way of improvement into the paths of error. But in truth, it is no easy matter in every case to make this distinction. Else, why so much dependence placed by many on medicines, which are obviously inert? And why the great difference of opinion as to the use or injury of certain efficacious remedies, such as depletion or stimulation in the early stage of acute disorders? It is considered, and that correctly, so unjustifiable to venture on untried ground, in making experiments on the lives of our fellow-beings, that most practitioners rather follow the practice, for which they find

the best authority, than run the risk, they must incur, by adopting practices, the merits of which they do not know. Hence, when any mode of practice comes to be universally adopted in any grave disease, it is extremely difficult to test its utility, as we do not often see any cases, in which such practice is not adopted. On this account, one would suppose, that much advantage might be derived from watching the course of diseases, in patients under the care of empirics, and of those, who, from any cause, make use either of no remedies, or of such only as are known to be inert. No one, but the most rash and heedless, would feel satisfied in any important case with the administration of an active remedy, without knowing, what sensible effects might be expected to ensue from its operation, what changes would indicate, that its effect was favourable, and what, that it was inexpedient to persist farther in its use. This difficulty of distinguishing the effects of remedies, is frequently made use of by empirics, (to say nothing of regular physicians) for the purpose of explaining the results of their own practice, and of that of their opponents. The favourable results in their own practice are attributed to the remedies, and the fatal ones to the violence or obstinacy of the disease, while the recoveries in the practice of their opponents are ascribed to the triumph of the restorative energies of nature over ill usage, and the fatal terminations to the remedies employed.

The effects, which the complication of other diseases may have on that, which is the principal object of attention, deserve to be well understood. For the principal disease may in this way be so far obscured and rendered irregular, that if the influence of the complications be not

duly appreciated, it may subject the practitioner to great embarrassment.

But however we may be able to distinguish the causes of symptoms, still the same symptom may be produced by so many causes, that it is rarely safe to rely on any one symptom alone in forming our opinion concerning diseases. The impropriety of depending on one symptom alone, is exemplified in the attempts of medical men to discover a pathognomonic symptom of fever. It is shown by Fordyce, that heat, frequency of the pulse &c. are neither peculiar nor essential to fever. He speaks indeed of a peculiarity of the pulse, which he calls obstruction, and which he considers as essential to fever, but, I believe, he does not intimate, that it is peculiar to that disease, and does not therefore consider it as a pathognomonic symptom. It is a remark of Heberden, that "the pulse, though in many cases, a useful index of the state of the health, yet is no certain one in all; and without a due regard to other signs, may mislead us." There was a patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital in the winter of 1824-5, who had suffered some acute attack, and in whom the pulse continued to range at from 130 to 140 during convalescence; though he appeared otherwise so well, that he was discharged from the hospital, it not being considered proper to retain him on account of the frequency of his pulse, when he had no other symptom of disease. On the other hand, the pulse is sometimes but little affected in very serious diseases. It seems to be this state of the pulse which Dr. Miner designates by the epithet morbidly natural. The state of the tongue, though often an important symptom, yet is frequently influenced by peculiarity of constitution, as has been before observed, and

by other causes. Strong and, especially, unpleasant emotions will sometimes, in a few moments, occasion a dryness, and bitter taste in the mouth, precisely as when the alimentary canal is deranged. Whether much alteration is produced in the appearance of the tongue in so short a time, I do not know. But if there is, it shews, that the appearance of the tongue may be affected by other causes, than any permanent affection of the alimentary canal, or of other parts. Most other symptoms, which, like the states of the pulse and tongue, furnish us with a useful guide in the diagnosis of those diseases, which fall most commonly under our notice, are also subject to great irregularities. It is, therefore, necessary, that all the symptoms of a case should be taken into consideration, before we make up our opinion.

Nor is it sufficient to know all the symptoms, which occur at the same time; we must also learn the order, in which they occur. The same disease does not at different periods present the same concourse of symptoms. Hence, if we merely understand the symptoms of a disease at one stage, we shall not be able to distinguish it at another. The order, in which symptoms succeed each other, frequently has an important influence on the diagnosis, and the prognosis, and of course on the treatment. The same symptom appearing in the progress of the disease, may not lead to the same inference, as if it took place at the commencement. Convulsions at the beginning of fever, are said not to be very alarming, but at a late period, extremely dangerous. Rigors at the commencement of inflammation, would be regarded only as one of the usual constitutional symptoms; but at a late period, they might induce us to suspect suppuration.

Opportunities of observing symptoms at the bedside of patients, and an habitual improvement of those opportunities, are indispensable requisites for discriminating symptoms accurately, and learning all that is to be known from them. Various causes conspire to render imperfect the knowledge, which we gain of diseases from descriptions of them, and to confuse and embarrass us in attempting to apply such knowledge in actual practice. Few symptoms, excepting the frequency of the pulse, admit of being so measured, or numbered, that their degrees of violence can be expressed with any considerable degree of exactness. It is, therefore, only by a careful comparison of different cases for himself that one can learn to estimate properly the violence of symptoms ; a thing of vast importance, as it is in a great measure by this, that we measure the violence of the disease, and learn what degree of vigour in the treatment is required. It is probable, that a want of sufficiently extensive, or sufficiently careful observation frequently leaves the practitioner in doubt, whether the violence of the disease is such as to justify powerful remedies, and occasions a hesitating, undecided course, in the beginning of acute diseases, at the very moment, when the greatest energy is required. In this way, the only time of successful practice having passed in the use of inefficient remedies, the disease at length reveals itself in characters too plain to be mistaken, and often too powerful to be successfully opposed.

Many symptoms of importance require for their detection an accuracy of sensation, not to be acquired without much practice. Hence another reason, why descriptions fail in furnishing us with a complete acquaintance with diseases. The opportunities are not good for conveying

from one to another a knowledge of symptoms. Should a person wish to describe to others any particular colour, such as red, he would only need to direct their attention to some substance, such as blood, which afforded a fair specimen of this colour, and which all might have an opportunity of noticing. But such a method could not with the same advantage be pursued in the description of symptoms. Most of them have not much similitude to any common objects of observation. Hardness of the pulse, for instance, however plain it may appear in an enumeration of symptoms, is not always easily distinguished in practice. It will hardly suffice to name any particular disease, and to say, that the pulse in this disease is hard. For first, the same disease differs so much in different cases, and in different stages of the same case, that it will hardly present any invariable symptom. Another difficulty will arise from our being unable to present in an insulated form, the modification, which we wish to describe. For on examination, we may find it so complicated with other symptoms or modifications of symptoms, that we shall be unable to distinguish the one, which we are seeking. Suppose the student is directed to the commencement of a violent pleurisy, as affording the best instance of a hard pulse. On examination, he distinguishes in the pulse, obvious variations from its natural state, and variations, which he will afterwards readily recognize. But if he takes the pulse in pleurisy as the standard of hardness, he will scarcely detect a hard pulse in the late stages of phthisis, in which, however, the pulse is said to be hard, though it presents characters in some respects the most opposite to those of the pleuritic pulse. In pleurisy, the hardness is complicated with fulness and

strength, from which it is not at first distinguished. It is only by a considerable exercise of the faculty of abstraction, that the hardness is to be distinguished from other qualities of the pulse. It is not impossible, that a much more minute analysis of the modifications of the pulse might be profitably made, were it possible for one to explain to others all the variations, which he was himself capable of perceiving. That the difficulties of actually distinguishing the modifications of the pulse are not imaginary, will be credited, when we recollect, that Dr. William Hunter denied, that he could feel any such distinction as hardness of the pulse," and was even ready to suspect, that others pretended to more nicety of discrimination than could really be found. "I have more than once," says Dr. Heberden, "observed old and eminent practitioners make such different judgments of hard and full, and weak and small pulses, that I was sure they did not call the same sensations by the same names." It is a remark of John Hunter, whose faculty of distinguishing the states of the pulse appears to have been very accurate, that "the knowledge of the soft, hard and thrilling pulse is not to be attained by many, for simple sensation in the minds of any two men is seldom alike." Some placing comparatively little reliance on other modifications of the pulse, think its frequency its most important character, because it can be most accurately estimated. Dr. Rush, however, in a syllabus of his lectures, notices a great variety of modifications of the pulse. "The pulse," says he, "communicates more knowledge of the state of the system, than any other sign of disease. Its frequency—being under the influence of diet, motion, and the passions of the mind, is of the least consequence." It is not

improbable, that independently of the different degrees of attention, which some persons give to the various kinds of pulse, some have the natural faculty of distinguishing more accurately than others between different impressions made upon the sense of touch. This opinion is expressed by Mr. Hunter, in the sentence quoted above. Dr. Fordyce compares this difference to the difference in the powers of various persons to distinguish between the notes on the musical scale.

Another failure, in the descriptions of diseases, arises from the regularity of these descriptions, compared with the variability of diseases themselves. To make descriptions intelligible, it is essential, that some regular method should be pursued. Diseases must be arranged under various classes, and a definite boundary must be drawn between these. Some degree of this is necessary, even in the most exclusively practical works. Affections of different organs, and different textures are pointed out, as being marked by very distinct sets of symptoms. Many carry this regularity and distinctness in their descriptions, too far. It seems to be no easy matter for a medical man, while writing, to bear in mind that want of regularity in diseases, which he cannot fail to have observed in practice. "It is easy in the closet," observes Dr. Armstrong, "to draw minute lines of distinction between inflammations, situated in various organs and textures of the same cavity; but at the bedside such distinctions will often be found embarrassing, or useless." It is very aptly remarked by Dr. Rush, that "diseases, like vices, with a few exceptions, are necessarily undisciplined and irregular." From the chaos of symptoms, which confuses a disease, the writer, if he would make himself intelligible, must

produce some order. In making out therefore, a complete description of any particular form of disease, he does not mention every symptom, that has ever occurred in any case, for that would be an endless and unprofitable labour. Nor does he give all the symptoms of any one case merely, for that would be imperfect. But from a great variety of cases, he singles out those symptoms only, which are the most prominent, important and distinguishing, and embodies them into his description ; as the Grecian sculptor collected together all the beautiful females within his reach, and sketching from each the peculiarity of form or feature, for which she was most agreeable, and combining the whole into one model, thus completed his statue of a perfect beauty. If now the student fixes a description of this kind in his memory, and expects to find its archetype in the sick room, he will be disappointed. Instead of hearing a regular history of the most important symptoms, and those, on which the treatment is to be founded, he is perhaps compelled to listen to a long and fatiguing story from the patient, interspersed with circumstances entirely irrelevant to the subject, and interrupted by frequent corroborations or contiadications from officious attendants. Or, on the other hand, from the moroseness or stupidity of the patient, he gives no account of his feelings, and the observer is surprised to find, that as plain as the syniptonis appeared in the description, it is impossible to learn from the patient, when they exist. Add to this, that the symptoms, which were expected to be the most prominent, are only obscurely or not at all perceived ; while on the other hand, accidental complications, peculiarity of constitution, sympathetic disturbances, the operation of remedies, and a vari-

ety of other causes, may present numerous appearances, which were not anticipated, and such as may serve to mask the disease, which requires the most immediate attention. The difference between the appearance of diseases in description and in practice, resembles that between the organs of the body, when dissected for demonstration, and the same parts, as presented in an operation, where muscles, nerves, vessels and cellular membrane lie confusedly together, and the whole is further obscured by the ravages of disease, and the constant flow of blood. There are modifications of symptoms, and states of the system, which they indicate, that require more nicety of discrimination than the looseness of language will admit of expressing. Hence, there are many results of the observation of an experienced physician, which he cannot easily communicate to others, though he finds them valuable in assisting him in his own practice. "Much," says Armstrong, "must at all times be left to the discretion of practitioners, since it is impossible to embody in books, all that can be observed at the bedside, respecting those nice distinctions of symptoms, on which a good or bad practice may be founded." Such things each one must learn by his own observation, if at all. Every physician, therefore, has before him the Herculean task of tracing out the paths of medical science, in the same way, that others have done before him, without reaping, in many respects, any advantage from their labours.

An important advantage of an habitual observation of symptoms is, that it teaches us the various modes of detecting symptoms, what expressions patients use to denote various kinds of suffering, how to detect it when they do

not express it, and thus to depend less on the candor, accuracy, and intelligence of patients and their attendants, than we otherwise must do. There are various obstacles to the discovery of symptoms, which render some assistance of this kind necessary. Accurate observation on the part of the attendants is often wanting, though highly important, inasmuch as it is desirable, not only to observe the state of the symptoms, at the moment, when we are examining the patient, but also to learn, what changes may be at other times taking place. We may fail in learning what we wish from the patient, on account of his natural stupidity, or from the cloud, which disease throws over his faculties, making him unable either to think, or to express himself clearly. The patient may also be wholly insensible, and hence incapable of giving any account of himself, or the age of infancy or early childhood may prevent our learning as much as we could from an adult subject. The irritability of the patient may greatly embarrass our examination, especially when he is so critically situated, that a slight disturbance is liable to be followed by serious consequences. In many instances of this kind, the physician is in need of what is so captivating with many people, viz. the faculty of determining the nature and circumstances of the case by such an examination, as can be made without asking any questions. It is probable, that with sufficient attention, this power might be acquired in a much greater degree, than it usually is, and might often be made use of with great advantage. Much might be learnt from the state of the pulse, tongue and skin, from the evacuations, from the expression of the countenance, from the tone of the voice, from the respiration and its different affections, as dyspnœa, cough

&c. from the appearance of the eyes, from the motions and positions of the patient, and from such kinds of local examinations, as are appropriate to particular parts of the body, such as percussion, or the stethoscope on the thorax, pressure on the abdomen, and the usual examinations with the fingers for detecting the fluctuation of fluids. It is probable, that many empirics, and unenlightened practitioners acquire a greater facility in this kind of examination, or even a more cursory one, than is usually acquired by regularly educated physicians. For the empiric, being ignorant of the laws, which govern the human body in health and disease, and ignorant of what the experience of others has shown with regard to the discrimination and treatment of diseases, has a smaller variety of subjects, claiming his attention, than the enlightened practitioner. From this cause, and from the want of reflection, which must usually characterize this class of practitioners, all the powers of his mind, whatever they may be, are concentrated upon his own experience, and in a great degree, upon the sensations, he receives in examining the symptoms of his patient. His perceptions, therefore, become more accurate, and he learns to distinguish varieties of sensation, which would not be obvious, if his attention were partly called off by any regular train of reflections on the nature of the disease, and the rational mode of treatment. This sort of mechanical dexterity may often be of great service to the physician. But we rarely find a great degree of it, combined with extensive reading, sound reasoning, and the habitual exercise of close reflection. Without these attendants, it would be comparatively useless, though it would be a valuable adjunct to them. The empiric, who has obtained this dex-

terity, will not be able by its assistance to point out the nature of the complaint or its appropriate treatment. For the most part, he merely learns by experience, that certain appearances, presented by the patient, indicate, that he has certain sensations, or that certain symptoms, which are discovered by examination alone, indicate the presence of certain other symptoms, which could not otherwise have been learnt without inquiry. These two things may perhaps be connected in his mind by such indistinct associations, that though he may sometimes be able by looking on a patient, to tell, with tolerable accuracy, what painful sensations that patient has ; yet he may be unable to tell, what it is in the appearance of the patient, which induces him to believe, that he has such sensations. Now, if the treatment could be managed in the same way with the detection of the symptoms, if certain appearances in the patient led by the same indistinct associations to the performance of certain manœuvres for his relief, this mechanical sleight might in a good measure supply the place of science in the practice of medicine. Possibly the success of that class of empirics, called bone-setters, may in part depend on something like this. The sensations, which they receive in their examination of a dislocated bone, may lead by some indistinct association to that direction of their efforts at extension and counter-extension, which they have before found successful in a similar case. But this method will not be successful in the common practice of medicine and surgery. Before we can safely proceed in the treatment, we must understand more distinctly, what morbid state of the system, or of any particular part of the system exists, and what remedies theory or experience point out to obviate such

states. Besides, the numberless forms, under which the same disease presents itself, and the resemblance, which the symptoms of different diseases bear to each other, render any other method of proceeding than this extremely hazardous. It is important then, for every physician to obtain as much dexterity in the detection of symptoms, as is consistent with maintaining a proper exercise of his rational powers. But it is better to be slightly deficient in dexterity, than to lack that general knowledge, which will often supply its place, but without which, it can be of but little service.

A comprehensive, accurate and simple classification of symptoms would be of great utility, particularly if, as has been proposed, a table of this kind were constructed, having reference to another, which should contain a classification of diseases. The arrangement of symptoms would be attended with some of the same difficulties, which render nosology imperfect. Symptoms and diseases are not, like the objects of natural history, distinct beings, but modifications of the composition, structure, properties and functions of living bodies. As far as we are able to observe, they consist for the most part in *actions*, using that term in its most extensive and somewhat indefinite sense. But *actions*, if they were regular and distinct, might be classified with accuracy, as well as plants and animals. Hence we find various classifications of the healthy functions. The objects of Natural History have certain characters, which are well-marked and distinct, and an individual can never change from one species to another. At least all the changes, of which it is susceptible, as that of the chrysalis into the butterfly, are limited, and may be accurately defined. The processes of the

animal body are different in this respect. They are susceptible of an infinite number of irregularities, may be increased, diminished, suspended or altered, may be mixed and blended with each other, and all these changes take place without the least order. Now it is these very irregularities, which it is wished to reduce to order in the classification of diseases and of symptoms. We can tell the courses and distances, which a traveller has gone, if he has kept the main road, for it is but one. But we cannot trace him, if he has not kept the main road, for he may have left it at any point and diverged at any angle. In the same way, we may enumerate all the regular processes, that are carried on in the living body, but cannot enumerate all the aberrations from the healthy standard, for they are infinite in number. We may carry the simile farther. Though the functions may be changed and diseased in every form and every degree, yet there are certain kinds and degrees of changes, which are most frequently observed, and which may be made the subjects of a sort of arrangement, just as the principal cross-roads and bye-paths, by which the traveller would most probably leave the main road can be enumerated, though every possible deviation cannot. It is in this way, that symptoms and diseases can be classified, though not with exactness. A classification of symptoms would probably present another difficulty, which constitutes one of the imperfections of nosology. I refer to the difficulty of distinguishing between symptoms and primary diseases. Should two tables be constructed, one consisting of diseases, and the other of symptoms, and referring to each other, some affections would be found, which, to answer the best practical purposes, would require a place in both

tables. These affections are, such as are symptomatic of other more primary diseases, but are not immediately presented to our view, their existence being discovered by the presence of other symptoms, while at the same time, it is of importance, that they should be known. Many of these affections would be such as are sometimes primary, and would, therefore, be placed in the table of diseases. But if the object of the tables be to assist us in our diagnosis, all affections, that are ever symptomatic, though sometimes primary, should be arranged among the symptoms ; for a symptomatic disease may sometimes be of as much importance in the diagnosis, as what may be called the elementary symptoms, such as frequency of the pulse. On the other hand, though an affection is never considered as primary, yet, if it is not obvious to inspection, but is discovered by other more external appearances, it should so far be considered as a disease, inasmuch as it may be as important to know its symptoms, as to know those of a primary disease. Ascites as a symptom of organic disease has been mentioned as an example. An affection is most purely a symptom, when it is directly exposed to observation, is the effect of some primary affection, is in itself productive of no inconvenience or danger, and is of no importance, except as it points out the affection, which produced it. Frequency, hardness &c. of the pulse are fair examples of this. But cases may occur, intermediate between these and primary diseases, which cases, though having somewhat of the character of symptoms, may not be purely so. These affections may be secondary, and may be important, only as far as they point out the original disease, which produced them ; and in this light they appear as symptoms. But on the other hand, though sec-

ondary, they may require a careful attention to other symptoms for their detection, and may in themselves be of great importance, or lead to serious consequences, or our treatment may be directed to them exclusively. It would appear proper, that most affections, to which the treatment is principally directed, should be practically considered as diseases, though this may not be consistent with scientific correctness. If tetanus and convulsions could be proved to be always owing to local irritations, still they consist as much in a morbid change of the actions of the voluntary muscles, as inflammation does in a change in the action of the capillaries. Why may they not as much be considered as diseases, if their exciting cause be some morbid change within the body, as if it had been wholly external? Some diseases, which are sometimes produced by external causes, are at other times produced by other diseases. Why may not these latter be considered as remote causes like external agents? And why may not tetanus and convulsions be considered as diseases, excited by certain other maladies, which are their only remote causes? We do not perhaps understand precisely enough the relation between cause and effect, to determine whether a wounded nerve and cutting teeth stand in the same relation to tetanus and convulsions, that what are commonly called remote causes do to the diseases, which they produce. It does not establish any difference to say, that tetanus and convulsions are in these cases produced by sympathy. It has been justly remarked by various writers, that sympathy is only a term, under which we conceal our ignorance. When we are told, that a part suffers from sympathy with another, we do not have the connexion between the cause and effect in the

least degree explained. An inflammation may be produced in the eye, and occasion an opacity of the lens. When the inflammation has subsided, and left only the opacity, this requires an appropriate treatment, totally different from the usual treatment of inflammation, and is to all practical purposes an entirely distinct disease, and not a symptom of inflammation. It is only in the early periods, when by moderating inflammation, we can diminish the danger of opacity, that the proper remedies of inflammation are to be used. When the cataract is produced, it requires the same treatment, whether spontaneous, or a sequel of inflammation. It appears most convenient, that all those collections of symptoms, which are frequently presented to us, even though secondary, should be considered as diseases, particularly if they may arise from other affections, various in their kind, seat, extent and violence, and if they have certain modes of treatment appropriated to them, from whatever cause they may arise. The primary affections may here be practically considered as remote causes, which it may be necessary or unnecessary, possible or impossible to remove, as the case may be. These secondary complaints would probably take their places in treatises on diseases, as appearing in certain forms of their primary affections. But on some accounts, it would be more convenient to locate them in the places, in which they would belong, if arranged according to their most prominent symptoms, especially, when they may be excited by various other affections, as it would be impossible to determine, to which of these they should be attached, or rather they should be attached to neither exclusively. After what has been said of tetanus, convulsions and cataract, it may not perhaps be necessary to illustrate farther by particular examples.

Various methods might be proposed for the classification of symptoms. A classification of the functions might be assumed as a basis, and the various deviations from the healthy state of the functions be taken up in order, somewhat like the arrangement of diseases by Dr. Good. Some of the same difficulties would be found appertaining to both from the various functions being so closely connected with and mutually dependent upon each other. Thus the production of the bile, which is a secretion, constitutes a part of the digestive function, and the sanguineous function is intimately connected with most of the others. The difficulty from this source would not be so great in the arrangement of symptoms as of diseases, for we find a derangement of several distinct, and, in a certain sense, independent functions in the same disease, but not in the same symptom. Having assumed the derangement of any function as constituting a class, order, or genus of symptoms, the particular symptoms, which constitute the species or varieties, should be stated as we observe them, and not as being the effect of certain kinds of derangement; for this would be leading us too far from the phenoniena. For example, if disturbance of the action of the heart and arteries be a division, under which the varieties of the pulse are to be arranged, we should not consider these varieties as depending upon laxity, firmness, rigidity, or spasmodic contraction of the arteries, as these are the subjects of inference, not of observation. They should be considered simply as hardness, strength, fulness, weakness, softness &c. of the pulse, which terms denote impressions made upon the sense of touch. As some sets of symptoms would require more minute subdivision than others, the genera and species of one class

would not precisely correspond to those of another. On this account some symptoms might be best arranged by means of arbitrary divisions, in which they might be made to take their stand more according to their importance. In this plan, the states of the pulse, tongue, skin, alvine evacuations, sensations, mental functions &c. might be made the heads of different divisions. The different modes, in which the symptoms become known to the physician, viz. by inquiry—by inspection—by the sensation of touch—by percussion—by pressure &c. would in some respects form a convenient foundation for arrangement. The division of symptoms into constitutional and local might also be introduced, and of the latter into those, which arise immediately from the affected part, and from the mechanical, functional and sympathetic relations of parts with each other. Some symptoms, in fact, might be most conveniently arranged on one of these plans, and some on another. Since it would be difficult or impossible, to form a classification, which should be at once the most scientifically correct, and most useful in application, would it be improper to arrange some classes on one plan, and some on another—provided it should be found, that different classes of symptoms could not be conveniently arranged on the same method, and especially if any *quoddam commune vinculum*, and any peculiar characters could be found, by which the symptoms arranged according to one method could be connected together, and distinguished from those arranged in other methods? For where the immediate object is practical utility, regularity of method must be made to yield, if it cannot be preserved consistently with this principal object. In the classification of symptoms, as in the description of diseases, it

is necessary, that the changes of symptoms, and the order, in which they succeed each other, should find a place. For the description of a disease, in one stage will not enable us to recognize it at every period. Hence one difficulty in describing a disease by a short definition. Yet the order of succession is sometimes so essential, that it enters even into concise definitions of some diseases, particularly the exanthematica. In making the changes of symptoms a part of definitions, however, it should be considered, what end there is any hope of attaining in nosological systems. If the object be to enable the practitioner to recognize the disease in every case, by means of a short definition, the case is a hopeless one, for it can be effected only by means of a full and lengthy description. But if the object of the writer in his definition be merely to make his reader understand what disease he means, and to enable him to recognize it in what may be called its most perfect state; and if the object of nosology be to prevent the confusion of treating of diseases without any order, the end could be more easily and perfectly attained. And this is as much as is effected by the classification of plants and animals. Nor should we declaim too loudly against nosology, because it effects no more than this. Does nosology fail in enabling us to recognize a disease in every stage? and does it sometimes fail in enabling us to recognize it at any period, when it is modified by age, sex and constitution? Neither does the Linnean arrangement enable us to distinguish to what class a plant belongs at every moment from the first of its germination to the last of decay. It is only during a short period of its existence, that a plant possesses those parts, upon the number, situation and proportion of which its class de-

pends. The changes produced in it by cultivation may even render it impossible for us to determine its class at any period. Does nosology fail to inform us of those varieties of disease, those slight shades of difference, on which our treatment in a great measure depends, and how diseases are modified by climate and other similar causes? Neither does the gardener learn from the Linnean classification the different characters of a plant, and its different degrees of fitness for furnishing him with articles of necessity, convenience or luxury, at different periods of its growth, and under different circumstances of soil and culture, warmth, wind and moisture. When we consider these circumstances in regard to the classification of plants, we need not be surprised, that nosological systems have failed in being of much use in the diagnosis of diseases. When we add the embarrassments produced by the irregularity of disease, we shall hardly expect that the classification of diseases will ever answer this end, unless it be accompanied, as has been proposed, by a table of symptoms.

COGITATIONS ON BOOKS.

IT was the practice of the author, during several of the last years of his life, to write criticisms on the books which he perused in the course of his miscellaneous or medical reading--containing the reflections suggested by the subject, and, when his own opinions differed from those of the author, the reasons of that difference.

These "Cogitations" were found among his manuscripts after his death, and appear to have been written, not for the public eye, but merely for the purpose of preserving the thoughts suggested at the moment, and aiding his own mind in its search after truth. They show the valuable method of reading which he pursued. They appear to have been written at the moment of perusal and never revised.

Most of these criticisms are on the medical works which he read during his professional studies. In his remarks on these books, he fearlessly, though modestly, combats the practices, which he deems pernicious, though established by long custom, and the opinions, which he deems erroneous, though sanctioned by the highest authority. But these are too voluminous to be published in a work of this kind. The following miscellaneous criticisms are selected, which are deemed the most interesting to the general reader.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

THE poetical writers, whose memoirs are related, and whose writings are criticised in this work, flourished from the early part of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. Biographical sketches of different classes of men are useful, as they show us what characters, habits and feelings are the result and the cause of the various tastes and occupations. Most of the subjects of this work have been engaged in political life, some in the clerical profession, and two or three in the medical. Of the last are Blackmore, Garth and Akenside. The fortunes of a large proportion of the poets seem to have been as variable as their poetic flights. This was a necessary consequence of their being, for the most part, destitute of estates, or of any regular employment, which might afford them a support—and dependent for their

maintenance on the generosity of patrons or the caprice of readers and hearers. To this it may be added, that the modes of life, to which their circumstances led them, were very ill calculated to qualify them for the improvement and preservation of property. It is not improbable from these circumstances, that poets have become proverbial for their poverty. The moral characters of the poets were not of that kind, which one would expect, as the offspring of those fine feelings and delicate sensibilities, which their works display, and by which they are enabled to touch the sympathies of almost every heart. But the truth is—it is one thing for a poet to create a world to his own liking—fill it with the most beautiful sorrow and romantic distress—and delight himself with the luxury of weeping over the fancied miseries of imaginary beings—and it is another thing to go forward in the world, in which we are placed—in the fortitude of real benevolence—unmoved by the calumnies of enemies—the ingratitude of those we would serve—to seek the abode of squalid want—or the filthy recesses of vice, and there administer to the necessities of the needy. It is one thing to exercise one's ingenuity to invest a fictitious hero with an unshaken morality, which costs the writer no self-denial—it is another thing to exercise one's fortitude, in resisting the allurements of vice, when clothed in its most fascinating garb—incessantly and unweariedly impelling to gratifications, which the frailty of human nature could hardly resist. It is somewhat humiliating to see one, whom we consider so amiable as Addison, driving off his natural diffidence by the excessive use of artificial stimuli—or looking with jealousy and indignation on the rising reputation of those, whom he dreads as rivals.

The task of criticising poetry must be a somewhat difficult one. The immediate object of poetry is to excite certain feelings in the mind, and that, which is best adapted to excite such feelings, is the best. But in this, much depends on the reader, as well as the writer. A person, whose imagination or whose passions are excited, finds every where some chord to vibrate in unison with that, which is attuned in himself—while the most beautiful description—the most tender pathos may be wasted on one, who is not in a state to receive impressions of this nature. There must then be a great difficulty in judging of poetry by the effect it is found to produce. If we attempt to anticipate the effect by the application of rules previously formed, the labor will not always be much lightened. For the imagination or the passions are not very easily subjected to the rules of criticism. For though the authority of a critic will make a poem produce on many readers, as animal magnetism did upon many patients, the expected effects, merely because it was expected—yet, the effects on all will not be the same—and many will no more be affected by being told that a passage must not excite the feelings, because it offends the laws of criticism, than a nauseated patient would be prevented from vomiting a medicine, because the books did not give it the name of an enetic.

The "Lives of the Poets" is interspersed with many useful and pertinent remarks, which are worthy of the great name by which they are promulgated. The style is for the most part simple, as plain narration should be. Observations, which are meant to convey any sentiments, are made with great force and aptness.

Dr. Johnson does not, for the most part, seem to be un-

der the dominion of powerful prejudices, with relation to the principal subjects of the work, and hence seems to point out candidly both faults and beauties, without bestowing either unlimited praise or unlimited censure.

JAN. 1825.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE'S REMAINS.

IN White we find one of the most striking instances of early developement of talents, and that in an extraordinary degree. His early productions are by no means confined to descriptive writings—nor do they depend upon epithets for their beauty. On the contrary, they abound in the finest sentiment, and his diction, instead of being decorated with clumsy clusters of epithets, presents a force of expression—a nervous conciseness, which at his age is unparalleled, at least as far as my reading enables me to judge. His own style is a good example of what he often in his letters recommends to others. For he never hides his meaning under a useless load of words. Though he knows well enough how to make use of classical terms, and epithets, and high sounding phrases, yet his principal *forte*, as it regards style, consists in expressing his meaning clearly—concisely—and energetically. He exemplifies the facility which an accurate acquaintance with language gives one of communicating (I might perhaps say of understanding) his thoughts. His thoughts tend strongly to a melancholy cast. This, I am inclined to think, depends at least as much on his situation in life, as on the natural tendency of his mind. For his composition is of a firmer and closer texture, than we usually find in writings of that description; and his frequent soars

into the sublime—his vagaries into the original—his plungings into the terrible—mark a genius, which, in similar circumstances, might have given rise to productions not altogether unlike the gloomy—the powerful—the splendid effusions of a Byron. From the appearance of his pieces, and the few opportunities he had for writing them, he must have had a remarkable facility in composition, both prosaic and poetical. His general literary attainments appear to have been of the greatest extent, and the highest order.

In common with many others, he had a veneration for the ancients, perhaps full as great as they deserve—not that many of their writings possess not the first degree of merit—but I am apt to think that distance of time and difference of language bestow an air of classical romance on the literature of the ancients, which gives it an apparent importance, that does not belong to it in reality. White was fully aware of the immoral tendency of the writings of Moore and Streingford, but overlooked the lewdness of Horace and Ovid, both of whom he occasionally quoted, and whose era was probably included in the period, when “the muse dipped her hardy wing in the charest dews of Castalia, and spoke nothing, but what had a tendency to confirm and invigorate the manly ardor of a virtuous mind.”* The Deities of the ancient poets, who should have appeared with the most unblemished majesty of character, are uniformly tainted with the grossest vices. In the Iliad, we are the most interested in favour of the party which fights for the adulterer; and “Pius Aeneas,” with all the purity of character which Virgil could throw about him, must be found guilty of the same sin.

*H. K. White's Remains, vol i. page 193.

With ancient philosophy Henry appears to have been somewhat captivated. Hence we find, that in "*Melancholy Hours*," No. 3, he casts a sort of sneer on experimental philosophy. Speaking in the person of Melancholy he says—"I was the bosom friend of Plato, and other illustrious sages of antiquity, and was then often known by the name of philosophy, though in present times, when that title is usurped by mere makers of experiments, and inventors of blacking-cakes, &c." I say speaking in the person of Melancholy, for it is evident, that he approves the sentiments, which he puts into her mouth—and what he meant by the words just quoted, unless it was to speak highly of the comparative merit of ancient philosophy, I am at a loss to determine. It is not improbable, that his ambition for literary eminence, which he occasionally laments, gave him an undue partiality to those studies, which were most likely to gain for him a classical reputation.

His reading, both ancient and modern, must have been very extensive. It is said that he left behind him essays on various scientific subjects. It is a pity, they were not given to the world. Every thing, which could help to fill out the map of such a mind, would be interesting; and where there is a failure, it should be known, as well as his excellencies.

I do not perceive, that any of his "Remains" discover any peculiar accuracy in his reasoning powers. He has indeed the faculty (a happy one truly) of placing his ideas in their clearest light, and giving them the most advantageous representation.

The circumstances, in which he was placed, had undoubtedly an influence on his literary attainments, which

was rather favourable to them than otherwise. With that constitution of mind which he possessed, he could not be contented, unless engaged in literary pursuits—and to enable him to prosecute them, the assistance of others was necessary. Had he not given evidence of extraordinary talents, this assistance would have been withheld. From this, joined to an ambition, which no circumstances could repress, resulted those habits of indefatigable industry, those mightiest exertions of his mighty genius, which bought for him the high standing which he possessed in the literary world. By the assistance, which he thus obtained, he was placed in a situation, where he had great opportunities of cultivating his mind.

His feelings appear to have been occasionally subjected to higher degrees of excitement, than human nature could endure, with impunity. He lived much in a short time, and hence perhaps one reason, why the resources of life were so soon exhausted. In him were united genius and application. Both contributed to give him an early niche in the temple of fame—both contributed to give him an early shroud in the mansions of the tomb.

BOSTON, DEC. 16, 1824.

BURNS' LIFE AND WRITINGS.

FEW modern poets merit the title of Poet of Nature, better than Burns. Most of the beauties of his writings are the reflections immediately suggested to him by his own views of the scenes of creation, of the occurrences of life, and of Human Nature. His genius was quite of an erratic character. He does not appear to have disciplined

his mind in any great degree to habits of regular reflection. Whatever of truth, and of nature, there is in his writings, he owes to the boldness and originality of his concepitive powers, to an uncommon depth of penetration, to a mind always on the alert in observing men and things, and to an acquaintance with the human heart thence resulting, which taught him what views of his paintings would strike the "mind's eye" most vividly. His imagination was ardent. He had a warm, open, and generous heart. In appearance, he was always ready to lay all his feelings and sentiments open to inspection. But I should feel a suspicion, that he frequently saw fit to follow the advice he gives his friend. Vol. 3d, p. 116.

"Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom cronny ;
But still keep something to yoursel',
Ye'll scarcely tell to ony."

We certainly find him frequently expressing an unwavering confidence in the Christian religion, and a deep sense of its importance. Yet, on the other hand, the tenor of his life ran in a great degree counter to its injunctions. He often treats what he himself considers to be its truths, with the greatest levity and irreverence ; in some of his letters expresses great doubts of the truth of the religion, and even on some occasions expresses himself in such a manner, as would lead us to infer, that he was a downright infidel. Some of these inconsistencies indeed are to be explained from the variable state of his feelings. He seems to have generally spoken, written and acted too much under momentary influence. That he saw, in what points his conduct was erroneous, appears from various parts of his writings.

The character of Burns, notwithstanding all that Peterkin has said of him, was in many points, highly reprehensible. Yet there was in him so much of good feeling and even of punctilious honesty, (a trait very uncommon in characters otherwise resembling his) that there is no one but must wish to draw a veil over his vices. The tendency of his writings must in some cases be rather immoral. Unfortunate is it for the inexperienced, or those of strong passions, when such fascinating writers as Burns, present vice in forms so alluring, and conceal its disgusting features under the dress of pleasure.

The writer, to whom morality appears as important as it ought, will never present vice to his reader's view, without showing in their most vivid colouring, its most odious characters and most appalling consequences. It adds much to the boldness of many of Burns' conceptions and expressions, that he never feared to use the words which expressed his meaning most forcibly. A greater reverence for decorum, morality and religion might have detracted in some cases from his merits of this kind. The Scottish dialect is peculiarly adapted to the expression of some characters, for which Burns was remarkable, especially simplicity—and sometimes pathos. To the sublime it is not so appropriate. It adds often to the force of wit. There appears to me, however, an incongruity, in the mixture of Scottish with pure English, in the same piece. It appears to me that either the whole piece should be pure English, or else every word should be Scottish, where the same words are not common to both. But in some pieces the language consists mostly of English, with an occasional *wha*, *na*, *ken*, *ilka*, &c. just by way of reminding us, that the author is writing in the Scottish dia-

lect. We see occasionally the same fault in pieces attempted to be written in antiquated style. The writers, having introduced *hight*, *yclept*, *ne*, and a few such words in the beginning, at length find their patience exhausted, and go on in plain English ; or if there are a few antiquated phrases, they are scattered as thinly as the raisins in a stingy landlady's pudding. This remark applies, if I recollect right, to Byron's Childe Harold, and Thompson's Castle of Indolence. It appears to me a great fault in Burns, that he is too much inclined to mix the ludicrous with the sublime, the pathetic, and other more serious characters. Who, for instance, in reading "*Tam O'Shanter*," after being either amused or shocked by his description of auld Nick fiddling, is prepared for the horribly sublime description which follows ?

The talents of Burns were not confined to any one description of poetic writing. The pathetic and the simple, were, however, the qualities for which he was most remarkable. He is, however, far from wanting sublimity, and if he had written in a more stately dialect than the Scottish, his writings would probably have afforded more frequent and more remarkable instances of sublimity.

In the ludicrous he was often very happy ; but he made too much use of religion to set off his wit. It is not without some truth that Johnson says of this kind of wit, that "the good man dreads it for its profanity, and the man of wit despises it for its vulgarity." He seems to have wanted stability sufficient to enable him to plan and execute his work on a large scale. Hence he has spent (I had almost said wasted) his genius on the short and often trivial productions, which constitute his works.*

ATTELBOROUGH, Nov. 23, 1825.

*See note 2.

BYRON'S WORKS.

AMONG the good and bad, which is so strangely mixed together in the writings of Lord Byron, I think the bad decidedly predominates. They exhibit, undoubtedly, great strength of talent, great penetration, an ardent imagination, and an acute observation of mankind. His talents considered abstractly as poetical, are undoubtedly of the first order. But there is an unpleasant misanthropic gloom pervading most of his writings, which is revolting to a benevolent mind. Almost all his characters are a strange compound of virtue and vice. So far very well, for this corresponds very well with human character. But then he uses every method to interest us in their welfare, as much as if they were perfectly upright. He delights in trifling with the feelings—in leaving us in doubt whether to detest or pity—and in challenging both compassion and admiration, at the same time that he excites our abhorrence. But this is not all. Not contented with torturing the sympathies by such uncouth mixture of serious feelings, he must needs add the most wanton-levity. The most singular instances of this kind are found in the poem of "The Island." In one place having excited our interest in the mutineers, where they were in a desperate situation or nearly so, he suddenly breaks into some ludicrous remarks on a profane exclamation, which escaped from one of them. The death of Christian is, if possible, still worse. He dies in the very act of committing a deed of the most fiend-like malice—a deed, at which he smiles with savage delight at the moment, he is about to be dashed to pieces—then comes a horrible description of his death and the appearance of his corpse. Horror, abhor-

ence, and compassion seem to be struggling for predominance during this barbarous sport of the writer with the feelings of the reader, and when he has said, "'tis ours to bear, not judge the dead," we wish to drop the subject. But we are not allowed to do this. The ill-natured remark, which follows, completes the whole of this more than barbarous description.

The peculiar talent of Byron seems to be that of portraying and exciting the feelings in their greatest possible intensity. In this perhaps he is unrivalled. There is no tameness about him. The feelings are wound up to the highest pitch; and when thus wound up, he keeps them there, or sports with them in mockery, as may best suit his fancy.

His dramatic are inferior to his other poems. In his *Sardanapalus* the character of the king is admirably executed. He has contrived, without representing any thing inconsistent, to excite our interest for that disgusting and effeminate nothing, for whom no one could believe, that he should ever feel any concern. Some of the scenes in *Cain* are very touching. The cool blasphemy of Cain, when offering his sacrifice, is horrible, but done with talent. *Manfred*, *The Deformed Transformed*, and *Heaven and Earth* are (a great part of them at least) an unnatural, heterogeneous, chaotic, unintelligible, unmeaning rant, resembling more the ravings of a madman, or the inconsistent imagery of dreams, than any thing else. The measure in his plays is very faulty. The number of the syllables is often incorrect, and the alternation of long and short still more frequently violated.

But while he is guilty of all this carelessness in the measure of his lines, he generally takes care (what

seems perfectly useless) that where the speeches consist of only two or three words apiece, they shall follow each other, so as to make regular lines, and even if a scene leaves off in the middle of a line, the beginning of the next scene takes up the line at the same place and finishes it, though the place and speakers be changed, as in Werner, Act 3d, beginning of scene 3d. Perhaps other dramatists follow the same custom as well as Byron, but to me it looks absurd.

FEB. 1827.

ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

IN writing his Ancient History Rollin appears to have followed, in many respects, the style of ancient historians. His book abounds with various, often prolix reflections on the events of which he is treating. I think he cannot be exposed to the charge of plagiarism, for he is constantly reminding us, that his remarks are not his own, but borrowed from Polybius, Plutarch, &c. Few, in fact, of his reflections appear to be original, and for all his most apt and striking ones, he confesses himself indebted to the ancients, notwithstanding the mean idea, he entertains of pagan morality. It is unquestionably a praise worthy-act in him to give credit for what he borrows from others, but this might be sufficiently done by references to the bottom of the page; whereas, he is incessantly reminding us of it in the text, till what first seems like a laudable candour, at last becomes tiresome, and almost degenerates into disgusting affectation. Some rhetorician, I have forgotten who, has said, that no moralizing remarks should be introduced into an historical narrative, except as parentheses, or included in the same sentence with some

statement essential to the narrative. This rule Rollin has certainly violated in numberless instances—so much so, that Henry Kirke White complains, that the reader forgets the subject of the history, while the poor man is prosing about it. It may be a disputed point, how far the historian should be indulged in liberties of this kind. On the one hand, the events recorded in history afford ample opportunities for the exemplification of the most important truths and duties of morality and religion; and, at what time, it may be asked, can the attention be more effectually turned to these truths and these duties, than when we are interested in a narrative, with which they are intimately connected? Whenever the mind is in a proper state to receive such impressions, it is proper to make them, without being too fastidious as to the occasion, which may or may not require them. Though the reader may not open a history to look for a moral lecture, yet, if he there meets with any reflections, which may lead him to think more seriously, or act more cautiously, he is more benefitted, than he would be by merely learning historical facts.

On the other hand, it may be observed, that there are opportunities enough for moralizing on other occasions—that we read histories, to gain historical knowledge, not to read a moral discourse from the historian. Whatever is irrelevant, and breaks in upon the regular train of the narrative, may rather tend to disgust, than to instruct us. Those, who are very punctilious on points of this kind, will be so offended, to find the writer continually teasing them with moral lessons, that they will not be in the right frame of mind to profit by them. Even those, who wish to improve at once in knowledge and morality, will

choose to make their own moral reflections, rather than to have them urged upon them by another.

It must be confessed, that Rollin has rather overstepped all reasonable bounds. He both introduces his sermons awkwardly, and spins them out to a tedious length. They should be so interwoven with the narration, as scarcely to be distinguished from the essential parts of it, like soluble bodies, which dissolve in water, and give to it their own colour, without impairing its transparency, or showing that it contains any foreign body. Whereas many of Rollin's reflections are like insoluble bodies, which by main force can be mixed with water, but which render it turbid, and have no affinity for it.

Much of the early part of Rollin's History is involved in great doubt and uncertainty. The latter part of it includes some of the most interesting eras, and some of the most brilliant, as well as the blackest character. In those ages, human character, less subjected to restraint than in later times, appeared more in its true colours. Virtue and crime appeared in stronger and bolder relief. The imagination was not subdued; and hence the sages and heroes indulged in flights of enthusiasm, which the tameness of modern times would have restrained. These flights although they sometimes led to the most praise-worthy and heroic deeds, yet, on the other hand, often carried them to the wildest extravagance. Much depravity is seen throughout. But there is one period, the latter part of the history of Syria and Egypt—which is almost too horrible to think of. The whole history of that period presents but one continued series of murder, incest, cruelty, oppression, and every form and colour of vice in its most hideous aspects. The sanctity of oaths was no barrier to

those, who were ready to wade to their thrones through the blood of their parents, their brothers, and even of their children. A terrible instance is here shown of the horrible excess, to which human depravity will sometimes rise, when all restraints are taken off.

FEB. 1827.

*The following extracts are from a manuscript volume, entitled
AN ASYLU M FOR VAGRANT THOUGHTS,
AND REFUGE FOR REFUSE IDEAS.*

These are among his last productions. Only a few of the pages are filled. It appears from his introductory remarks, that he intended to make it a depository for his "desultory reflections" on various subjects. It was intended to introduce more of his miscellaneous prose productions, but the limits prescribed to the work will not permit.—*Ed.*

"The storm that wrecks the wintry sky
"No more disturbs their deep repose,
"Than summer evening's latest sigh,
"That shuts the rose."

Montgomery.

I have often thought, that there were but few verses to be found which at once contain such beautiful and sublime imagery, and would stand the test of criticism so well as this. In the first place the subject, viz. the rest of the dead in the grave, is one well calculated to strike the imagination forcibly. How beautifully that "deep repose" is here represented, as unaffected by any commotions of the elements. Again, one of the images here introduced is very sublime—the other very beautiful. A storm, which is here well described, is one of the most awfully grand scenes, that can be witnessed; while the beautiful stillness of "summer evening" aided by the poetical decoration of the rose, is one of the most eloquent.

But let us mark with what exquisite delicacy these two images, the one sublime, the other beautiful, are contrasted. First, in expression—a storm—the mightiest commotion, that the winds are capable of producing—on the other hand, a sigh, the gentlest breathing, the slightest motion of the breeze. Next, as to their effects. The one—“wrecks the wintry sky”—sets the elements in an uproar—throws nature into confusion—rendered more terrible by the chill blast of winter—the other expends all its faint and feeble power to “shut the rose” in a calm summer evening. Both of these images contain something solemn and melancholy, and therefore well adapted to the subject. Yet how forcibly their most prominent characters are opposed to each other. Let any one recollect the deep and awful gloom, which the storm of winter throws over the feelings, the damp it gives to the airy rovings of fancy and sprightly sallies of wit. Think also of the pleasing and poetical melancholy, connected with the thoughts of a calm and delightful summer’s eve. It adds to the merit of the above lines, that they are perfectly simple in expression, and contain few or no useless words. No high-sounding epithets are added to give them a fashionable jingle. But so accurately do the modest simplicity of the expression, the beauty and contrast of the imagery—and the soft and gentle seriousness and pathos of the subject all coincide, as to give the stanza, in my humble estimation, claims to very superior poetical merit.

Nov. 1826.



WE are often told upon how safe a foundation our republican institutions stand—that half a century’s experiment has proved their permanency. But if a continuance for five hundred years would not ensure the perpetuity of the laws of the Spartan commonwealth as instituted by Lycurgus—if a continuance for nine hundred years would not ensure any longer duration to the Cretan government,

established by Minos—how can we depend with confidence on a fifty years' experiment merely, that our national government will be of much longer existence? That this will be the case, there is every reason to hope. But the principal, I may say the only evidence of this, is in the nature of our constitution, and the character of our citizens. Of this the people of this country should be aware. We are not to imagine, that our fathers have so purchased our liberties, that we have nothing to do but to enjoy them, without any exertion on our part. As they laboured to obtain, we also must labour to preserve them. We may not be called to defend them on the field with our lives—to resist the irruption of hostile fleets and armies. But it is the duty of every individual citizen to contribute his might of influence to the preservation and improvement of those traits of our national character, by which our liberties and our rights are secured. Every exertion should be used to prevent the sectional prejudices, that are springing up between different parts of the union—to check the gradual but insensible change of sentiments, which the introduction of foreign customs and foreign luxuries, and our open and liberal communication with all parts of the world, have a tendency to produce—and above all, to oppose the progress of vicious habits, and the depravation of moral feeling & carelessness of individual or national welfare necessarily attendant thereon. Let every one be sensible of his obligation to assist in the performance of these duties, and let him act conformably, and then ask the patriotic American—"When will your countrymen sell the liberties, which they now prize so highly? With his hand resting on the tombs of his fathers, whose example he venerates—his eye raised in confidence to the God, in whom he trusts—he will answer—"Never."

Nov. 1826.

NOTES TO ANTICIPATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Note A, page 71, line 373.

" And like the Grecian Sculptor, to combine
Their mingled lustre in one grand design," &c.

This celebrated Grecian Sculptor, with the design of creating a matchless form of beauty, selected from a great number of individuals those traits in the person of each, which were acknowledged the most beautiful, and moulded them all into one form, upon which he concentrated all his powers. This constituted the master-piece of human genius—the perfection of human art.

Note B, page 79, line 617.

" By his example led in later years,
The great, th' iminortal Sydenham appears," &c.

Sydenham was distinguished for the innovations he made in the practices which prevailed during his day. Great improvements were the result of his investigations. He is properly entitled to the name of Medical Reformer. The poet has paid a just tribute to the genius and virtues of this great and worthy man. He was born in 1624, in Winsford-Eagle, Dorsetshire. He received his education at Oxford. He settled as a physician in Westminster, and soon rose to the first eminence in his profession. His medical works are numerous, and possess high authority. " He appears to have paid little attention to the prevailing medical doctrines. His writings are not altogether free from hypothesis; but he appears to have been little influenced by them in his practice; and by closely observing the operations of nature, and the effects of remedies, he was enabled to introduce very essential improvements. Sydenham ever maintained the character of a generous and public-spirited man; he conducted himself without that arrogance which too often accompanies original talent; and he has been universally acknowledged the first physician of his age." Freeing himself from those chains of authority which bound his profession, he was guided by the clear light of his own powerful genius. He died, after a long life of eminent usefulness, A. D. 1689, *Æt. 65.*

Note C, page 79, line 630.

" Among the worthies on that list enrolled,
The name of Rush a noble rank must hold."

Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose character is here eulogized, was born December 24, 1745, O. S. near Philadelphia. He received his degree at Nassau Hall, in 1760. In 1766, he went to Edinburgh to pur-

sue his medical studies at that celebrated institution. Whilst he resided here he acquired great reputation as a scholar. From this college he obtained his medical degree in 1768. After travelling in several countries of Europe, he returned to his native country, and immediately commenced practice in Philadelphia. He was soon appointed a Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. He rose to the highest reputation by his skill as a practitioner, and his eloquence as a lecturer and writer. His medical writings are very voluminous, as well as valuable. He was a member of the Congress which declared our independence. He was a philanthropist in its widest sense. This eminent physician, scholar and philosopher died in April, 1813, $\text{Æt. } 68$. He held the first rank among American scholars. He has been a distinguished honour to his country in the eyes of foreign nations. The Life and Character of Rush are too well known to require any further notice. He is eulogized here principally on account of his benevolent exertions in the cause of humanity during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. Among the actors in this scene Dr. Rush was conspicuous for his intrepidity and philanthropy. He merits the warm tribute which the poet bestows upon him. He was distinguished not only for his philanthropy, but for his talents and learning. For an account of his important services at this distressing period, see his *Life in Am. Medical Biography*.

Note D, page 80, line 653.

"They hurry to the tomb the last remains
Of those they mourn for."

This is not a fictitious description—it is almost a literal account of what took place at this time. In 1793, Philadelphia was visited with the yellow fever. It continued for about one hundred days—from July to November. The whole number of deaths during this period, was 4044—making 33 each day, on an average.

"A cheerful countenance was scarcely to be seen for six weeks. The streets every where exhibited marks of the distress which pervaded the city. In walking for many hundred yards, few persons were seen, except such as were in quest of a physician, a nurse, a bleeder, or the men who buried the dead. The hearse alone kept up the remembrance of the noise of carriages or carts in the streets. A black man leading or driving a horse with a corpse on a pair of chair wheels, met the eye in most of the streets at every hour of the day, while the noise of the same wheels, passing slowly over the pavements, kept alive anguish and fear in the sick and well, at every hour of the night." *Rush's Life, Am. Medical Biography*. For the particulars of this dreadful calamity, see Dr. Rush's Account of it. See also Brown's *Ormond*, page 48—51, and *Arthur Mervyn*, where the scene is portrayed with all the graphic delineation of his powerful pen—where it is exhibited to the imagination in almost living reality—every picture and image of it glowing with the deepest colours.

Note E, page 82, line 697.

" Oh ! for some genius, Jenner, great as thine,
To quench the venom of that power malign."

Jenner was distinguished principally for the discovery of the small pox, and the introduction of vaccination among those afflicted with the small pox. This description refers to the prevalence of this disease in England and on the continent, and to the labours and services of Jenner. He deserves the everlasting gratitude of mankind.

In comparing the fate of this useful man with that of others, we cannot but reflect on the injustice of mankind in the distribution of fame. While the names of many, whose whole powers were spent in destroying the human race, are dwelling on the tongues of an admiring world, and their achievements are lauded to the skies—others, who have been the humble means of alleviating a vast amount of human suffering, and preserving the lives of thousands, are left without a tongue to speak their praise, or a pen to record their virtues. Such has been the fate of Jenner. He merited the gratitude of posterity, and has received its cold neglect and even forgetfulness. But virtue does not depend upon the opinion of the world for its reward. He is so little known that no record or even notice of his life can be found in the common Biographical Dictionaries. He is known only to the searching eye of the antiquarian. What is the merit of this man (the instrument of so much real good) compared with that of an Alexander, a Caesar, or a Buonaparte ? The one employed his talents in saving human life, the others employed theirs in destroying it.

Note F, page 83 line 111.

" Yet let another win the wished for prize,"

This generous sentiment was more than once exemplified in his own conduct, while he attended school. Several pleasing instances of it are preserved in the recollections of his friends. He describes in these pages the happy sports, the innocent enjoyments and the blissful scenes of childhood. Perhaps the description is adorned with some poetic embellishment. The child is but the miniature of the man—endued with like feelings and propensities—and a school often exhibits a true specimen of the world—a scene in which are displayed both the generous and selfish qualities of human nature. The poet describes rather the feelings of his own heart—which he himself experienced under those circumstances, than what is found universally existing in childhood. From his own generous nature, he believed all others to partake of the same feelings ; he charitably imputed to them the worthy motives which actuated himself.

Note G, page 89, line 133.

"Along the sheltered, solitary grove," &c.

The walk which the Poet here mentions leads from the Parsonage to the ancient grave yard described in the following note. It is retired and lonely, darkened by the thick shades of the pines which filled the air with their solemn music. It was his frequent resort in the beautiful moonlight evenings of Summer and Autumn, when he could freely indulge his poetic fancy in the bright visions which the picturesque beauty of the scene was fitted to excite, and the romantic sentiments which this wild, uncultivated path was fitted to inspire. Here too he sometimes wandered in the gloom of an obscured eve, when the objects which met his eye were congenial with his feelings--with the ever varying moods of a poet's fancy---and with the errand on which he was bent--a visit to the sanctuary of the dead, to which his footsteps were directed.

Note H, page 91, line 196.

"Here let us tread with awe, nor vainly mock
The faithful pastor, and his pious flock," &c.

This grave yard is situated on a gentle elevation, at a distance from any public road. A scene better suited to the musings of a pensive mind cannot be conceived. Here stood the first rude and humble church that was erected in the town, and devoted to the worship of heaven, amid the desolations of the wilderness. The general appearance of the place and surrounding objects--the crumbling stones--the decayed inscriptions--the wild shrubbery springing up around these ancient graves--the rude and almost illegible remnants of the engravings--all are calculated to excite the feelings and fancy of the poet. Patriotic recollections are associated with the objects around him. All tend to recall the scenes of the past. In the centre of this burial ground is the tomb of the Winslows; and here slumber in undisturbed repose their venerated forms. Here too are the bones of the "pious pastor," with his flock sleeping around him. At a distance he heard, in the otherwise unbroken silence, the solemn and incessant roar of the ocean. Wood, and hill and plain are confusedly mixed in the prospect. If the scene were enlivened by the moon, he beheld in the interval its bright flashes of light radiated from the sheets of water which varied the scene. While standing here at such an hour and contemplating, under the influence of such associations, the striking mementoes of the shortness of human life, and musing on the long vanished scenes of the past, well might the enthusiastic poet fancy he saw the forms of the dead.

"Amid the sheeted spectres there methought
My eyes the honored form of Winslow caught,
Leaning upon the tomb which still retains
In undisturbed repose his last remains."

Here he often wandered in the solemn calmness of a sumner's evening; here, without one object to remind him of present existence, he stood and gazed and mused,

"Until there was a feeling o'er him thrown,
As if he stood upon this world alone."

In the tomb mentioned above repose the remains of Governor Josiah, (the son of Edward the first Governor,) his son Isaac, his grandson John, his great grandson Isaac Winslow.

"And blossom like the rose around their tomb."—line 16g.

At the time this description was written a wild rose bush was growing beside their tomb. A part of it is still living.

"Whose frail mementoes crumble o'er their graves,—line 197.

With every blast that from the ocean raves."

The grave stones in this place decay rapidly in consequence of their exposure to the influence of the sea-breezes.

The virtues of the "pious pastor," the Rev. Edward Thompson, (a man, at that time, esteemed of high repute, and uncommon acquirements) are recorded in the following quaint and perhaps ludicrous style of our fathers.

"Here in a tyrant's hand doth captive lye
A rare synopsis of Divinity.
Old patriarchs, prophets, gospel bishops meet,
Under deep silence in their winding sheet;
Here rest awhile in hopes and full intent,
When their king calls, to meet in parliament."

Note I, page 92, line 251.

"Such is the place, which from the honored name," &c.

In the neighborhood of this grave yard, is the venerable seat of the Winslows, inherited from sire to son for many generations. The appearance of the mansion house is ancient and venerable. With it is connected a large and valuable farm. The prospect is extensive—the scenery, beautiful. It has been the residence of this family from the first settlement of the town. This noble seat of their ancestors has now passed from their hands, and the family itself is almost extinct. On each side of the road leading to the mansion house formerly stood a beautiful row of locusts, forming, in summer, a verdant and fragrant avenue.

Note J, page 93, line 261.

"But yet some relics are remaining still," &c.

There were till lately many remnants of past ages remaining at this house, the furniture and ornaments used at the earliest period—"the unwieldy workmanship of ancient skill." Some of them may yet be seen in the neighborhood. Among these relics are a large and heavy dining table and chair, said to have belonged to the first Gov-

ernor, Edward--a sword of General Winslow, and portraits of most of the family. There is also a Commission from Cromwell to Gov. W. engrossed on parchment, with the signature in his own hand writing, but this part is nearly obliterated. The portraits are now at the Athenaeum in Boston. The scenes of this place and the reflections to which they invite, are invested with something of that feeling of grandeur, and that romantic interest which belong to antiquity, and which are connected with the history of older countries.

Note K, page 94, line 292.

"Where ocean pours his ever-restless flood
Upon the sounding beach——."

Marshfield Beach, the frequent resort of the author, to admire the majesty of ocean scenery. Every one who has witnessed the same scene must admire the beauty of his description of the waves, "surmounted with their white and snowy wreath." This is a dangerous coast; many shipwrecks have happened here. The remains of several may yet be seen scattered along the shore. Some of these circumstances probably suggested to him his description of the shipwreck, page 99.

Note L, page 95, line 327.

"In those vast caverns doth the Kraken sleep," &c.

The Kraken is a sea animal supposed to exist in the depths of the ocean. Its existence is denied by many, and supposed to be the mere invention of the fertile imagination of man. The accounts which some voyagers have given are incredible. It is said to appear sometimes on the surface, and to float there for weeks together; in that situation it resembles an island in size and appearance; and when it sinks, causes a whirlpool sufficient to swallow the largest vessels. Its dimensions have doubtless been exaggerated, as all extraordinary objects are, which excite our wonder. There can be but little doubt, however, that such an animal exists; but few opportunities have been afforded for obtaining a correct account, and gratifying curiosity.

Note M, page 97, line 396.

"Alas! alas! thy face again to see
Is not permitted by our destiny.
Take now &c."

This is not a fictitious scene—it occurred in real life, and that too in the instance of his elder brother. He refers in the passage quoted to his only surviving brother, Martin Luther Parris, commander of the schooner Rainbow, belonging to Elizabeth City, N. C. which was, at the time alluded to, on its voyage to the West Indies. In consequence of the great fatigue in the discharge of the laborious duties which devolved upon him at that place, he took the fever common to

the climate. He died on board during his return, in the prime of life; and his body was committed to the bosom of the deep. To this circumstance he again alludes in the passage beginning "Thou all rapacious deep," &c.

Note N, page 99, line 455.

"Drifting upon the floods, a wreck is borne,"

There have been several wrecks near the principal scene of this poem, within the recollection of the poet. He had many objects to remind him of these calamities. His vicinity to the shore, the death of his brother at sea, and the impressive mementoes scattered around him often attracted his imagination to such subjects. He probably had in his view, in this description, a richly laden India merchant ship which was lost near this place.

Note O, page 128.

The Peruvian Damsel. This is a fictitious scene, intended to illustrate the patriotic devotion and the bold spirit of the once mild Peruvians, who were at last driven to desperation by the cruel oppressions of Spanish tyranny and cupidity. The conduct of the Spaniards during their conquest of the rich and splendid country of Peru, and, in particular, the perfidy practised upon its innocent inhabitants, are a soul blot upon humanity.

Note 1, page 208.

The suggestions of the author, with regard to the amusements of society, are worthy of attention. The prevailing taste of the age is happily changing those employments, which, without the influence of fashion, would be thought dull and tedious. The numerous literary publications---Ladies' Magazines, the Souvenirs, or annuals, reading societies and conversation clubs, are all exerting a refined influence on taste, and rendering social intercourse more amusing and instructive, and even gayer than under the heavy burdens which fashion has hitherto imposed.

Note 2, page 297.

I cannot regret with the Author that Burns "wasted" his exquisite talents on those little poems which constitute the greater part of his poetical works. His genius was suited to such productions. Had he forced his mind to engage coolly and deliberately in a formal poem, he might have produced something of greater length, but probably of far less value. Those apparently trivial productions of Burns contain the very essence of poetry.

The following Letter, from CHARLES MACOMBER, M. D. would have been inserted at the close of the Biographical Sketch, had it not been mislaid or overlooked. This may also account for its not appearing in some of the volumes.

NORTH MARSHFIELD, FEB, 28, 1828.

Dear Sir,

I have perused the medical writings of your Son, which you were pleased to put into my hands;—and while I mourn with you and Mrs. Parris the early decease of a youth of such eminent moral worth and suavity of manners, I cannot but lament with a bereaved public the loss of a youthful physician of such extensive medical research, such distinguished powers of discrimination and such great promise.

With sentiments of respect

and affection, yours,

CHARLES MACOMBER.

REV. M. PARRIS,

South Marshfield.

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